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# MARY RICH
# COUNTESS OF WARWICK

'Not to be an historian, that is, not to know what foreign nations and our forefathers did, *Hoc est semper esse puer*, as Cicero hath it. This is still to be a child who gazeth at everything. Whence may be inferred there is no knowledge that ripeneth the judgment and puts one out of his nonage sooner than history'—James Howell's *Familiar Letters* (1655).

Mary, Countess of Warwick.
(aet. c. 17.)
from the print by Hollar, after Van Dyck.

# MARY RICH, COUNTESS OF WARWICK (1625–1678): HER FAMILY & FRIENDS.

By CHARLOTTE FELL SMITH

WITH PORTRAITS AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

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# PREFACE

More than half a century ago a few extracts from the Diary and Meditations, as well as the whole of an autobiographical manuscript left by Mary Countess of Warwick, were given to the public. These were sufficiently interesting to arouse curiosity about their author, especially as the first-named collection was presented through a medium unlikely to inspire confidence that adequate attention had been paid to its historical value, whatever might have been the case in regard to its religious aspect.

Mary Rich's figure—now wrapped in mystery as a cloistered devotee of solitude, now emerging into the full glare of a vicious and decadent court—flits before the gaze of everyone who studies the social history of the later seventeenth century. One writer after another has alluded in general terms to her great reputation for piety; but, until the appearance in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' of my own very meagre article, little was known accurately as to her birth, marriage, death, character, relations, writings, and influence.

With considerable eagerness, therefore, I commenced, some years ago, an examination of Lady Warwick's papers: I soon found that no rare literary gem, no important historical document lay hidden among them. Yet a gracious, womanly, domestic life was revealed, a life which seemed too true and beautiful to be left unheeded. At the same time there came to light a wealth of information concerning the clergy, residents and social life of the county of Essex at the period.

If, in spite of an effort to the contrary, I have obtruded too prominently upon the reader's attention this, the local, or Essex, side of my subject, I must plead in extenuation the claims of my native county.

In quoting from letters and diaries of the seventeenth century, I have, except in a few places where the spelling seemed too quaint or picturesque to lose, modernised both spelling and punctuation. Without this, I fear the meaning of many sentences would have been, to ordinary readers, very obscure, and the names of numerous persons and places unidentifiable. The dates in the margins are intended, mainly, to render possible a reference to the original manuscripts cited.

I owe gratitude to the memory of Dr. Alexander B. Grosart for his useful hints and suggestions in the earliest stages of the book. I must also gratefully record the readiness of the Countess of Warwick (herself an Essex woman) to search for letters or portraits at Warwick Castle, where, although no connection exists between the former and present holders of the title, some memorials of the ancient family have long since been acquired.

For invaluable assistance in correcting the proofs, and for much excellent and learned advice throughout, I have to thank my friends Mr. Miller Christy and Mr. Thomas Seccombe, as well as Mr. E. Irving Carlyle.

The kindness of the Earl of Cork and Orrery, in permitting his interesting series of family portraits at Marston to be photographed to illustrate the work, and his interest in it, I cannot sufficiently acknowledge. Nor that of the Earl of Leicester for permission to photograph the fine portrait at Holkham by Van Dyck of the second Earl of Warwick, father-in-law of my heroine.

Mrs. Quin has allowed me to select from the genealogical

collections made by her brother, the late Edmund Montagu Boyle, the miniature of the younger Charles Rich in boyhood. Mr. Fred. Chancellor, of Chelmsford, has supplied the copy of Buck's print of Leighs Priory. Mr. Lionel Cust has given me the benefit of his knowledge upon various points connected with the portraits, in my search for, and identification of which, Mr. Emery Walker has aided me with many useful suggestions. Mr. J. Walter West, A.R.W.S., has spared no trouble in revisiting Leighs Priory to make his sketches. I here publicly thank them all.

CHARLOTTE FELL SMITH.

LONDON : *October* 1901.

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# MARY RICH

# COUNTESS OF WARWICK

## CHAPTER I

### RICHARD BOYLE

'God's Providence is my inheritance.'

In the annals of history and biography there are few life stories which read so like a veritable romance as that of Richard Boyle, the first and 'great' Earl of Cork.

From being an insignificant younger son of a younger son, a mere penniless nobody, he rose by virtue of his own high abilities to a position of almost unrivalled wealth and importance. In his four elder sons, he saw the founders of four noble and titled houses; his youngest, who lived and died plain Robert Boyle, became a philosopher of world-wide reputation; and from the alliances made by his seven daughters sprang children who have carried his descent into the families of almost half the Peerage.

John Evelyn, in a letter to William Wotton, has called Boyle '*faber fortunæ*, a person of wonderful sagacity in affairs and no less probity; by these he compassed a vast estate and great honours to his posterity, which was very numerous, and so prosperous as has given to the public both divines and philosophers, soldiers, politicians, and statesmen, and has spread its branches among the most illustrious and opulent of our nobility.'

In the motto 'God's Providence is my inheritance,' adopted

by him and prefixed to the fly-leaf of his autobiography, and still borne by his successors, Boyle indicates something of the lack of patrimony that attended his early manhood. This was the accident by which he was induced to carve out his own fortunes. Nearly fifty years after, his youngest daughter, Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick, notes in her pious diary, how her heart is 'gratefully affected for God's good and strange providence in raising my family, by my father, from a mean and low beginning, to be one of the greatest men of fortune in Ireland.'

Ireland was Richard Boyle's opportunity, and from that country he derived all his great wealth. On the other hand, the amount of money expended by him upon the province of Munster alone was so enormous as to be hardly realised save by the few of his contemporaries who were eye-witnesses of his enterprises. It is said that Cromwell upon landing in Ireland in 1649, was forced to exclaim when he saw the bridges, fortifications, forges, quarries, ironworks, castles and dwelling-houses which Cork had erected upon his estates, that if every province had had a president like my Lord President of Munster, there would have been no rebellion.

The Boyles were an old Herefordshire family, seated at Pixeley Court, near Ledbury, as early as the time of Edward the Confessor. One Roger, the son of a younger branch, removed about the middle of the sixteenth century to Faversham, in Kent, and there married Joan Naylor of Canterbury. In that town, on October 3, 1566, Richard Boyle, their son, the chief subject of these early chapters, was born. He matriculated at Corpus Christi (then Bennet's) College, Cambridge, and, on leaving the University, entered the Middle Temple. Too poor to proceed with his legal studies, he accepted a clerkship to Sir Roger Manwood, Chief Baron of the Exchequer. But in this employment he discovered no scope for his ambition, and determined therefore to try his fortunes in Ireland.

Long after, in his sixty-seventh year, Lord Cork (as he had then become) wrote his 'True Remembrances,' an autobiographical paper containing statements of his life and history, set forth in his own precise manner. There he says :

> When I first arrived at Dublin, in Ireland, the 23rd of June 1588, all my wealth then was twenty-seven pounds, three shillings, in money; and two tokens which my Mother had formerly given me, viz. a diamond ring, which I have ever since and still do wear, and a bracelet of gold, worth about ten pounds.

Perhaps he was superstitious enough to believe in the luck brought by his mother's gift. At any rate, in his will, he bequeathed this ring, which he had then worn for six and fifty years, to his daughter-in-law Dungarvan, his eldest son's wife, praying her to wear it for life, as 'a happy, fortunate and lucky stone,' and upon her death to leave it to her son.

He continues the list of his possessions thus : 'A taffety doublet cut with and upon taffety ; a pair of black velvet breeches laced ; a new Milan fustian suit laced and cut upon taffety ; two cloaks ; competent linnen and necessaries, with my rapier and dagger.' This was a modest capital for a young gentleman to start with in pursuit of fortune, but Richard Boyle had the wit to make the most of it. Clad in his black velvet laced breeches and his taffety doublet, he could at least cut a fair outward figure ; while as to mental equipment, Budgell, his biographer, who, we take it, was no Irishman, assures us that for parts, learning, and address 'there was not his equal in Ireland, a country not at that time the most polite in Europe, and where an accomplished man was seldom seen.'

In Dublin Boyle was not long in getting employment of a sort. Law writing and various tasks with his pen did not come at all amiss to him. The next and most appropriate thing for an ambitious but needy young adventurer to do was to fall in love with an heiress. This he promptly did, or rather, as the

admiring Budgell puts it, the heiress fell in love with him, and in his penniless position, it is possible that encouragement, if not advances, was best to come from the lady's family.

> Although her fortune was vastly superior to what Mr. Boyle could pretend to on the foot marriages are made in this age, yet her indulgent father, who was himself charmed with the young gentleman's conversation, suffered his daughter to marry him.[1]

This lady, a daughter of William Apsley, Esquire, formerly of Pulborough, Sussex, but then counsel to the President of Munster, died at the birth of her first child. Both were buried in one grave in Buttevant church in December 1599.

Boyle, a handsome young widower, with a good income in land and money, ambitious to boot, economical and saving, soon became an object of envy to certain Irish statesmen, who were not slow to set on foot a plan for his ruin. This they sought to bring about by representing to the Queen that, from the manner of his living and his investments, he must be in the pay of some foreign Prince. Boyle, therefore, decided to return to England, but as he was on the eve of starting, a rebellion broke out in Munster, and his estates were laid waste in such a style as, says he, 'I could not say that I had one penny of certain revenue left me.'

He now returned to his old chambers in the Temple, intending to resume his studies in law, but almost immediately he was offered employment by the Earl of Essex, the newly appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland. Then the jealousy of Boyle's enemy, Sir Henry Wallop, the Irish Treasurer, broke out again, and, as a consequence of Wallop's plots, Boyle was at length thrown into prison. Knowing the weak spot in the armour of the virgin Queen, he was astute enough to petition her for leave to defend himself before the Council, and added a humble request that she would graciously please to be present herself at his examination and defence. Elizabeth was only too ready to

[1] Eustace Budgell's *Memoirs of the Boyles*, 2nd ed., 1732, p. 5.

assert her supreme authority, and as usual displayed her really amazing talent for discerning truth from falsehood, strength from weakness. For, Amazon though she was, in one thing she was essentially feminine, viz. in her intuitive perception of the character of those about her.

No sooner had she listened to Boyle's stories of his penniless adventures, his final successes, and Sir Henry Wallop's conduct, than, with something more than her usual vehemence, she broke out with her best and most sacred oath: 'By God's death, these are but inventions against the young man, and all his sufferings are for being able to do us service, and those complaints urged to forestall him therein. But we find him a man fit to be employed by ourselves, and we will employ him in our service.' Then and there she arbitrarily deposed Wallop, chose a new Treasurer, and giving the young prisoner her hand, bade her officers give him his discharge at once, that he might attend her Court. A few days later she commanded Boyle to join Sir George Carew,[1] the President of the Province of Munster, as his Clerk of the Council. Truly it was something worth to be a Queen then.

Boyle now bought a ship, the *Pilgrim*, of Sir Walter Ralegh, laded her with victuals and ammunition, and sailed for Ireland. After the siege of Kinsale, 1601, he it was, as his good luck would have it, who was suddenly pitched upon by the Lord Deputy to convey to the Queen the news of the great victory over the Spaniards and the Earl of Tyrone.

I made a speedy expedition to the Court [writes Boyle, many years after], for I left my Lord President at Shannon Castle, near Cork, on the Monday morning, about twelve of the clock, and the next day, being Tuesday, I delivered my packet, and supped with Sir Robert Cecil, being then Principal Secretary, at his House in the Strand; who after supper held me in discourse till two of the clock in the morning; and by seven that morning, called upon me to attend him to the Court where he presented me to her Majesty in her Bed-chamber. The Queen [he continues] remembered me,

[1] Created 1605, Baron Carew; 1626, Earl of Totness.

and calling me by my name, gave me her hand to kiss, telling me that she was glad that I was the happy man to bring the first news of so glorious a victory ; and after her Majesty had interrogated me upon sundry questions very punctually, and that therein I had given her full satisfaction in every particular, she gave me again her hand to kiss, and recommended my dispatch for Ireland, and so dismissed me with grace and favour.

1602 The following year Boyle was again sent to England on a mission, and this time he carried with him a letter from Sir George Carew to Sir Walter Ralegh, recommending him as a proper purchaser for his lands in Ireland, should he be disposed to part with them.

Ralegh had found his Irish estates such a bad bargain that he was only too glad to get rid of them ; for instead of getting any profit they stood him in at least 200*l.* a year for the support of title. For the very trifling sum, therefore, of 1,500*l.*, Boyle became, on December 7, 1602, the proprietor of more than twelve thousand acres of fertile land in the counties of Cork, Tipperary and Waterford.

A year after, in 1603, he married his second wife, and upon his wedding day, July 23, he was knighted by Sir George Carey (Lord Deputy from May 1603–February 1604) in St. Mary's Abbey, Dublin. Of his first meeting with this lady a romantic story is told by several different authorities. Long before, Boyle, while still a needy adventurer, waited one day on her father, Sir Geoffrey Fenton, the Irish Secretary of State, at his official residence in Dublin. Before being ushered in to an audience, and while awaiting a moment of official leisure, he encountered in an outer room, a waiting-woman in charge of a blooming little maiden of two or three summers. The young man wiled away his time by playing with the child, and upon being sent for to Sir Geoffrey, laughingly told him he had been courting a young lady for his wife. And Catherine Fenton he did actually marry some sixteen years later, so soon as she grew to marriage-

able years, which in those days numbered from thirteen or fourteen onward.[1] She was about eighteen to his thirty-eight at the time of their marriage.

Catherine Fenton was an only daughter, and received from her father a dower in proportion to his means:

> I never demanded any marriage portion, neither any promise of any [says Boyle], it not being in my consideration; yet her father after my marriage gave me one thousand pounds in gold with her. But that gift of his daughter unto me I must ever thankfully acknowledge as the crown of all my blessings, for she was a most religious, virtuous, loving, and obedient wife unto me all the days of her life, and the happy mother of all my hopeful children, whom with their posterity I beseech God to bless.

The newly-married couple took up their abode in the Warden's House of the old College at Youghal. Here five at least of their fifteen children first saw the light. Three were born in Dublin, three at Lismore, and the youngest, Margaret, at Channel Row in Westminster.

To his wife Boyle was a devoted husband, and upon her death, twenty-six years after, he wrote in his Diary the following touching entry. It will be noticed that though no Puritan in main things, he yet falls into much of the Puritan phraseology current at the time.

> It pleased my merciful God, for my manifold sins, this day, being the 16th of Feb. 1629[–30], between three and four of the clock in the afternoon of the same day, to translate out of this mortal world to his glorious kingdom of heaven, the soul of my dearest dear wife, who departed this world (to my unspeakable grief) at the Lord Caulfield's house in Dublin, for which heavy visitation God make me and all mine patiently thankful as becometh religious Christians, seeing it was none but my own all-knowing God that did it.

[1] Anthony Walker, the chaplain at Lees, in his funeral sermon for Lady Warwick, has added to his remarks on her father, the Earl of Cork, the statement that at the time of his first introduction to the baby sweetheart, Boyle was a widower. This obvious impossibility has caused the whole story to be rejected by some authors.

And on the next day he writes:

> My dear wife was in the night of this day privately buried in the chancel of St. Patrick's church of Dublin, by Mr. Dean Cullan, in the same tomb wherein her worthy grandfather Doctor Weston, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and her father Sir Geoffrey Fenton, knight, her Majesty's principal Secretary of State, were interred.

Then he added details of the mourning. 'I gave ten of my gentlemen [here follow their names] 40*l.*, to furnish themselves with mourning cloaks and apparel against my wife's funeral.' The public performance of the funeral took place on March 11, and 'the blacks and chardges of her funeralls (over and above all expenses in my house) did amount unto some-what above a thousand marks sterling.'

A handsome monument was erected by Boyle to his wife some years later in St. Patrick's Cathedral, but much trouble and litigation arose over it, for it was so placed that it interfered with the view of the great altar, and the architect, Edmund Tingham, a man employed by Boyle during many years, was obliged to take it down and rebuild it elsewhere.

The College of Youghal, and its many livings, formed a part of the estate purchased from Ralegh. Its church, dedicated to St. Mary, Boyle entirely rebuilt. He also founded on an adjoining site a hospital, or almshouse, for six decayed soldiers. This is now appropriated to the use of six poor widows. Unluckily, the College property involved its new owner in many difficulties, arising largely from the wealth that he by his numerous industries had extracted from the purchased estate.

What these industries were we must now consider.

With the keen insight partly acquired from his legal training, Richard Boyle had perceived all the resources of his adopted country as soon as he set foot in Ireland. Prompted by his energetic and ambitious nature, he at once, on acquiring possession, set about to improve and develop his new estate;

and within an incredibly short space of time, he had converted a tract of good but entirely neglected country into a source of immense wealth.

He introduced manufactures from England, and imported a large number of English merchants, the cadets of old families, as well as workmen and their families from Bristol, Watchet, Minehead, and other Somerset towns. He built bridges, made roads, harbours, and towns. On the fortifications of Bandon Bridge alone he spent something like 14,000*l.* A certain jealousy that he felt lest the town of Londonderry should be thought better planned and fortified by the merchants of London, than was this, is expressed in the following extract from a letter to Lord Lauderdale, Secretary of State for Scotland. It also gives some idea of the improvements made in the town of Bandon.

Upon conference with the commissioners and others who have attended the commission, I have been very desirous truly to satisfie my own knowledge and understanding, whether the works done by the Londoners at Londonderry or mine at Bandon Bridge exceed one another. They all that are judicial, and have carefully viewed and seen both, and compared every part of them together, do confidently affirm that the circuit of my new Town of Bandon Bridge is more in compass than that of Londonderry. That my walls are stronger, thicker, and higher than theirs, only they have a strong rampier within that Bandon Bridge wanteth. That there is no comparison between their ports and mine, there being in my town 3 each of them consisting of 26 roomes, the castles of them with the turrets and flankers being all platformed with lead, and prepared with ordnance, and the buildings of my town, both for the number of houses, and goodness of building, far beyond theirs. And in my town there is built a strong bridge over the river, and large sessions houses, two market houses, with two fair churches, both which churches are every Sabbath day so filled with neat, orderly, and religious people as it would comfort any good heart to see the change and behold such assemblies; no one recusant, or unconformable novelist being admitted to dwell within the town. The place where the town of Bandon Bridge is seated is upon a

great strait of the country, and was within these last 24 years past, a mere waste bog and wood, serving only for a retreat and harbour for wood kern, rebels, thieves, and wolves. And yet now, God be ever praised, is as civil a plantation as most in England, being for five miles round about it all in effect planted with English Protestants.[1]

I write not this to your honor out of any vain-glory, or to arrogate any praise or thanks to myself, nor in the least degree to derogate from that honorable and glorious city of London[derry], yet I conceive, seeing God enabled so poor a man as myself to do these works out of my own weak means without charge either to the king or country, why should not the famous city of London, who are the greatest and richest body of all his majesty's dominions, and that are enabled with so large possessions, great revenues, and profitable customes, rather exceed than fall short of their performances with his Majesty, especially when the good planting thereof might not only secure themselves, but add strength and comfort to all other the well affected parts of the kingdom, and be a terror and bridle to such parts thereof as are yet uncivilized.

Besides these above-named industries, a large one was started in the preparation of salt fish, which was carried on at Ardmore, at the mouth of the Blackwater, in 'fish-houses' erected there. The fish—salmon—was caught in large quantities by fishermen in 'seine-boats,' and the import of bay-salt for curing it was very considerable. A hogshead of salted salmon formed a part of Boyle's contribution to Ralegh's stores when setting out on one of his voyages.

The construction of a large deer park around Lismore employed a number of men; the maintenance of a falconry provided occupation for others who were not needed in the extensive building operations set on foot by Boyle. He erected

[1] One condition of Ralegh's obtaining the confiscated Desmond estates had been that they should be re-peopled by English. There were in fact but few inhabitants left. Emigration was not to America in those days, but to a farther and it is to be hoped a better country, by means of the sword, the halter, and often by compulsory starvation.

no less than thirteen 'castles' in different parts of the district. An old saying calls every Irishman's home his castle, but those of Richard Boyle's erecting must have enjoyed some substantial claims to the historic title. For they were held by armed retainers, in order to exercise a much-needed surveillance over the surrounding country. Work for every man who wished for it was provided in all these ways, or in the extensive forests on his estates. From his iron-works alone Richard Boyle is said to have made a clear gain of 100,000*l.* These were established on the banks of the river Blackwater, at Youghal, the principal blast furnaces being at Capoquin. An easy means of transport was thus assured, and a large trade, both in iron and in wooden hogshead staves and pipe staves, was carried on with Holland and other parts of the continent; so that wine from France, from Spain, and even from Italy, came to England in hogsheads of Irish wood.

The lead mines at Ardmore were productive of considerable wealth. In addition to all this, a discovery of copper was made at Ballygarren about 1617. Before the working of the copper mines was commenced, samples of the ore were sent to a refiner at Delft, also to London and to Rotterdam. And it is worthy of remark that upon this valuable discovery being made, Ralegh, the vendor some fifteen years earlier of the estate in question, was admitted to a fourth share of the profits, he also agreeing to bear a fourth part of the charges. It is doubtful if he ever received anything, however, for his death occurred in little over a year after.

His widow afterwards put in a harassing claim for various estates which had previously belonged to her husband, on the ground that she had not been a party to the sale, and for a long time Cork was not able to satisfy her demands.

That Ralegh considered his claims to have been duly met, a story which is related, apparently on sufficient authority, testifies.

On August 6, 1617, the day before Ralegh set out on his last voyage to the West Indies, Boyle dined with him, Lord Barry, the younger Walter, Ralegh's son, and others, at Sir Randall Clayton's house at Cork. At dinner the famous soldier let fall some speeches as if he were not fully furnished for the voyage. When the meal was over, Boyle (as he then was), drawing him aside to a window, offered him a hundred pounds. Ralegh said he had jewels he could sell. He then summoned the company, and told them how Boyle had kept open house for him and his men for three weeks, had supplied his ships with provisions, and himself with 350*l.* in ready money, had given money to most of his captains, and would now press 100*l.* more upon him.

Addressing his son he said:

> Wat, you see how nobly Lord Boyle hath entertained me and my friends, and therefore I charge you, upon my blessing, if you outlive me, and return, you never question him for aught I have sold him, for if he had not bought my Irish land, it should have fallen to the Crown, and then one Scot or another would have begged it, from whom neither I nor mine should have anything for it, nor such courtesies as now I have received.

This was the last time Boyle and Ralegh ever met. A year later, without any comment whatever, the bare entry: 'Sir Walter Ralegh beheaded at Westminster on 29 October 1618,' occurs in his Diary. But twenty years after, the fact that Ralegh has once employed them at Sherborne is enough to make him take two very unprofitable servants at Stalbridge.

It must not be supposed that the whole of the vast estates which Boyle eventually acquired in the south of Ireland were Ralegh's. Other properties were continually being added to the original purchase, these being either bought outright, or the mortgages acquired and afterwards falling in. Indeed, so rapidly had they increased in number, that as early as 1610 the list of his farms and lands had become so long that Captain

Barnaby Rich described the roll of parchment containing the particulars of such as were being 'passed,' or leased, at the time, as near sixteen yards in length. Perhaps their owner remembered the days when he was a needy barrister himself, and allowed his lawyers (relations no doubt) to indulge their fondness for parchment writings to the fullest extent, in the prospect of a proportionately long bill.

Boyle's revenue therefore from all sources was a princely one. And when, in the days of bankruptcy that fell upon the house of Stuart, Wentworth, the Lord Deputy of Ireland, cast about for the means of obtaining from thence money for his impoverished King, nothing seemed easier than to extort it on some pretext or another from the richest man in the country. Boyle had been twice advanced since his knighthood, being created first Lord Boyle, Baron of Youghal, and later, Earl of Cork. The latter advancement is noted in his Diary as follows:

This day cousin Lawrence Parsons brought and delivered me the King's Majesties letters patent under the great (seal) of England, bearing date the 26th of October last past, whereby I was created and made Lord Viscount of Dungarvan and Earl of Cork, for which great addition of earthly honours God make me and my heires thankful to the Almighty and to his sacred majesty. And that it may continue unspotted in the name of the Boyles and my posterity until the end of the world, Amen. The fees thereof in England and Ireland stood me in 205*l.* 4*s.* 4*d.* sterling, beside 4500*l.* sterling otherwise paid. Dec. 12, 1620

Cork had exploited all the resources of his purchased estates until he had made them a vast source of wealth. He had bought the land cheaply enough; the wealth was the result of his own industry and thrift; and it seemed to Wentworth a fair game to turn upon him now and say his purchase money had been meagre, his titles were doubtful, and what not. Harassing proceedings in the Star Chamber were instituted, and Cork was accused of forging the deed of the College of Youghal to

Sir Lawrence Parsons, for his own use. After many hearings, it was decided that the records, in Cork's own words, should be

taken from the file, and be dampned, that neither myself nor any of my posterity should hereafter be blemished thereby. Which whether it be or no, I care not, for if the whole proceedings, proofs, and examinations of witnesses be kept of recorde together, the whole matter will justify me, and in after times testify my sufferings, and upon what proofs it was done. The Lord Deputy hath also promised to move his Majesty (with whom he doubts not to prevail) to procure to me and my heires a new grant of the College House, garden, and lands thereunto belonging.[1]

And then he adds, with a little natural fit of spleen :

and the perfidious Lord Bishop of Cork, my faithless and unthankful kinsman, whom I have raised from being a poor schoolmaster at Barnet, where he had but a stipend of twenty pounds sterling per annum, and hath been by my only favour advanced to all that he is now come unto, hath by false inventions done all this, and saith it is *felix solus.*

The 'unthankful kinsman' was his namesake and cousin german, Dr. Richard Boyle. He is once more referred to, in rather unflattering terms, in Cork's Diary :

April 23, 1623 — I christened, with the Lady Sarsfield and Sir Parr Lane, the Lord Bishop of Cork's second son, whose name is Richard Boyle. God bless him and make him a better man than his father.

The Bishop had, doubtless through Cork's influence, been advanced to the see of Cork in 1620, upon the death of John Boyle, Cork's elder brother. Bishop Richard had, it seems, put forth a statement to the effect that the deed of the reversion of the Youghal College had never been agreed to by the Chapter, or signed or sealed by himself. Cork had, however, disproved this statement by evidence, and in his opinion the bishop's conduct was highly ungrateful.

[1] Cork does not add that he paid to the King for this new grant, 15,000*l.* (*cf.* p. 80); or that arbitrary Orders in Council to him about the lease formed the ground of the 4th article of the Commons' accusation against Strafford.—*State Trials*, vol. iii., p. 1389.

No man more industriously or honourably found places for his relations than Cork. Of course they occasionally took advantage of his kindness and became importunate. Thus he says:

I gave my cousin Dean Naylor's wife 25*s.* to give my old cousin Crips to carry her into England, and my children made it 5*l.* amongst them, conditionally she come no more to trouble us into Ireland.

His favourite pastime seems to have been making matches amongst them. With the keen eye to money matters that had made him so successful a man of business, he never failed to exercise a most worthy and commendable authority in seeing that the brides were all duly dowered.

Bishop John Boyle having died at Bishopscourt, near Cork, on July 10, 1620, his family was to be provided for with all the care and oversight that formerly was exercised by a feudal lord.

Sir Thomas Brown and his lady, my sister in law, the Lady Hull, myself, and my wife, having a private meeting in my garden at Lismore, agreed to have a marriage between John Brown, heir to Sir Thomas, and my niece and god-daughter Barbary Boyle, second daughter to my eldest brother Dr. John Boyle, deceased, late Lord Bishop of Cork, with whom, as her marriage portion, I have promised of my bounty to her 300*l.* sterling in ready money, and Sir W. Hull and her mother are to make it up to one thousand marks.

This he follows up by his usual fervent wish when he records a marriage, for the happy couple to be blessed with a 'plentiful, religious, and virtuous issue.'

It is much to be regretted that no adequate Life of Richard Boyle has ever been attempted. The material for such a work is extensive, and apart from Cork's historical importance, it is impossible for even a casual student to peruse the ten large volumes of 'The Lismore Papers,' prepared by the late Dr. A. B. Grosart, without becoming profoundly interested in his personality.

This is not a political history, and neither Cork's public career nor the relations between himself and Strafford are attempted to be traced. Cork had no reason to mourn the fall of the Lord Deputy, although he did not contribute to it, refusing even to give evidence against his old enemy. It is with no feeling of surprise, therefore, that, after the mention of Strafford's execution, we find in the Diary these words added : 'which he richly deserved.'

Puritan though Cork was, he loved a jest. He was not insensible to the fascinations of a play, a horse race, or of music. One day he notes in his Diary : 'Given Archie Armstrong, the King's jester, 5*l.* in gold, for which God forgive me.' Another it is : 'I lost and paid to Mr. Ferrers, a gent of the Lord Deputy's, a new beaver hat, upon the bet I laid on the Lord Digby's horse against the Earl of Ormonde's, at the race on the Curragh of Kildare.'

Another time when in Dublin, he records going to see a tragedy in the Parliament House, which lasted till so late that they all went without their suppers, 'which was tragical.' He speaks of 'my six musicians' and a 'blind harpist' at Lismore.

His devotion to his children and grandchildren was supreme. But it is after all as a revelation of his financial and administrative ability that the volumes of his Diary have the greatest interest. The rectitude and integrity of all his transactions in business seem to be thoroughly established, from the very exact details which are given. How complicated these often were in the days when banking as a profession was unknown, only one entry may suffice to show :

The 20*l.* Sir T. Stafford lent to Mr. Staynes to defray his charges in soliciting my business at Cork, and the 35*l.* Mr. John Glanvile lent my nephew John Boyle to buy him a chamber withall at Gray's Inn, which 35*l.* my sister Hull sent Mr. Whalley, in both, 55*l.*, I wrote to Sir John Leake to repay them out of the 80*l.* lent Mrs. Thynne, to be paid me back in London by the Lady Villiers, and

Walker & Cockerell, pt.

*Richard Boyle,*
*1st Earl of Cork.*

also other 20*l.* to Mr. Munday, the Herald, for my pedigree, and other 5*l.* for balance.

Cork was in fact a bank in himself. It was his habit to write down in the Diary every loan he made, and the date, with information when it was repayable. Against this he added the words that cancelled the debt, when it was so fortunate as to be repaid. Every year or two he would write out 'A list of such debts as I do owe.' Occasionally such an entry as the following occurs :

This day I cleared all accounts and demands from the beginning of the world unto this day, between myself and Mr. George Helliar, now one of the Sheriffs of Bristol, and paid him in monies all he did or could demand.

In 1637 when, of his five sons, only Dungarvan was married, he draws up a paper of the allowances, amounting in all to 8,460*l.* 16*s.* 11*d.* for the half-year, which he gives to each. The sums graduate from 4,000*l.* as the highest, to 979*l.*, the lowest. He makes a note when he lends a book from his library. His 'Pacata Hibernia' seems to have been much in demand. Perhaps he had received an 'author's copy' from Sir T. Stafford. He never receives or gives a present without describing it, whether it be a horse, a falcon, or a laced handkerchief. He carefully notes the address of the cutter in Lombard Street who has cut into borders and flowers his suit of 'uncut' velvet. Sometimes he makes an inventory of his clothes, 'tawny satten suits, doublets of cloth of gold, ash-coloured taffeta nightgowns,' and so forth. Finally, he writes on his birthday, October 3, 1622. 'This day, God bless me, I am fifty-six years old.'

The one thing Cork can never put up with is idleness in man or woman.

I gave two poor widows that were beggars in Dublin 40*s.* sterling on condition they should buy some wool therewith, and fall to work, and beg no more, and to the bone-lace woman, 10*s.* to apparel a

poor begging girl out of Munster, and to teach her to make bone-lace.

Again :

I gave two poor old widows twenty shillings apiece to buy them wool to keep them in work that they might beg no more.

It is only necessary to glance through these yearly records of successful commercial and financial enterprise, to realise what a crowning injustice has been done to Ireland by the absentee landlords of the centuries that have succeeded Ralegh's and Boyle's early efforts in that fruitful but neglected country. What one man could achieve then, might surely have been done in a lesser degree by many others since. The combination of English commercial ability and perseverance with Irish brilliancy and initiative has seldom failed to produce good results in other parts of the world.

## CHAPTER II

### THE BOYLE CHILDREN

'Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them.'—KING SOLOMON.

'OUR Lady's College' of Youghal was founded on December 27 1464, by Thomas eighth Earl of Desmond, Lord Deputy of Ireland and proprietor of the town. The establishment consisted of a Warden, eight fellows, and eight 'singing men,' who lived in a collegiate manner, having a common table and all other necessaries allowed them, with yearly stipends. For more than a hundred years the order of the College was maintained, until in 1579, it was plundered and laid in ruins by the insurgent Gerald, fifteenth Earl of Desmond.

Cork, on purchasing it from Ralegh, December 7, 1602, rebuilt the College, making good all the devastations of the Desmond Rebellion. An old print shows it to have been a fine gabled building, approached through a fortified gateway set in battlemented walls. A description of the house, written rather more than forty years after Cork's death, names 'the two courts with a fountain in one of them, and fair rooms, with well wrought ancient chimmey pieces' as still standing.[1] The original house no longer exists, the present edifice having been erected in 1782 by Nicholas Giles. It contains, however, a memorial of the earlier dwelling in the shape of an elaborately carved oak chimney-piece of the Elizabethan period.

In the grounds close by, and approached by a comparatively

[1] Dingley's *Tour in Ireland* (1681), Dublin, 1870, pp. 61, 74.

modern gateway, is the Warden's House, which will always possess a special interest of its own, since it was here that Sir Walter Ralegh lived in 1588 and 1589, when (as the Corporation Records inform us) he was Chief Magistrate of Youghal. The original House is still standing, its high-pointed gables, and great towering chimneys, its thick walls, and deep mullioned windows a memento of the architecture of the Elizabethan age. It has borne many names. A past generation, from the abundant growth of its luxurious garden, called it 'Myrtle Grove'; in legal documents it has always been styled 'Sir Lawrence Parsons' House'; its present owners, the Pope Hennesseys, call it 'Ralegh House.' This dwelling Cork let, a few years after obtaining possession, to his cousin Sir Lawrence Parsons, for whom he obtained the Recordership of the town of Youghal.

To return to the College House. In the warm southern slopes of the gardens, myrtles and arbutus grew to a great height. Cherry trees, brought by the great seaman from the Canary Isles or the Azores, flourished here as well as in the grounds of the Warden's House close by. Here, too, the potato, source at once of Ireland's prosperity and misery, first began to take root in Irish soil.

Before the Civil War broke out, the College had been well fortified. Two large flanking towers were added by Cork to the house; five circular turrets were built around the park, and a broad plateau of earth cast up, upon which was placed ordnance to command the town and harbour. These works, carried out by Cork and his son, are still to be traced, and the terrace, midway upon the slope of the hill, still commands a fine extensive view across the Blackwater to the Ardmore hills beyond.

In the once terraced upper grounds, below the old town walls, the Earl's Walk is still pointed out, although all moss-grown and deserted. A high lichen-covered rock stands southward of it; at the base is a spring of water. Here was the

well, since stopped up, where little Geoffrey, Cork's nine months old child, was drowned one January morning of the year 1617. Geoffrey was his seventh child.

The Church of the Blessed Virgin at Youghal is now partly in ruins and shows but a relic of its former grandeur. It was in this church most probably that one of the greatest lyric poets married his wife, Cork's cousin and also a Boyle, the third Elizabeth of that most beautiful of Spenser's Sonnets. On the south side of the church is the chapel which Cork purchased from the Corporation of Youghal in March 1606, and where he erected a splendid monument for himself and his children. Many of them, indeed, lie in other places, notably in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, but the names of all the fifteen are recorded upon the tomb, together with a curious amount of genealogical information.

As years went on and Cork's wealth increased, he left the College House, between which and Dublin he had spent his time hitherto, for a residence more befitting his improved position and his increasing family.

Northward from the harbour of Youghal, the lower and navigable reach of the Blackwater, some sixteen miles or so of broad lake and rocky islet, extends to the little town of Capoquin. Here, as we have seen, Boyle's blast furnaces and iron works were situated. At Capoquin the river takes a sharp turn westward. By four miles of road along either the north or south bank the traveller may arrive below the steep hill of Lismore—literally the great fort.

From the Castle at Lismore, Ralegh had directed the government of the province of Munster. There he had spent some part of the years of his life in Ireland ; and to the ancient fortress founded by a Plantagenet prince, and long the residence of the Bishops of Lismore, he had added some building of his own. To Lismore, Spenser had ridden from Kilcolman Castle near by, to read to Ralegh his poetic version of their visit to

Cynthia's Court. At Lismore, and at the College at Youghal, young Congreve afterwards passed part of his boyhood, when his father was acting as steward to Cork's son. In addition to the literary associations of the place, a more beautiful situation for a castle can scarcely be imagined. Standing half buried in woods, upon a sharp cliff that rises steeply from the river's brink, the Castle of Lismore is, as Thackeray has remarked, as 'noble and as picturesque' as that of Warwick. From its battlements the little town, with its Cathedral and bridge across the Blackwater, are commanded, while the view obtained of the woody and well watered country all around is one of the finest in the South of Ireland. No wonder it has been a favourite even among the other princely residences of its later possessors, the Dukes of Devonshire. But the Lismore Castle of to-day, owned though it is by a direct descendant of Richard Boyle, has been practically rebuilt. Little remains of the Lismore to which Cork took his wife and eight surviving children in January 1621.

To those children, and the five afterwards born, it is now time to turn.

Roger the eldest—playfully called Hodge by his father—was born at the College House on August 1, 1606. When seven years old, he was sent with another boy who was Cork's ward—William Supple by name—to his uncle John Boyle. Some months after, when Cork was in England, he removed the boys to Deptford, where was a famous school. There, at Sayes Court, the residence of his mother's uncle, Sir Richard Browne, Roger died at the age of nine, and was buried in the parish church. A handsome marble monument still marks the burial-place of Cork's first-born child. Evelyn, we may remember, married Browne's only daughter, and Sayes Court afterwards became his home. To him we are indebted for a graceful story of Roger's next brother Richard.

In the merry days after the Restoration, it was a favourite

*W. Lawrence, photo.*

LISMORE CASTLE, CO. WATERFORD.

pastime of Charles II. to sail down the Thames, accompanied by his friends and courtiers, his ladies, dogs, dwarfs, and all the other intimates of the charmed circle. It was often observed that when the barge passed by a certain place opposite to the church of St. Mary, Deptford, Lord Burlington, as he then was, doffed his hat with a profound expression of reverence. Being at length questioned why he did so, he replied: 'Do you see that steeple? Have I not reason to pay a respect to the place where my elder brother lies buried, by whose death I enjoy the Earldom of Cork?'

Alice, Cork's eldest daughter, born at the College House on March 20, 1607, was early disposed of in marriage by her father to his ward, David, the young Viscount Buttevant and Barrymore, whose estates in Munster marched with his own.[1] When she was under thirteen, she was contracted 'per verba de presenti' to him, in the hall of the College House by her uncle, the Bishop of Cork, in the presence of forty or fifty 'of good worth and reputation.' The marriage took place a year and a half later, when the bridegroom was about seventeen. An entry in Boyle's Diary six months after reveals the youthfulness of his character.

Dec. 20, 1621

My Lord Barry [Boyle is always punctilious about titles] though it were Sunday, upon an untimely falling out at dice, wounded Malperos, the usher of my hall, very dangerously with the fire fork. I pray God he may recover, and that the example hereof may teach my Lord better temper and carriage, and neither of them both hereafter may presume to play upon the Lord's Day.

The Barrymores were an extravagant young couple, frequently in debt and depending upon the bounty of a rich father, at whose expense they often lived for months together. That father's good nature only occasionally found expression in thinly veiled satire as under:

My daughter Barrymore, with her son and daughter, and their family, departed from my house at Dublin towards their own house

[1] He was created Earl of Barrymore February 28, 1628.

at Castle Lyons. But her discreet lord sent Lieutenant Fynch to call her and hers home, without so much as a letter to her (or me) of thanks for the year and half diet I gave him and his family in Dublin, neither sent he money, horses, or men to bring her home; which his great disrespect of her and me, God forgive him.

The park at Castle Lyons was stocked with deer from Lismore; horses for breeding purposes, and cows found their way there; and the grandfather notes his bestowal of a flock of 534 ewes upon 'my pretty grandchild Katie Barry, to begin a stock of sheep for her withal.'

Again, years later:

July 10, 1460 The Earl of Barrymore came after me to Egham, and bemoaned himself unto me that except I did now supply him with one other hundred beside those 443*l.* 14*s.* that I had lent him and his lady during their stay in London, and the 100*l.* I had promised to supply his wife withall at her coming to the Bath, he could not follow his regiment of twelve hundred to the Borders of Scotland, nor free his wife, children, and servants out of the city, to begin their return into Ireland.

Of course, this request, like many others, was complied with. All the family drew upon the head as if he were a bank, as indeed he was, until the troublous times of the rebellion fell upon him, which will have their own place in this story.

Sarah, Cork's next daughter, born in Dublin in 1609, was married at the age of twelve to Sir Thomas Moore, son of Lord Moore of Mellifont. Negotiations for the marriage were commenced when she was only eight, as will be seen by the following letter to her father from Sir John Blennerhasset:

Right Honorable,—I am bold out of the dutiful respect I owe unto your Lordship both to move you and crave your answer with some convenient speed. I was not long since at my Lady Moore's, where after some other occasion of speech unto me, she said, her lord and herself desired to get a good wife for their eldest son, and desired me out of the love I bear unto my honored friend in England, and unto them, that I would think where this their

desire might be accomplished, assuring me that they desired much my counsel therein. Presently after I left them, I thought of your Lordship who hath daughters to bestow, but because I neither knew your mind nor their age, I have not named you as yet unto them, although I now suppose upon some speeches which I have had with Mr. Parsons, and somewhat which in conference fell from the lady, they approved that way (as for the Lord and Lady and their estate you know better than I), but I assure you the young gentleman is of as good hope as any I know in this kingdom; his age is about eighteen year. I do assure you that in my poor opinion both for education and otherwise, he is the best match of this day in Ireland. I should be very glad to do the office of a kind friend between you, and think myself happy if my labour therein may breed content to both; and so with my dutiful respects unto your Lordship, your Lady, and the good Lady Fenton, wishing all happiness unto you and yours, I rest at your honors command.

J. Blennerhasset.

Dublin, 19 November 1617.

The 'best match in Ireland' did not turn out so desirable after all. Sarah was left a childish widow of fourteen, eighteen months after her marriage. But another husband was soon found by her match-loving father. On Christmas Day 1626 she was married to Robert Digby, first Baron Digby of Geashill, a connection of the Kildares and of the Earls of Bristol. She died when only about twenty-three, leaving a son, Kildare Digby, and two daughters, Mabel and Lettice.

Lettice, Cork's third daughter, was perhaps his favourite. 'My dear, dear daughter, one of the best women in the world,' he calls her, and often he turned to her for advice in the management of his younger children. A number of her ill-spelt epistles remain to testify to the devotion that existed between father and daughter. Only a year younger than Sarah, she and her next sister Joan (with but a year between them) remained under their father's roof until they were of maturer age than the elder two. It was not until they were each nineteen that they

were matched—Lettice with George Goring, son of the Parliamentary General: Joan with George Fitzgerald, sixteenth Earl of Kildare. The latter, like Barrymore, was Cork's ward. He was married to Joan as soon as he returned from Oxford, where his guardian, during his residence at Christchurch, had allowed him as a great favour to keep a dwarf for his page.[1]

Kildare, like his brother-in-law Barrymore, was a waggish youth, as an entry in his father-in-law's Diary attests. We observe, too, how punctiliously the writer speaks of the boys (they were no more) by their proper titles.

Jan. 13, 1632 My Lord of Kildare, for discovering who it was that had battered and abused my silver trencher plate, was by me promised 6*l.*, for which when he had my promise, he said that it was himself with knocking marybones upon them. Whereupon, in discharge of my promise, I commanded my servant William Barber to fetch him 6*l.* in gold, which his Lordship without making any bones, accepted, and I presently pocketted that wrong.

Whether it was his own marrowbones which left their impress upon the silver trencher, and what he could have chosen so hard a prie-dieu for, we can only surmise.

The Kildare mansion of Maynooth Castle was entirely rebuilt by Cork. Upon it he employed Edmund Tingham, 'my tombe maker,' whom he bailed out of a prison in which he languished on account of a debt owing to a brewer's widow. Cork advanced the necessary money for building, but whether he would ever get it back out of Kildare's rents, he says 'God knows.' In the summer of 1643, while living in Dublin, he and Joan constantly rode out two or three times a week to see how the work went on.[2] Wife and father had it all their own way apparently, for

[1] He himself was so diminutive that he was called the 'Fairy Earl.'

[2] The building in which Cork took so much pride was pillaged and destroyed in the Irish Rebellion, in 1642–6, and has never been rebuilt. George Kildare, in a letter to Ormonde, before its destruction, says: 'I

the owner and husband had disappeared, in a manner quaintly described by Cork.

Aug. 24, 1634

The Earl of Kildare took some discontent at the good counsel the Lord Deputy gave him, and thereupon rashly, without taking leave of his Lordship or me or any of his friends, suddenly and secretly conveyed himself, with three of his youngest servants, a shipboard, leaving his lady with four children, his sister, and a family of about sixty persons without means or monies; whereupon I was enforced, to avoid their clamours and to relieve their necessities, to deliver his steward, Mr. Prideaux, 50*l.* sterling to divide amongst his servants; to break up his house and to take his lady, her children, and his sister, with their servants, into my house and chambers.

The house was then almost ready for occupation. On September 2, Cork, his daughter, Lady Costelloe, and Sir Nicholas White rode out to Maynooth, and a small party dined in the new parlour 'where never any dined before.' On the 9th, Joan and her household departed to take up her abode in the restored mansion, the young housewife accepting from her father two fat oxen to begin her housekeeping with.

Nor was the above the only occasion when the good grandfather had to come to the rescue of his irresponsible son-in-law:

April 7, 1638

Sir John Leake, having been at Maynooth from me to visit the Earl of Kildare and my grandchildren (their mother being in England), brought me assurance that the Earl was again committed prisoner to the castle of Dublin [this was because he refused to deliver his title-deeds as ordered by the Lord Deputy], and that he had left at Maynooth his four children, and a devouring family of forty idlers, without any provision of meat or money to sustain them, and that his children were out of clothes and destitute of victuals; whereupon I sent them an express messenger with my letters to

have taken down the spouts of my house which all furnished me with great store of lead. If I had but powder proportionable, I would lose my life in the Castle before I would lose it.'

Bodlagh his steward, to move the Earl to let me have his children to Lismore, with their nurses and servants, and that upon notice of his pleasure, I would send my coach to bring them hither, and keep them here until their mother coming out of England or my going over to thither.

Years did not sober him. It was some time afterwards that Cork's London tailor, Perkins, wrote to him that Kildare's 'garb' was never gayer, 'for he sings about the Strand as merry as mulled sack,' with a whole crowd of boys flocking around him.

Lettice's husband, George Goring, was hardly less anxiety to his father-in-law than Joan's. He, too, looked to the rich head of the family for provision both for himself and for his wife. Perhaps the astute transaction recorded below as the result of experience was not confined to fathers-in-law of the seventeenth century.

Oct. 4, 1633

I being importuned by my daughter Goring to lend her husband 200*l.* sterling for defraying their charge of transportation from Dublin to London, and doubting his readiness to repay unto me if I lent it, delivered to Mr. Randall Aldersey of my own monies, to deliver it to George Goring to supply his present occasions, and to accept of his bill of exchange for repayment thereof in London, the last day of November next, to Alderman Parkhurst or himself, to my use.

Very soon after, Lettice again becomes importunate, and at 'her entreaties and the unavoidable persuasion of the Lord Deputy [Wentworth], conjoined with the necessities of my son-in-law George Goring,' Cork is constrained to buy him 'a troop of horse in Lord Tilbury's regiment.'[1] The young couple had more than 1,200*l.* a year, but the prudent father considers them extravagant. However, he is, as usual, indulgent, and moreover sends Lettice with an introduction to his cousin Tompkins in London, who is to be gratified with so much plate as should

[1] Lord Vere of Tilbury, one of the greatest Generals in the seventeenth century, was then in the Dutch service. See p. 251.

defray Lettice's expenses and charge, with her attendants ; 'for money from her or me, Cousin Tompkins,' it seems, 'would not take.' Lettice Goring was then on her way to the Hague, where her husband was serving in the army. A trusty messenger was despatched from Ireland with a brace of wolf-hounds given by Barrymore to his father-in-law, which the latter makes bold to present through Lettice to the Queen of Bohemia. Elizabeth was then living in exile at the Hague, surrounded by the numerous children to whom, as she frankly avowed, she vastly preferred her monkeys, dogs and other pets of her menagerie.

If Lettice thought herself badly treated by some of her husband's family, other friends of her father made up for the neglect. In her characteristic letter, written on the eve of starting for the Hague, the first glimpse appears in these pages of the Earl of Manchester, afterwards so closely connected with the family and fortunes of the Riches and Warwicks.

Gravesend : 11 April, 1634.

My most honored Lord and Dearest Father,—I have forborne to present your Lordship with my lines till now, that I might at once fully acquaint you with all proceedings, which I fear will not at all answer your expectance, I am sure not your desert, from them that are most obliged to you. My Lady Goring is still herself, and her usage of me in her house answered my expectation, for it was as bad as bitter words could make it, of which my dearest Brother is witness. For my Lord Goring, I will say nothing of him, because I can never know him truly, for by his words I should judge him very good, but his actions are quite contrary. Of such men I will [not] venture to judge, but this I may truly say, he is to me the cruellest man living. Your Lordship commanded me to let you know if his Lordship and Sir Thomas Stafford did, as they had promised, bring me to the Queen of Bohemia. For Sir Thomas Stafford, I have not so much as seen him since I came to town. My Lord Goring is so far from carrying me over, that neither he nor his Lady, nor any of his daughters did so much as bring me one foot of the way, which all the town and Court wondered at, and what I suffered in their house, God only knows,

I donot desire your Lordship should. For my noble Lady Denbigh,[1] the best of women, I cannot express how infinitely beyond expression your Lordship and all yours are bound to her. It was my great misfortune, purposely plotted by my enemies, to be kept in the country so long that I had but two days' time with her, for before I came to town she was gone into the country to her daughter, my Lady Ann Noel, who is, God be thanked, safely delivered of a son. She used me with so much affection, and took all ways possible to express it; she brought me to take my leave of the King and Queen, who were both extreme gracious to me, and wrote by me to the Queen of Bohemia to have a care of me. She also herself, and my Lady Duchess of Buckingham and my Lady Marquis, did the like. . . .

I also spoke with her [Lady Denbigh], wishing she would think my dear brother Lewis worthy of her sweet pretty daughter, my Lady Elizabeth. She seemed to have a great desire to match with your Lordship, and I know you cannot make yourself so happy anywhere else in the world. I have not time now to write so largely as I desire, being I am now going a shipboard, but I most humbly beseech your Lordship to write at large to my noble Lady Denbigh. She desires to see my brother Lewis. I am now at Gravesend, where honest Mr. Dellan, Mr. Ball, Mr. Lovell, Mr. Fletcher brought me down. I have been extremely bound to my noble Lady and Lord of Manchester. They be, I assure your Lordship, your constant good friends. I beseech your Lordship for God's sake, that I may hear often from your Lordship, which will be my greatest comfort, for whilst I have a being I will never cease to be your Lordship's most obedient daughter and humblest servant.

LETTICE GORING.

Mr. Brenan is here with me. He brought me from London hither. I have my maid over with me, but my cruel Lord Goring would not suffer her to come into his house, who hath done himself great wrong.

Cork's sixth child, and, after Roger's death and the drowning of Geoffrey, his eldest son, was Richard, Lord Dungarvan, who after the Restoration was created Earl of Burlington and was

[1] Lady Denbigh was Susan Villiers, sister of Charles' favourite, the Duke of Buckingham.

thenceforth known by that title. His father's aspirations for him are thus expressed in his Diary:

I gave my son Richard, for his New Year's gift, the chain of gold, and the King of Denmark's medal or picture in gold fastened and hanged in one of the links thereof, which His Majesty of Denmark with his gracious letters sent unto me as a royal demonstration of his princely acceptance of my endeavours for preserving and supplying his great ship and men that by extraordinary tempests were put in at Youghal; with express charges to my son never to depart with it, but as I had given it him, so he was to leave it to his heir, to be ever continued to the house of the Earls of Cork, which house's unspotted honor and integrity, I desire the Almighty for ever to uphold with His grace. Jan. 1, 1630

Born at Youghal on October 20, 1612, Dungarvan was nearly twenty when Charles I. proposed for him a match with Lady Ann Fielding, elder daughter of Lettice's friend, Lady Denbigh. In the meantime, Wentworth, whom Cork had every reason to propitiate, had suggested that he should wed the only daughter of Henry Clifford, afterwards Earl of Cumberland. Before starting to go down to Yorkshire to commence paying her his addresses, Dungarvan had a pleasing interview with the King at St. James Palace.[1] Charles frankly told the young man that he did not desire to urge his affections. 'It was a way he never meant to use with any of his subjects.' Dungarvan was to conclude on nothing suddenly. '"Lay your hand on your heart," the King said, "and give me an answer as your affection moves you. This much I will assure you that, whether you like or dislike the lady, I will never think the worse of you," and thereupon the King departed. My Lord, I vow unto you I never saw a man express himself more sweetly and nobly than the King did in this business,' adds Dungarvan, writing of the interview to his father.

In the meantime Clifford has heard from George Goring

[1] *Lismore Papers*, 2nd ser. vol. ii. p. 186.

some gossip to the effect that Dungarvan was reported to have said upon the sight of his daughter, that he 'never liked woman worse in all his life.' Naturally he writes to the young man to demand what he means. In a manly and straightforward reply, Dungarvan repeats his decision to contract no marriage whatever until his return from the travels upon which he is about to set off. With this to her father is enclosed a very pretty love-letter to Elizabeth Clifford herself:

Sweet Mistress,—The honour which I received by admittance unto your service hath made me ambitious to express the happiness which by your company I enjoyed, as now I do lament the loss of it by my necessary stay abroad during my travels. Nothing can recompense that distance but your good opinion of him that truly serves you, and undertakes this journey to make himself worthy of the title which he desires to enjoy, by continuing Madam your Ladyship's most humble and affectionate servant,

DUNGARVAN.

London, 19th August, 1632.

In April 1634 the lover was back in England. On the 14th he wrote to his father, with all the customary deference and a vast amount of 'your Lordship,' to let him know how successful his 'voyage to the north' has been.

At my first coming to Londesborough, I did much fear by my Lady's[1] sovragness unto me, that it would be a work of great difficulty to gain her good opinion; but by my observance of her, and by pleasing of her humour, I did advance myself so far into her favour that I do believe I have not only her approbation in this business, but her desire that it may be finished. As for my Mistress, I presently discovered that the malicious inventions of some in that house were not wanting to do me all the ill offices they could invent, but I obtained that assurance from her, that she did not only believe all their reports false, but also did me the favour to let me know their names which had done me that wrong, upon promise that I would never speak of it. I do profess truly unto your Lordship, I do think myself the most happy creature

[1] Lady Clifford, the mother.

Warner & Parkinson pls. sc

*Catherine (Fenton)*
*1st Countess of Cork.*

alive in having such a mistress, and am very confident your Lordship will be of that same opinion whenever you know her. My Lord Clifford has used me so nobly and affectionately during my stay at his house, that he sufficiently showed the desire he has to see the consummation of this. He assures me that there shall now be no delay at all, and for that effect, has by his agent sent up all his evidences, so as now by the grace of God, all things will proceed fairly and prosperously. I beseech God to bless this business with a happy conclusion, that I may the sooner wait upon your Lordship and receive your blessing, which is now the only happiness that is desired and longed for by your Lordship's most obedient and dutiful son, DUNGARVAN.

London, this 14th of April, 1634.

A long letter to his father, dealing with business of many kinds, and written a fortnight later, contains the sequel:

I now come to my own affairs, to give your Lordship an account how happily all things succeed in my marriage business since my return from Londesborough, your Lordship's counsel being now satisfied, both in the rental and evidences of the lands which my Lord Clifford doth settle upon my mistress, and Mr. Attorney given order for the drawing up of the conveyances, so that I hope all things shall be ready within these three weeks, or a month at farthest, for my going down to Skipton and the celebration of my marriage, whereof your Lordship shall have more ample notice given you by the next. I do most humbly thank your Lordship for your fatherly care in supplying me with monies to pay my debts, and for giving me credit for as much as my occasions shall require, wherein I will promise you (my Lord) to be very sparing and take up no more than I must need, as it shall by my accounts appear.

A dutiful little letter to Cork from the one who was his first, and who always remained his favourite, daughter-in-law, written the day after her marriage, follows:

My Lord,—Now I have the honour to be your daughter, I beseech you to believe my chief study shall be to deserve that title by my observance of your commands, both now and when I have the happiness to wait on your Lordship in Ireland; which I shall wish for the sooner, that my actions may give you more fully this

assurance. In the meantime (my Lord), whilst I wait here for my Lady's leave who is yet unwilling to part from me, I desire your Lordship's blessing and continuance of your favour to my Lord, your Lordship's most affectionate daughter, and most humble servant,

E. Dungarvan.

Skipton, this 5th of July, 1634. My Lady presents her humble service to your Lordship.

On Sunday evening, September 14, 1634, Dungarvan arrived in Ireland, with his bride. She was accompanied by Mrs. Clifton, her cousin german, Sir Philip Musgrave, and several Yorkshire gentlemen. The party was met by the joyful father at Howth, to which port they had sailed in the King's ship, the *Ninth Whelp*. Cork escorted them in three coaches to his house in Dublin, where he had already made great preparations for their reception. Forty ells of fine holland at eight shillings the ell, to make two large pairs of sheets and for 'pillow beers'; holland at five shillings the ell for four more pairs of sheets and four pairs of pillow beers; scarlet cloth and silver lace to hang a bed with, and to provide a 'counterpart' for the same; chairs and stools; and four pairs of brass and irons, with tongs and fire shovels, are named by him as having been specially purchased for Dungarvan. The sum expended on the above articles is named to a fraction, viz. 110*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The young bride's twenty-first birthday falling the next day, her father-in-law 'for her welcome to Ireland, presented her with the cupboard of gilt plate that was the Lord of Falkland's, which I bought of Lord Ranelagh.'

Writing to Lady Clifford, her mother, a few weeks after the arrival of his son, Cork says:

1634 For her Ladyship, she looks and likes Ireland very well, and every day more than other her virtues and goodness attract unto her the affections and respect of the best sort of people, and from her husband and me, her poor father-in-law, most of all. Now the Parliament is adjourned we intend, God willing, tomorrow morning,

to begin our journey towards my country house of Lismore, from whence I have been absent almost seven years; and there, God willing, we intend to keep a merry Christmas amongst our neighbours, and to eat to the noble family of Skipton in fat does and carps, and to drink your health in the best wine we can get, hoping at the spring to welcome your Ladyship and your noble Lord both here and there, and the sooner ye both come the more shall you endear us unto you.

On December 17 the whole household left Dublin for Lismore. The autumn rains had been unusually heavy that year. Irish roads are still proverbially bad, so it is not to be supposed they were faultless two centuries ago. Near Clonmel the coach in which Cork himself was riding, overturned 'in the four miles of water.' The horses were in much danger of drowning, but were eventually rescued, and on the 20th the party all safely reached Lismore.

A jovial time was now spent. Sir Randall and Lady Clayton arrived from Mallow, bringing with them the two younger girls, Mary and Margaret.

They also brought

a very large round fair pearl, taken in the river of Bandon, which the poor woman that found it sold in Cork for two shillings in money, and four pence in beer and tobacco. That party sold it again for two cowes, who sold it the third time for twelve pounds sterling to a merchant of Cork, and then my cousin Bardsey counselled Sir Randall Clayton to buy it for me, who paid for it in ready gold, thirty pounds sterling. And I bestowed it for a New Year's gift on my daughter Dungarvan. It is worth a hundred marks and weighs eighteen grains.

Cousin Bardsey, a goldsmith of Bandon Bridge, had good reason to think of Cork as a purchaser, since a year before he had sold him twenty-five large pearls and about 115 smaller ones, taken in the same river. These also were a gift to the bride. The Christmas gift of the town of Youghal to Cork consisted of a tun of Bordeaux. Dungarvan's present to his

father was a case of French pistols, which he had brought from his foreign travels.

Cork's Diary supplies a glimpse of the Christmas amusements :

> My daughter Dungarvan having at play lost 40*l.* this Christmas, and being drained dry of money, I supplied her with twenty pieces, and she to play them, and if she lost them, then she is to add other twenty pieces of her own for play, and the loss or gain to be equally divided in part till more be gotten, or that lost by her at play.

This pastime seems to have been a regular Christmas amusement. Not once or twice does Cork mention giving small sums of money to his daughters or daughters-in-law for their Christmas 'play.'

The four younger sons, Lewis, Roger, Francis, and Robert, were then still at home. Towards the close of the year 1635 the two youngest are to go to Eton, and their father in his correspondence with Sir Henry Wotton on the subject has apparently confided to him a pleasant secret. The Provost replies :

> I thank you, for making me so quickly partaker of your own joys touching the said lady [Dungarvan]. To whom God send many such pretty cheerful troubles as she is likely to have shortly. And I wish, from a grammatical College not improperly, that the most of them may be of the masculine gender.

Next spring it is with vast pride that Cork writes in his Diary :

> The Almighty God be ever blessed and praised, for that my daughter of Dungarvan was about eight of the clock in the evening of this fourteenth day of March, 1635[–6] the sign then in Scorpius, safely delivered in my house in Dublin, of her first child, being a fair daughter, whom I beseech God to bless with his choicest blessings, and that her parents and friends may reap happiness and much comfort in her. She was christened the seventh day of the month April 1636, and named Frances.

Three months later the grandfather escorted mother, child, nurse and three women servants to Maynooth, to establish 'Little Frank,' as he calls her, in her own house at Trim, while her father and mother went to the Yorkshire home.

The remaining members of the Boyle family must be just briefly noticed here. Their names will often occur in the narrative that follows.

Katherine, married in her fifteenth year to Arthur Jones, only son and heir to Viscount Ranelagh, was some two and a half years younger than Dungarvan. Nearly ten years older than Mary, she remained all her life the closest and dearest friend of this youngest sister. In Mary's Diary she is always 'Sister' or 'Sister Ranelagh,' sometimes only 'S. R.' Sir John Leake's gossipy letters speak of Katherine in the warmest terms. He was living for some years in a house rented from Barrymore, whose cousin he was, and farming the park at Castle Lyon. There he often met Katherine while she was visiting her sister Alice Barrymore, his 'deare Mustris,' of whom he says:

> I had rather have her judgment in business than the greatest counsellor amongst us. And if I had a desire to be merry, better company is not.

Of his 'dear cousin,' her 'precious sister Kate,' who 'has the sweetest face I ever saw,' he writes:

> a more brave wench or braver spirit you have not often met withal. She hath a memory that will hear a sermon and go home and pen it after dinner verbatim.

He is most anxious she should be as highly thought of when she comes to London. 'I know not how she will appear in England, but she is most accounted of all Dublin.' The two sisters, with his own daughter Doll, he names 'the unparalleled cousins.' He is not a whit surprised at her success. 'Believe it old Cork could not beget nothing foolish.' But he is not at all satisfied with the husband found for his favourite. 'The foulest

churl in all the world. He hath only one virtue, that he seldom cometh sober to bed.' This view of his relation is perhaps coloured by Leake's extreme partiality for the wife. To his father-in-law, Katherine's husband is always 'honest Arthur Jones.'

Of Dorothy, the next sister, history has very little to say. She also was married young. One passage in Cork's Diary, referring to her husband, illustrates the absolute parental authority that Cork maintained in all the branches of his very extensive family :

> This day my son-in-law, Sir Arthur Loftus, had a very unpleasing passage with me in my gallery, touching a slight unkindness he had taken against his wife, and expressed himself heady and untractable there to my great discontent.

Sir Arthur Loftus died young, and Dorothy married secondly a Talbot. Her sister Mary, recording her death in her Diary in March 1668, remarks how little she had ever known of her.

Between Lewis and Roger who, after the deaths of the elder Roger and Geoffrey, became the second and third sons of the family, less than two years difference in age existed. Both were ennobled by the King on the same day (November 30, 1627)—Lewis as Baron Boyle of Kinalmeakie, Roger as Baron Boyle of Broghill. They were then aged respectively eight and a half, and six and a half. The patents of their nobility quaintly set out the King's reason in granting this favour 'for the services they have rendered him.' As an after-thought, on account of their age, the words 'and will do' are added. Perhaps this served them as an incentive; certainly they were prophetic. Ten or more years later another curious mistake arose, when they were summoned to attend the House of Lords in Westminster, the fact of their being still much under age having been unobserved by the official dispenser of red tape. Taught at Lismore by various English and French tutors, they

were now to complete their education abroad, having been first both entered, on the same day, students of Gray's Inn. After several efforts to select for them a suitable travelling tutor, Cork had at length succeeded in finding one to his mind. Monsieur Marcombe, a native of Auvergne, was of Sir Henry Wotton's selection, and came with the best of recommendations:

> He has been seven years in Geneva University; he is sound in religion, furnished with good literature and languages, especially with Italian, which he speaketh as promptly as his own; and he will be a good guide for your sons in that delicate piece of the world. He seemeth in himself neither of a lumpish nor a light composition, but of a well-fixed mean.

So Lewis and Roger departed with this well-balanced companion to see the world. They left Dublin February 13, 1636, and by April 28 were settled down in Switzerland, 'that dear country,' where Marcombe complains they had to spend more than 3*l.* a day. At Geneva they were joined by Boyle Smyth,[1] Cork's nephew and godson, who had travelled out straight from Lismore, which place he left on February 4, 1637. Two years or more older than Lewis, Boyle had already seen something of the Continent, for Cork had equipped and sent him in June 1635 to join George Goring's regiment in Holland. It was now proposed for him to see Italy and France with his two cousins. In the autumn of that year, however, all three were attacked with smallpox at Genoa. A long letter from Marcombe to Cork describes the straits he was in. Lewis was the first to take the disease. Before he was convalescent, Boyle, 'as fine a youth as ever I saw,' fell ill, and in about ten days was suffering from all the worst features of this loathsome complaint. The foreign physicians advised the tutor on no account

[1] Cork's sister Mary married Sir Richard Smyth of Ballynetra. Their son Sir Percy, a younger brother of Boyle, distinguished himself as Governor of Youghal in the time of the Rebellion.

to risk his life by going near the sick room, but the faithful fellow paid no heed to their advice. 'He understands not a single word of Italian; besides I love him well.'

Distracted, the poor man 'left the one patient to go to the other, and was constantly called back to one or the other to bid them take this or that.' Roger he had sent at the beginning of the illness to the house of a friendly English merchant in Genoa, but so unhappy was he at being parted from his companions that he soon returned to the infected house.

When Boyle Smyth died on December 30, Marcombe's troubles were by no means ended, for to dispose of the corpse was not an easy matter. No one would make a coffin because it was the time of Christmas holidays; no sailor or shipowner would willingly take a dead body on board; to embalm and convey it to England would, he found, entail a cost of 120*l.*, and to add to all these difficulties, the superstitious landlord insisted on immediately turning it out of the house, suggesting as a natural course burial with the offal of the city. Marcombe's wit conceived no better plan than to buy a large trunk, and having deposited in it the remains, to hire sailors to row ten miles out to sea, and there commit it to the deep. He could not assist at this unceremonious funeral, for Roger was now ill, and knew not even of his cousin's death. But Marcombe adds that he paid so dearly for the transaction that he thinks the landlord must have told the sailors what the mysterious box contained. As no doubt he had.

Lewis recovered, but two months later, at Padua, suffered a relapse. Marcombe and Broghill were obliged to reluctantly tear themselves from Italy, which they loved, to seek northward a cooler climate. From Saumur, where they were lodged in the house of Professor Duncan, a Scottish Doctor of Physic and Professor of Philosophy, Lewis writes to his father, to tell him how much he is bound for his life and health to the care and affection of Marcombe. He adds: 'We are all, praised be God,

May 28, 1638

in perfect health and amity, and long for nothing but the honour of your Lordship's most passionately desired letters.'

Marcombe's communication of the same date, is to ask whether his young gentlemen are to keep a coach of their own in Paris, where they are timed to arrive by the following October, and to remind their father that they will require new black satin suits, velvet doublets, and other replenishments of their wardrobe. In Paris they arrived on November 20, 1638. There for the present we must leave them.

Francis and Robert, the two younger sons, had been confided to Sir Henry Wotton's care at Eton, when Robert was a little over eight. Accompanied by a faithful henchman, Robert Carew, they embarked at Youghal for Minehead in September 1635. Carew was to remain at Eton in attendance on them. One cannot help wondering how he spent his time, for by his letters he was a young man of good education.[1] A letter from one of the principal ushers relates their arrival.

Oct. 19, 1635.

Right Honorable,—There were brought hither to Eton the second of this present October, two of your Honor's sons, Francis and Robert. Who as they indured their journey both by sea and land beyond what a man would expect from such little ones; so since their arrival here, the place hath seemed to agree wondrous well with their tempers. I hope they will grow every day more and more in a liking and love of it. The care of their institution Mr. Provost hath imposed on me, by his favour the rector, at the present, of this school. I will carefully see them supplied with such things as their occasions in the College shall require, and endeavour to set them forward in learning the best I can. And so forbearing to be any further troublesome to your Lordship at this time, I rest your Honor's humble servant,

JOHN HARRISON.

[1] Some of it was passed in flirtation with a young woman in a bakery, to Cork's considerable perturbation, but one of the Provost's letters to his friend, some time after, contains the comforting assurance that Carew had not been seen with her for six months, 'time enough I dare swear to refrigerate more love than was ever between them.'

Carew's letter, written the same day, besides giving an intimate picture of the school life of the time, affords some glimpses of the boyhood of the future philosopher, which deserve to be gathered up.

Eton: 19 Oct., 1635.

. . . . They are very well beloved for their civil and transparent carriage towards all sorts, and specially my sweet Mr. Robert, who gained the love of all. Sir Harry Wotton was much taken with him for his discourse of Ireland, and of his travels, and he admired that he would observe or take notice of those things that he discoursed of. He is mighty courteous and loving towards them, and lent a chamber furnished until we could furniture so their own chamber. We enjoy it yet which is a great favour. He did invite my masters to his own table several times. Thanks be to God, they are very jocund and they have a studious desire, whereby in short time they will attain to learning. They have very careful and reverend masters. . . .

Touching my masters' essence, they dine in the hall with the rest of the boarders, where sits the Earl of Southampton's four sons, the Earl of Peterborough's two sons, with other Knights' sons. They sit promiscuously, no observing of place or quality, and at nights they sup in their chambers, but my masters, in regard our chamber is not furnished, do sup with my Lord Mordaunt, the Earl of Peterborough's son, where they are most kindly entertained, but we have their own commons brought thither. Yet they take it as a great kindness to be so lovingly used. They are very familiar one with another. And, my Lord, there is to be observed the fasting nights, whereupon the College allow no meat Fridays and Saturdays. We must upon those nights have the cook's meat, which is sometimes mighty dear, for he must have his own rate, not the College's price. As also for breakfast every day they have a poor breakfast at two pennies apiece. This will come to money, besides their chambers, accoutrements, and clothes, which your Lordship must furnish them withal.

A letter from Francis himself, dated two days earlier, was no doubt enclosed in the same packet. It forms such a delicious contrast to the familiar patronising tone of the schoolboy effusions of to-day, that it is impossible to resist quoting it in entirety.

Eton : 17 Oct., 1635.

Dear Father,— With bended knees and hearty prayer, I importune the Almighty for a long continuance of your health and happiness, so that I may not be deprived of so great felicity as your blessing, which I do most earnestly crave. And as for news, which your Lordship will expect from me, I have scarce any but some things that I observed in my travels, which I will leave to the bearers relation, in regard I am incited by my school exercise. Only I must humbly entreat your Honor to take notice of this kindness of Sir Harry Wotton towards us, and how lovingly he received us and entertained us this first day of our entrance at his own table. He hath also lent us a chamber of his own, with a bed furnished afore our own will be furnished, all which I leave to your Lordship's consideration to requite. We are much bound to the young Lords, and especially to the Earl of Peterborough's son, with whom we dine and sup. My other occasion calls me away, therefore I beg pardon for not imparting more of my mind, but must remain your most obedient son to command,

Francis Boyle.

Later on, perhaps about December, Carew writes again to his master, entering this time into more particulars about the young gentlemen's lessons.

Eton : 1635.

Mr. Francis . . . is not so much given to his books as my most honoured and affectionate Mr. Robert, who loseth no hour without a line of his idle time, but on schooldays he doth compose his exercises as well as them of double his years and experience. They are under the tuition of the usher, in regard they were placed in the third form. A careful man he is, yet I thank God I have gained their loves so far as I can get them to do more than their school exercise in the chamber, and am authorised so to do by Mr. Harrison, who sees that they do it with much willingness and facility. They write every day, most commonly a copy of the French and Latin, besides their versions and dictamens, more than any two of their rank in the school can do. They practise the French and Latin, but they affect not the Irish, notwithstanding I show many reasons to bind their minds thereto. Mr. Robert sometimes desires it, and is a little entered in it. He is grown very fat

and very jovial and pleasantly merry, and of ye rarest memory that ever I knew. He prefers learning before all other virtues or pleasures. Mr. Provost does admire him for his excellent genius. He was chosen in a play the 28th of November. He came upon the stage. He had but a mute part, but for the gesture of his body, and the order of his pace, he did bravely. Its my duty to pray for their health and prosperity, and my service is always attending upon them with all care and sedulity in all matters, as your Honor shall find by the true account that I shall give your Honor of the things received for their use and behoof.

Carew then goes on to say that Lady Dungarvan has sent a Bible to Master Francis which Badnedge, the Lismore steward, has confiscated, and continues:

Sir Harry Wotton hath made choice of a very sufficient man to teach them to play on the viol and to sing. He doth also undertake to help my Master Robert's defect in pronunciation, which is a principal reason that they should bestow any hours in that faculty, for it is a thing that elevates the spirits and may hinder their proceedings in matters of greater moment.

Robert's slight hesitation remained, according to all accounts, until the end of his life, but in his case it certainly did not hinder his proceedings in 'matters of greater moment.'

## CHAPTER III

### MARY BOYLE

'Rich she shall be, that's certain.'—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

More than one discrepancy occurs in the date of Mary Boyle's birth. Her father in his 'True Remembrances' (which, like some others of their kind, are not always strictly truthful, and being written down near the close of his life may not unnaturally betray some failure of memory) says she was born in the College House, Youghal, on November 11, 1624.

Her marriage license, issued in July, 1641, describes her as 'aged eighteen,' which would place her birth one year earlier. Marriage licenses, we know, were sometimes issued with special regard to the requirements of the case, and this calculation may at once be discarded as inexact. The more probable date is that which she gives herself in her autobiography, since throughout her life she was in the habit of keeping November 8 as her birthday. On one occasion, November 8, 1671, she notes in her Diary that, in all the forty-six years of her life to that hour, she has never had a day's sickness to keep her in bed, never broken a bone, or 'wanted a meal's meat.' This should be accepted as conclusive evidence that the true date of her birth was November 8, 1625.

Seventh daughter and thirteenth child as she was, her most famous brother, Robert, was but a year and two months her junior, while the baby Margaret was, at the death of their mother in February 1631, only a few months old. When

this event happened, the two eldest sisters, Alice and Sarah, had long been married. Lettice and Joan were occupied with the social duties belonging to their father's position. He on his part was busy arranging brilliant matches for their future, so when little Mary, aged two and a half, was fetched away by Lady Clayton from Lismore Castle to Mallow, near Cork, she was far too young to feel the parting. Too childish to remember her own mother, she found a second in Sir Randall Clayton's wife, who, with her husband, had been among Richard Boyle's earliest Irish friends. In her later years Mary wrote of this 'prudent and virtuous lady, who, never having had any child of her own, grew to make so much of me as if she had been own mother to me, and took great care to have me soberly educated. Under her government, I remained at Mallow, a town in Munster, till I was, I think, about eleven years old, and that my father called me from thence (much to my dissatisfaction), for I was very fond of that, to me, kind Matron.'

On May 28, 1634, Margaret also was despatched from Dublin, under the care of Lady Offaly and with her maid, Nan Rosier, to join Mary at Mallow. The following Christmas and New Year were spent by the entire party from Mallow at Lismore. The custom of New Year's gifts was in great force in the Boyle family, and Cork's present to Lady Clayton this year was 'a silver sugar box of the scollop fashion.' To Alice Barrymore, he presented 'a fair standing gilt cup with a cover.'

When a convenient bearer appeared, such as for instance his cousin Martha, the Bishop of Cork's wife, their father seldom failed to send to the two girls at Mallow little gifts and remembrances. Sometimes it was a 'gold angel apiece,' or a 'curious handkerchief of silk and gowld,' sometimes it happened to be lengths of silk or stuff for their gowns. When he heard of a great ship which had arrived off Kinsale, Cork promptly invested in a piece of 'white damask for Mary's summer gown.' Later he sends by a trusty messenger eighteen yards of 'figured

coloured satten, which I bought of Mr. Hyll, for 9*l.*, to my daughters Mary and Peggie.'

Mary was already fond of books, and her father's New Year's gift in 1637 was a copy of the Countess of Pembroke's 'Arcadia.' Another year he gives her 'soe much red satten as was provided for the satten bed, and not used, as will make her a waste-coat.' Her offerings to him, night caps, six laced handkerchiefs, 'garters and roses,' were doubtless produced by her own needle, under the tuition of her governess, like the 'needlework silver purse of her own making,' which is duly recorded by her father.

The happy household at Mallow, was, however, destined to be broken up. Margaret, unlike Mary, had always been a delicate child. In her father's Diary occurs the entry 'given Doctor Higgins at Lismore 5*l.* in gold to give physick to my daughter Peggie, which he never did.' It may be a question if the physic, even had it been given, would have done much good. At any rate the child died June 28 following, and was buried beside little Geoffrey in St. Mary's Church at Youghal.

In November Lady Clayton and Mary stayed ten days at Lismore. 'I gave Moll forty shillings; to her maid ten,' writes her father. Within a year, Sir Randall Clayton died. Twenty years before he had spoken of his 'rotten pitcher' and 'crazy body'; now it could no longer hold together. At the beginning of his illness, about April 1638, Mary, aged twelve and a half, returned to her father at Lismore. All the elder girls had been brilliantly matched, and it was time to see about a husband for the youngest, whose portion her father intended should exceed in magnificence that of all the others.

Cork was proposing now to quit Ireland, and to take up his abode at Stalbridge Manor in Dorset, an estate which he had recently purchased of the Earl of Castlehaven, for the sum of five thousand pounds. Ralegh also had gone from Lismore to the same county. Perhaps this fact, and the near neighbour-

hood of Sherborne Castle, now inhabited by the Earl of Bristol, had influenced Cork in his purchase. The bargain had been concluded two years earlier, and to the note in his Diary recording the transaction, Cork appends piously: 'The God of Heaven bless and prosper me in this my first English purchase.'

The mourning for Peggie did not last long. Alice Barrymore's tailor Ned was despatched to Cork, laden with taffeta, plush, fourteen yards of silver bone lace, spangled, and weighing seventeen ounces, with other rich and fancy materials, to cut and make for Mary a gown in which, when she appeared in England, she should do credit to her father's taste. 'The feather of diamonds and rubies that was my wife's,' has already been sent to her at Mallow. On her arrival, the generous father, 'having formerly given the like to Joan, bestowed on Mary a rich Indian coverlet for a bed, all wrought of needlework, they being well worth a hundred pounds apiece.'

Cork's exactitude in details is wonderful. The memoranda of payments to Lady Clayton 'for Mary and Peggie's diet' recur punctually every three or six months during the years 1634–38. Part of the arrangement was that Sir Randall held, free of rent, 'one plough-land and a half in Kerrieurchie' for the boarding of the girls.

On July 30, 1638, Cork, accompanied by Mary, George Kildare, and a considerable retinue of servants and gentlemen, left Lismore for England. Lewis and Roger were now, as we have seen, travelling with the invaluable M. Marcombe. Lettice was at the Hague; Francis and Robert at Eton.

The party sailed by boat down the lovely Blackwater to Ballynetra, thence to Youghal, where they embarked on board the *Ninth Whelp*. The vessel landed them at Bristol, all safe and sound, on Saturday evening, August 4. Sunday was spent in Bristol, Cork meanwhile settling his reckoning. To Captain Owen, who had commanded the *Whelp*, he gave 'a fair sword, a silver salt, and all that was left of a hogshead of claret wine.'

On Monday Cork hastened to Stalbridge, 'the first time I ever saw the place.' Gradually the family reassembled. The Dungarvans had arrived from Skipton shortly before the party from Ireland, and, with Robert Christopher, had been busy preparing the house for the reception of its new owner. Dungarvan met the travellers six miles on the road. A new granddaughter, born in Yorkshire a few months before, had to be presented to the grandfather, who tenderly records her death in his diary not long after.

Francis and Robert arrived from Eton on August 19, for 1638
their last school holidays. Joan Kildare came from Bath about the same time. One of Cork's Irish nieces, Catherine Boyle, came over on a visit, and was married in Stalbridge Church to William Tynt, by the domestic chaplain, Daniel Spicer. Cork writes to the bridegroom's father, Sir Bobert Tynt, that he will give her 1,000*l.* for a marriage portion.

Alterations and improvements, both indoors and out, were soon set in hand at Stalbridge. A terrace and grand portico were added; they were to be similar to those at Sherborne Castle, the Earl of Bristol's place near by, and some of Bristol's stonemasons were employed. The garden was stocked with new fruit trees. Bristol's son-in-law, Mr. Freke, sent a contribution of forty young apple trees and twelve pears of last year's grafting, 'Bonchrittens and Burgoynes,' which are not to be removed till next year. Cork, full of detail as ever, notes: 'William Cutler, my gardener, began his apprenticeship this year for five years, having a suit of apparel and three pounds wages.' A bowling green was made, as he is careful to tell us, 'by a noseless man named Thomas Ford.' He does not omit to add that it cost him 100*l.*

The adornments of the interior were even more elaborate:

I have agreed with Christopher Watts, freemason and carver, who dwells in Horse Street, Bristol, to make me a very fair chimney, also for my parlour, which is to reach up close to the

ceiling, with my coat of arms complete, with crest, helmet, coronet, supporters, and mantling and foot-pace, which he is to set up and finish all at his own charges, fair and graceful in all respects, and for that chimney I am to pay 10*l.*, and I am to find carriage also. He is also to make twelve figures each three foot high, to set upon my staircase, for which he demands 20*s.* a piece, and I offer him 13*s.* 4*d.* And he is presently to cut one of them with the figure of Pallas with a shield. One with a coat with a coronet is to be cut for a trial.

Certainly Pallas was rated none too highly at thirteen shillings and fourpence.

The housekeeping at Stalbridge was to be the province of two of the many daughters of the house. Alice Barrymore had directed the household at Lismore, and now she was to share the responsibility at Stalbridge with her sister-in-law Dungarvan. These divided honours do not sound particularly hopeful, but in the present instance the plan appeared to work very well so far as mutual agreement was concerned. That the young ladies were not always good and thrifty distributors of the 200*l.* per month which their father thought sufficient to put under their control, would appear by one or two entries in his Diary. Once, upon his departure from Dorsetshire, he finds they are in debt to bakers, brewers, vintners, and graziers to the amount of 700*l.*, 'which for the preservation of their credits and mine in this country, I fully discharged, with ready money, to all such as were present to receive it.'

A year later he writes:

Paid to a merchant of Southampton, of whom my servant Thomas Langdale, when he was a clerk of the Kitchen, bought a ton of claret wine for eighteen pounds, for which I now paid; but it should have been paid for by my two daughters Barrymore and Dungarvan when they kept my house at 50*l.* a week.

Wealthy and generous though he was, Cork was impatient of wasteful or unbusinesslike action on the part of his servants.

A paper of directions for his household was drawn up by himself and written in his own hand.

*A Form for y^e^ Government of y^e^ Earl of Cork's Family at Stalbridge.*

1. Firste All y^e^ servants excepte such as are officers, or are otherwise imployed, shall meete everye morning before dinner and every night after supper, at Prayers.

2. That there be Lodgings fitting for all y^e^ Earl of Cork's servants to lye in y^e^ House.

3. That it shall be lawful for y^e^ Steward to examine any subordinate Servant of y^e^ whole Familie concerning any Complainte or Misdemeanor committed, and to dismiss and put awaye any inferior Servant that shall live dissolutelie and disorderlie, either in y^e^ House or abroad, without y^e^ especial command of the Earl of Cork to the contrarie.

4. That there be a certen number of y^e^ gents appoynted to sitt at y^e^ Steward's Table, y^e^ lyke at y^e^ Wayters table, and y^e^ reste to sitt in y^e^ Hall, at y^e^ longe Table.

5. That there be a Clerke of y^e^ Kytchin, to take care of such Provision as is brought into y^e^ House, and to have an espetial eye to y^e^ several Tables that are kept either above Staires, or in y^e^ Kytchin, and other places.

6. Thatt all y^e^ Women Servants under y^e^ Degree of Chambermaydes be certenlie knowne by their Names to y^e^ Steward, and not altered and changed uppon everye occasion without y^e^ Consent of y^e^ Steward, and no Schorers to be admitted in y^e^ Howse.

7. That y^e^ officers every Frydaye night bringe in theire Bills unto y^e^ Steward, whereby he maye collecte what hath been spent, and what remaynes weeklie in y^e^ Howse.

Thomas Cross his orders for y^e^ keeping of y^e^ Howse.[1]

On October 9 Cork took his departure for London. He 1638
was anxious to pay his addresses to the King and Queen, whom, though he had so loyally served, he had not seen for ten years. He was graciously received by Charles and Henrietta, and the former professed his gratitude for the services rendered by Cork to his father.

Both in going and returning, Cork called at Eton to see the

[1] From a copy in Add. MSS. 19832, fo. 22.

two boys, and when, after a month spent in London, he set off to rejoin his family at Stalbridge, he took away Francis and Robert from school. The school bill for three years, which he paid, amounted to 914*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*, including 'diet, apparel, tutelage, and the keep of their manservant Carew.' Sir Henry Wotton had continued to preside over the school whilst the young Boyles remained. He died at Eton in December of the next year, aged seventy-two.

Francis and Robert now went to study under William Douche, the vicar of Stalbridge. Here their tuition and board, with the keep of their servant Ridout, amounted to the very modest sum of 15*l.* a quarter.

Meanwhile, amid all these domestic affairs, the political horizon was growing darker and darker. The Scottish subjects of the King were becoming more and more restive under the arbitrary rule of an absentee monarch, who now demanded that they should abandon their national form of Presbyterian church government, to accept Laud's polished and revised version of the service book. It was to them little better than flat Popery. Compromises, commissaries, and emissaries had all failed of conciliation, and Charles was now preparing to start, with such an army as he could gather, for the north. Men and money were badly wanted, and Cork and his family were not behindhand in furnishing either. Lewis and Roger arrived from the Continent in the very nick of time, both of them ready and eager to exchange foreign sight-seeing for the pursuit of arms.

Mar. 14, 1639

This day my true friend Sir Thomas Stafford brought me home to Stalbridge in health and safety, my daughter, the Lady Lettice Goring, and my two sons, the Lord Viscount of Kynalmeakie and the Lord Broghill, with Mr. Marcombe, their governor during their foreign travels in France, Italy, &c. As they all four departed from me together at Dublin the 13 of Feb., 1635[–6], so God of His great goodness brought them back all together unto me to Stalbridge this day, for which blessing my God make me and them for ever thankful to His divine Majesty.

Early in March also, Barrymore arrived at Stalbridge with 1639
the King's commission to raise a thousand men in Ireland, for which country he left on the 25th; Alice, his wife, remained with her father. Robert Christopher departed to join the Earl of Newport, and preparations were at once put in hand by Cork to furnish Dungarvan with the troop of a hundred horse which was to be his contribution to his King. A trusty messenger was employed to go to the Low Countries to purchase armour, pistols, accoutrements and saddles, while Dick Power, whom Dungarvan had appointed his Cornet, was busy in Ireland enrolling men, and finding horses. The former returned to Stalbridge on April 26, having spent 900*l.* on his purchases, which were to be despatched direct from Rotterdam to Hull, to meet Dungarvan at York. Ten days later, the heavy waggons and carriages conveying some stores and outfits began their long journey from Stalbridge to the camp at York, and on May 7 Dick Power reached that place with some of his troop, leaving the rest to march direct from Minehead, where they landed, to the north.

The three brothers set out on the 9th, furnished with everything their good father could devise for their expedition, and accompanied by his blessing: 'God return them happy and victorious to my comfort.' He even gives the odd names of some of the horses he has supplied from his own stables, showing that the practice, there at any rate, was to name horses after persons, perhaps those from whom the animals had been purchased: 'Gray Muskerry,' 'Bay Edow,' 'Gray Hooker,' 'Gray Coot' (they all seem greys), and five carriage-horses.

But the Scottish expedition came to nothing, and the two younger sons were soon back. It was Roger's first taste of the profession in which he was afterwards to gain great distinction.

My son Broghill came post from the camp, and attained to Stalbridge on Midsummer day, at two of the clock in the morning, and brought hither the first happy news that His Majesty had concluded an honourable peace with the Scots, and dissolved his

army before the Earl of Barrymore landed out of Ireland, with his Irish Regiment of 1,000 foot.

So there was a lull for a time in military preparations, and love took the place of war. On August 1 the Staffords again came to Stalbridge, bent this time on a most diplomatic mission.

By her first husband, Sir Robert Killigrew, Lady Stafford had two daughters, Katherine and Elizabeth. The younger was now a favourite Maid of Honour to the Queen, with whom Lady Stafford was high in favour. Sir Thomas Stafford was Queen Henrietta's Gentleman Usher. Anxious to secure a good match for Elizabeth, the eyes of all concerned naturally turned to the sons of the wealthiest man of the time. 'My Lady Stafford and I conferred privately concerning our children, and concluded.' Lewis and Broghill were still unmarried, but Francis was the husband designed for the somewhat flighty Mistress Elizabeth. In consideration of his extreme youth—he was now sixteen—his father wisely proposed that only a contract of marriage should now be entered into. Upon his return from the foreign travel for which he was about to start, the marriage might, if both parties were still willing, be accomplished. This, however, did not suit the plans of the astute and wily mother, who feared the rich prize might after all slip through her fingers. So the King's influence was enlisted on her side, and the following letter, in which Charles does not certainly appear in his best and kindest light, was despatched. We have seen how differently he acted in the case of Dungarvan's marriage. Royal commands in the matter of private matches of extremely unformed young people were decidedly unwise, to say nothing of being a distinct interference with parental authority. But the Stuarts loved to have a ruling hand everywhere.

Right trusty and right well beloved Cousin, we greet you well. Whereas We understand by the Lady Stafford, servant to us and our dearest consort the Queen, and one much valued by us both,

that a marriage hath been treated and is far advanced between a son of yours, and her daughter, now a Maid of Honour to our said dearest consort. And that, as well in regard of their years as that your purpose is to send your son into foreign parts the better to enable him for our service, you hold it fitter that a contract should only pass between them for the present, leaving the consummation of the marriage till his return: We in our care of the said Lady Stafford, or of anything that concerns herself and hers, taking notice of these proceedings, have thought good to signify to you that as We like well your resolution for his travel, so We conceive that a complete and perfect marriage will be most convenient and honourable for all parties, and that it will be the same to you, since if your intentions in the business be real (as we doubt not but they are) a contract and a perfect marriage are equally obliging to you. These reasons, joined with the earnest desire of our said servant, the Lady Stafford, for the accomplishing of the marriage, have moved us to interpose herein, and to recommend the business to your serious consideration. Not doubting but you will the rather, in respect of our intervention, give her satisfaction in this her reasonable demand, which We shall take as confirmation of those good affections to us which you have lately shewed in the Northern expedition, and shall retain it in our Princely remembrance for your advantage as occasion shall be presented. Given under our Signet at our Palace of Westminster, the fourth day of September in the fifteenth year of our reign.

To our right trusty and right well beloved Cousin the Earl of Cork.[1]

Nothing was left to the reluctant father but to consent. He did so in a letter to Lady Stafford, the portion of which that follows is exquisitely touching, revealing, as it does, that an unsuspected vein of poetry lay deep hidden in this practical man of affairs.

Stalbridge: Sept. 19, 1639.

I do now send this bearer to offer his service unto you, and to be commanded and governed by you. My faith assures me that God gave him me that I might bestow him upon you, and so I do with all my heart and best blessing, desiring you to dispose of him for your own honour and his best advantage, and to remember

[1] From a copy in Add. MSS. 19832, fo. 48.

that he was born on the 25th of June 1623, so that he is now but upon the worst side of the sixteenth year of his age. And I intend neither to spare care nor charge to give him a noble breeding in foreign kingdoms; and whether an unripe marriage may not hinder his corporal growth, or his proficiency in learning, or raise higher thought in him than to be ordered and governed by a tutor, I pray you take into more than an ordinary consideration. For I send him unto you as a silken thread to be wrought into what sample you please, either flower or weed, and to be knotted, or untied, as God shall be pleased to put into your noble heart. Yet in my best understanding, a good and sure contract is as binding as a marriage, especially where all intentions are real, as mine are, and ever shall be; which are accompanied with a strong assurance that that this child of mine will prove religious, honest, and just, though he be modest and somewhat over bashful, but good company, and foreign travels I doubt not will in time breed greater confidence in him. What he is, is with himself and yours. And therefore I pray you guide him to the best improvement of himself and yours.

Francis and Robert left Stalbridge with Marcombe in September, the former being the bearer of letters from his father to his future mother-in-law. He was not allowed much time for preparation. As soon as Cork and his family were established in the house lent them by Sir Thomas Stafford at the Savoy, the wedding was hastened. The account of the peculiar ceremonies (as they appear to us now) attending its celebration is best given in the father's own words.

Oct. 24, 1639 This day my fourth son Francis Boyle was married in the King's Chapel at Whitehall to Mrs. Elizabeth Killigrew, one of the Queen's Majesties Maids of Honour, being one of the daughters of Sir Robert Killigrew, late Vice Chamberlain to the Queen, by his then wife, the now Lady Stafford, since married to my ancient and worthy friend Sir Thomas Stafford. The King with his own royal hand gave my son his wife in marriage, and made a great feast in Court for them, whereat the King and Queen were both present, and I with three of my daughters sat at the King's table amongst all the great lords and ladies. The King took the bride out to dance, and after the dancing was ended, the King led the bride by the hand to

the bedchamber, where the Queen herself with her own hand did help to undress her. And his Majesty and the Queen both stayed in the bedchamber till they saw my son and his wife in bed together, and they both kissed the bride and blessed them, as I did.

The next day he continues :

My daughter-in-law and my son Francis having both this day presented their humble thanks to their Majesties for the great graces and favours done them, and kissed their hands, came from Court to my house at the Savoy with me, accompanied with the Lord Denbigh and Lady Elizabeth Fielding, the mother, and all the Maids of Honour, Sir Thomas Stafford and his lady, with divers courtiers, on whom I bestowed a feast where was great revelling. Oct. 25, 1639

The revelling soon came to an end. The youthful bridegroom started four days after, with Robert and M. Marcombe, for the foreign tour without which no young nobleman's education was then thought complete. They sailed from Rye to Dieppe, where they arrived in three days from London, and in a month from that time were in Geneva. Marcombe had already proved himself well worthy of the trust reposed in him, and was now a confidential friend of the whole family. Cork's letter to him a year later, when the party was to leave Switzerland for Italy, may be quoted here. The tutor had evidently suggested that the passes over the Alps to Turin should be avoided.

I do very well approve that you should not carry my children over the snowy mountains, but take your way to Marseilles, and I would be very glad that they should enjoy the company of Mr. Coventry, and those other young gentlemen named in your letters. But I much fear that they will speak English so much one to another as they will neglect those foreign languages they should gain in their travel, except you can put a penalty wheresoever they should speak one word of English. And in such case I would be glad they should have Mr. Coventry's company, for I would have you so dispose of them as they may see all the chief cities and towns betwixt Jan. 13, 1641

that and Florence, where any thing is remarkable, and in every good city spend some few days; but also above all things take heed they surfeit not with wine or fruits, nor fall into any other disorder that may impair their health.

This tour, as we shall see later, was destined to be brought to an unlucky close by the untoward events that were taking place in Ireland, whereby Cork's resources, vast as they were, were so crippled that he was unable to maintain the lads and their tutor with the liberal travelling allowance they had hitherto enjoyed. In the meantime, we must return to Mary and her affairs.

## CHAPTER IV

### COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

'A younger brother! 'tis a poor calling.'—WEBSTER.

'Go bid the Needle his dear North forsake
To which with trembling rev'rence it does bend:
Go bid the stones a journey upwards make;
Go bid th' ambitious flame no more ascend;
And when these false to their old motions prove,
Then shall I cease thee, thee alone, to love.'—COWLEY.

MARY was now growing into a young woman, of an age when marriage must necessarily be thought about and arranged.

Her father had already begun to make her an allowance of one hundred pounds a year[1] 'to find herself,' and had paid the first quarter when she attained the mature age of eight. He had long had his eye upon a suitor, and the time seemed now to have arrived for producing him. The young man's own father, too, was not anxious to delay the match with the daughter of the rich and influential courtier.

James Hamilton, a wealthy Scot, had been created Lord Clandeboye by James I., as a reward for secret service he had rendered during a residence in Dublin—professedly as a tutor and Fellow of Trinity College, really as an informant upon the affairs of Ireland. The King afterwards made the new peer his Serjeant-at-Law, and gave him a seat on the Privy Council.

Mary's suitor was his only son James. Immediately on

[1] This sum, it is perhaps needless to state, represented at that time about four or five times as much as it does now.

his return from travel on the Continent, the young man proceeded to communicate with his proposed father-in-law, with a view to settling his future.

In Cork's Diary is the following entry:

July 29, 1639 — Mr. James Hamilton, son and heir to the Lord Viscount of Clandeboye, his man that was from London expressly sent hither to me with his master's letter, was this day returned with my answer.

Observe with what mystery, and yet with what an air of serene satisfaction, he writes.

Four or five days later the suitor's father intervenes, writing a letter full of grave and cumbrous formalities, in which praise of his son alternates with flattery to his correspondent.

Killagh: August 2, 1639.

My dear good Lord,—My son, in his travels, having taken a general survey of Italy and France, and seen the several states and courts there, is now ambitious to avoid the censure of being short in his attendance upon his Master at home, or of being found a stranger in England, and is therefore of mind to wait upon his Majesty, and, as convenience shall afford, to see the chief places there. And in this his course he purposeth to do his respects unto your Lordship, and from his mother and me to be the presenter of our loves and service to your Lordship.

A branch of your Lordship's letter to Sir William Parsons, my honourable friend, the Master of the Wards, doth shew me your Lordship's constancy for the matters which your Lordship was pleased to move when my son was not much master of his own affections, nor he, nor I, so much in our own freedom as now. In that matter, my son hath my mind, to whom therein I have concredited much, under hope at last to trust him with much more than to give him the voice in a business so especially concerning himself.

His mother and I conceive your Lordship will have in your consideration what such an estate with a sole son may deserve in portion, and, in congruity, afford in jointure, seeing your Lordship hath no more daughters, nor I children, to bestow. For the young man, I will speak it confidently, that for so much as his years do

give proof of, he is a hater of all vice and a lover of noble parts and of virtuous industries, which do purchase to him as much reputation and respect as the hope of his future fortunes. His treaty with your Lordship in this business is upon far differing experiences, which in your nobleness, and in a matter of this nature, will make him expect a meeting, not so much in the power of your wisdom as in openness and plainness of affection; and so depositing the whole matter into the hand of God, with restoration from my wife of her very affectionate respects to your Lordship, I accumulate the same with the affectionate and humble service of,

J. CLANDEBOYE.

Truly this letter is a marvel of maltreated words.

Early in August, then, James Hamilton arrived to pay court to his proposed bride. He was apparently a quite ordinary young man, presentable every way, honourable to boot, destined neither to attain particular eminence, nor display any distinguishing vice. One rare merit he possessed—that of steadfastness—and no sooner had he clapped eyes on Mary Boyle than he resolved firmly that her, and her only, would he win for his wife.

A few of the festivities which celebrated his visit to Stalbridge are sketched out in a letter written by Cork to Lord Ranelagh. He is announcing the birth of a grandchild to both, of whose sex he is quaintly still in doubt, although his words show what minute, almost maternal, care he extended to his own motherless girls. Ranelagh's son, Arthur Jones, was then at Stalbridge with his wife Katherine.

Stalbridge: 23 August, 1639.

It happened that on the 17th of this month I and my children, with young Mr. Hamilton my Lord Clandeboye's son, and Sir Thomas Stafford and his lady, were invited by my noble and kind neighbour, the Earl of Bristol, to kill a buck and dine with him. And when we were ready to take coach, my daughter's pains began to grow upon her; which stayed your son and all of the ladies with her at home. And before we had dined, I had news posted unto me that my daughter was delivered of a boy wench, and that the

child was christened by the name of Frank, before the women knew whether it were a boy or a girl [it proved the latter], for fear it should die before it were made a Christian soul.

But afterwards they found the child to have both hair and nails. And God be praised they both live, and increase in health and strength, and I hope shall in due time be returned unto you to your great comfort. But my daughter shall never be one of His Majesty's Auditors, since she can keep her reckoning no better, having now served me as her sister Digby did when she was brought to bed at Oxford in our journey. And yet thanks be to God the child liveth, though she were delivered of it a month before her time, as I think this my daughter was, and much more according to her own reckoning, for she seriously affirms unto me that she was confident she had ten weeks longer to go than she did, by her own account. And this child though born before her time, sucks well, and the Doctors say there is some hopes it may grow strong.

Now, my Lord, when you have taken all things I have written into your judicious consideration, I beseech you think how unsafe it will be for our daughter, being a green, weak, and sickly woman, to put herself to a journey and the adventure of the seas, after she hath been enfeebled and brought to death's door with this immature delivery and child-birth. Your son, with my letters, was upon point of coming over to make the request to your Lordship for his speedy return to his wife. But her unlooked for travail fell upon her before he intended to begin his journey. And therefore I must now change suit unto you, that they may both live together with me till the spring, for the Doctors are of opinion that she will not be in case with safety to travel until then, and to divide them were an unpardonable sin. And for him to return and leave her behind in the weak state she is in would be such an affliction unto her as she will never endure, for if he go, no persuasion can work her to stay behind.

To return to the love-making. It did not progress. Apparently it needed only a sight of the lover to inspire the young lady with an aversion she was at small pains to conceal. There was no reasonable foundation for this. It was but the fancy, or want of fancy, of a maid. Yet in the persistence with which it was maintained the girl betrayed a determination of

character which no one, certainly not her father, had heretofore suspected her of owning.

Her family at first attempted to treat the match as a settled affair, and we find M. Marcombe, the tutor, writing from Geneva to Cork : 'If my noble and sweet Lady Mary will give leave to her future husband to come and travel together with her noble brothers, I shall do him all the service that layeth in my power.'

But persuasions, threats, bribes, all were of no avail. Finally, after near a month's visit, the rejected suitor disconsolately quitted Stalbridge. His astonished father-in-law that was not to be writes in his diary : 'Mr. James Hamilton came to Stalbridge, August 12th, 1639, and brought me letters from his father, and being refused by my unruly daughter Mary, departed Sept. 2 to ye Bath.'

Doubtless his wounded pride, with the thought of those unwelcome addresses, stood badly in need of a tonic, such as the still highly esteemed mineral waters of Bath might be expected to supply. A cure they certainly did not effect. The wound was too deep for that, and James Hamilton apparently was no 'light o' love.'

The father did not attempt to conceal his vexation at his daughter's contumacy, and again in November he writes :

> My daughter Mary did this day, as she had many times before, declare a very high averseness and contradiction to our counsels and commands touching her marriage with Mr. James Hamilton, the only child of the L. V. of Clandeboye, although myself and all my sons and daughters, Barrymore, Arthur Jones and all other her best friends, did effectually intreat and persuade her thereunto, and I command.

Mary's own description of the affair is in the following words :

> Soon after, my father removed, with his family, into England, and dwelt in Dorsetshire at a house he had purchased there ; which was

called Stalbridge; and there when I was about thirteen or fourteen years of age, came down to me one Mr. Hamilton, son to my Lord Clandeboye, who was after Earl of Clanbrassil and would fain have had me for his wife. My father and his had some years before concluded a match between us, if we liked when we saw one another, and that I was of years of consent; and now he being returned out of France, was by his father's command to come to my father's, where he received from him a very kind and obliging welcome, looking upon him as his son-in-law, and designing suddenly that we should be married, and gave him leave to make his address, with a command to me to receive him as one designed to be my husband. Mr. Hamilton (possibly to obey his father) did design gaining me by a very handsome address which he made to me, and if he did not to a very high degree dissemble, I was not displeasing unto him, for he professed a great passion for me. The professions he made of his kindness were very unacceptable to me, and though I had by him very highly advantageous offers made me for point of fortune (for his estate, that was settled upon him, was counted seven or eight thousand pounds a year), yet by all his kindness to me, nor that, could I be brought to endure to think of having him, though my father pressed me extremely to it; my aversion for him was extraordinary, though I could give my father no satisfactory account why it was so.

This continued between us for a long time, my father showing a very high displeasure at me for it, but though I was in much trouble about it, yet I could never be brought either by fair or foul means to it; so as my father was at last forced to break it off, to my father's unspeakable trouble and to my unspeakable satisfaction, for in hardly in any troubles of my life did I feel a more sensible uneasiness than when that business was transacting. Afterwards I apparently saw a good providence of God in not letting me close with it, for within a year after my absolutely refusing him, he was, by the rebellion of Ireland, impoverished so that he lost for a great while his whole estate, the rebels being in possession of it; which I should have liked very ill, for if I had married him it must have been for his estates sake, not his own, his person being highly disagreeable to me.

Before finally dismissing James Hamilton from these pages, he deserves one more comment on his faithful attachment to a

first love. The more so as his actions have been strangely misrepresented. According to Lodge, he was married in November 1635, four years before his unrequited proposal to Mary Boyle. Mr. Crofton Croker follows this up by asserting [1] that his marriage articles were dated in that month, and he is thus driven to discredit Mary's statement that Hamilton remained her unwelcome suitor for more than four years. He even attributes that assertion to mere vanity on her part. A very little examination of facts proves that Hamilton did not himself marry until Mary had been nearly two months a wife.[2]

A new interest was now introduced into the Boyle family by their projected move to London. Sir Thomas Stafford's polite letter, written on his return from Stalbridge, shows how impatiently he awaited that event.

Aug. 26, 1639

Your Lordship may please to know that we are arrived here without any accident or trouble in our journey, and truly our reception was so full of kindness that (though it invert the proverb) I hold it not ill policy some times to absent the Court, the better to know what value we hold.

My Lord, when I consider how ill arithmeticians young ladies are, confirmed by that of my dear Lady Katherine, it makes me again wish that your Lordship would hasten your coming hither, or at least my Lady of Dungarvan, who will prove a good Mareschal de Logis, to dispose everyone their part of your old Savoy House, that if I may have the happiness to know when you begin your journey, I will not fail to wait on you. . . .

Your late kind reception you and yours gave to my dame (though a stranger to your family), I do set such a value on it as I shall resent it, and ever more acknowledge it, to the last breath of my life, to whom, as likewise to your Lordship, we present our most

[1] *Autobiography of Lady Warwick*, edited for the Percy Society by T. C. Croker, 1848.

[2] A marriage license was issued by the Bishop of London on September 28, 1641, to James Hamilton, and Ann Cary, daughter of the second Earl of Monmouth.—*Chester's Index to Marriage Licenses.*

affectionate service, it being our greatest ambition to revenge in some measure your goodness.

News of the proposed visit to London was quickly spread. Sir John Leake writes from Ireland to his brother-in-law Sir Edmund Verney: 'You shall have all this winter at the Savoy, in Sir Thomas Stafford's house, the greatest family that will be in London. (I pray God the old man [Cork] holds out.)' And again after they had left, 'You will sorrow enough when you go by the Savoy and find the jewells removed, and nothing left but beggars and bedds.'

The contemplated move is also alluded to by Cork in his letter to Ranelagh from which quotations have appeared above. He says: 'The house that was the Earl of Totness's in the Savoy, being much augmented and increased and well furnished with utensils, saving plate and linen, I, with my family, intend to remove before Hallow-tide, and there to continue a poor housekeeper till the spring.'

In October all the party joined the Staffords in London. Two of the married daughters, Alice Barrymore and Katherine Jones, had lodgings near by and were daily welcomed by their father at his table, which he kept so liberally and with such hospitality, that his 'accompts for bare housekeeping,' as his son Robert says, amounted to a fabulous sum. Returning to Mary's Autobiography, this is confirmed:

After this match [with Hamilton] was off, my father removed to London and lived at a house of Sir Thomas Stafford's. When we were once settled there, my father, living extraordinary high, drew a very great resort thither, and the report that he would give me a very great fortune made him have for me many very great and considerable offers, both of persons of great birth and fortune;[1] but I still continued to have an aversion to marriage, living so much at my ease that I was unwilling to change my condition, and

[1] Two of the suitors were the sons of the Earl of Annandale, and of Lord Moore of Mellifont.

never could bring myself to close with any offered match, but still begged my father to refuse all the most advantageous proffers, though I was by him much pressed to settle myself.

Mary's New Year's gift to her father this year, as carefully entered by him in his Diary, consisted of four nightcaps, probably her own work. Even nightcaps, however, did not appease the thwarted ambition of her father. She continued in great disgrace for her stubborn conduct. Her riding-horse was given away, and at length, as an extreme measure, her money allowance was stopped.

From August 1639 to June 1640, for nearly a whole year, Mary received not a single shilling from her father, the man with the accounts of whose wealth all England and Ireland were ringing. This was extremely humiliating, as doubtless it was meant to be. For a young heiress, an Earl's daughter, must of necessity make a good appearance, and not go in worn and faded or unmodish garments. Moreover, there were plays to be seen, romances to be bought, and all sorts of little expenses. So there was nothing for it but to run into debt, as we shall see later.

After nearly a year the stern parent began to relent. On June 3, 1640, he writes in his Diary:

My daughter Mary being by me allowed one hundred pounds a year for her maintenance in apparel and all other her necessaries &c. (except her diet and lodging), was the 21st of May 1639, paid 25*l.* sterling for her quarter allowance beforehand, which payment beforehand was to supply her for and until 21st of August 1639, since which time, for her disobedience in not marrying Mr. James Hamilton, the son and heir of the Lord Viscount of Clandeboye, as I seriously advised her, I have from 21st May 1639 till this 3rd day of June 1640, detained my promised allowance from her, and not given her one penny. But this day, William Chettle hath by my order delivered her at one payment 100*l.* which pays her for and until the 21st August next, and then she is to be paid other 25*l.* and so every quarter hereafter, before hand, other 25*l.*

Beside this, her father mentions a certain payment of four

pounds per annum 'pin-money,' which he made to Mary. She was now fully launched on her career as a young lady of fashion and fortune, and soon began to be noticed by all the young bloods about the Court. Francis's wife, before her marriage, had been in high favour there. After her boy husband had been despatched abroad, she took up her abode at the Savoy in her father-in-law's family. Here she and Mary were 'chamber-fellows'; the country-bred sister was introduced into the ways of town life. Together they saw and read plays and romances, and under the Court lady's tuition, Mary was initiated into the art of 'exquisite and curious dressing.' Elizabeth's three brothers, Sir William, Dr. Henry, and the famous Tom Killigrew, all dabbled in play-writing, so her passion for the masques and plays then so fashionable was not surprising. These years during her young husband's absence were certainly not spent by Elizabeth in the manner indicated by her niece, Ann Killigrew, writing many years later of

> A wife who, while her gallant Lord in foreign parts
> Adorns his youth with all accomplished arts,
> Grows ripe at home in virtue more than years,
> And in each grace a miracle appears!
> When others of her age a madding go
> To th' Park and plays, and every public show,
> Proud from their parents' bondage they have broke,
> Though justly freed, she still doth wear the yoke;
> Preferring more her mother's friend to be,
> Than idol of the town's loose gallantry.
> On her she to the Temple does attend,
> Where they their blessed hours both save and spend.
> They smile, they joy, together they do pray,
> You'd think two bodies did one soul obey;
> Like Angels thus they do reflect their bliss
> And their bright virtues each the other kiss.
> Return, young Lord! While thou abroad dost roam
> The world to see, thou losest Heaven at home.

Church-going was distinctly not a favourite occupation of

either Lady Stafford or her daughter. However, Mary became devotedly fond of her brother's young wife, and only admitted in the stern puritanical light of after years that 'she brought me to be very vain and foolish.'

Many of their former friends, the young Court gallants, came to the Savoy to visit young Mrs. Francis, and amongst them there came, to use Mary's own words,

one Mr. Charles Rich, second son to Robert Earl of Warwick, who was a very cheerful and handsome, well bred and fashioned person, and being good company was very acceptable to us all, and so became very intimate in our house, visiting us almost every day. He was then in love with a Maid of Honour to the Queen, one Mistress Harrison that had been chamber-fellow to my sister-in-law whilst she lived at Court, and that brought on the acquaintance between him and my sister. He continued to be much with us for about five or six months, till my brother Broghill grew also to be passionately in love with the same Mistress Harrison. My brother then having a quarrel with Mr. Thomas Howard, second son to the Earl of Berkshire, about Mistress Harrison (with whom he also was in love), Mr. Rich brought my brother a challenge from Mr. Howard, and was second to him against my brother when they fought, which they did without any great hurt of any side, being parted. This action made Mr. Rich judge it not civil to come to our house, and so for some time he forbore doing it.

Cork, writing to Marcombe in January 1640, says 'Yesterday a difference happened between Mr. Thomas Howard and Broghill, which drew them into the field; but thanks be to God, Broghill came home without any hurt, and the other gentleman not much harmed, and now they are grown good friends.'

In his Diary is found a little further information about this very innocent duel:

This day as my son Broghill was at my table at dinner with me, he was secretly called away by a message from Charles Rich, son to the Earl of Warwick, to answer a challenge he brought him from Mr. Thomas Howard, son to the Earl of Berkshire, whereupon Jan. 20, 1640

Broghill secretly avoided the house, bought him a sword, and found Jack Barry, whom he made choice of to be his second, and went, both in Broghill's coach, with their seconds, into the fields, where they fought with their single rapiers. And both returned without any wound, only Broghill took away the fringe of Mr. Howard's glove with a passage of his rapier that went through from his hand between his arm and the side of his body without any other harm, and thereupon their seconds parted them, and made them friends, so they came home, and supped together.

And all this, he adds, for Mistress Harrison, by which we may surmise he had no very great opinion of the lady.

Another gossipy letter of the same week says :[1]

Broghill is grown so settled in his love now that he will suffer nobody to be in company of his Mistress but himself, which Mr. Thomas Howard found the other day, and was glad to give him an account since in the field, seeing he left not walking with Mistress Harrison as soon as his Lordship entered the room; but I think it was but in jest, for there was no harm done.

Sir Richard Harrison's daughter, after being engaged for some time to Roger Boyle, and 'so near being married as the wedding clothes were to be made,' unhandsomely broke off the match and married Thomas Howard after all, to Cork's very great satisfaction. Dorothy Osborne, in one of her philosophising letters to Sir William Temple, commenting on the marriage, says it was a strange caprice, but 'there is fate as well as love in those things. The Queen,' she adds,

took the greatest pains to persuade her from it that could be; and (as somebody says, I know not who) 'Majesty is no ill orator,' but all would not do. When she had nothing to say for herself, she told her she had rather beg with Mr. Howard than live in the greatest plenty that could be with either my Lord Broghill, Charles Rich, or Mr. Neville, for all these were dying for her then. I am afraid she has altered her opinion since 'twas too late, for I do not take Mr. Howard to be a person that can deserve one should neglect all the world for him. And where there is no

[1] Robert Read to his uncle, Sir Francis Windebank, Secretary of State, January 23.—*Cal. State Papers Dom.* 1639–1640, p. 365.

reason to uphold a passion, it will sink of itself; but where there is, it may last eternally.

The sequel must be continued in Mary's own words:

My brother being thus happily disengaged from that amour, brought again Mr. Rich to our family, and soon after he grew as great among us as if he had never done that disobliging action [of bringing the challenge] to us. By this time, upon what account I know not, he began to withdraw his visits to Mistress Harrison (for that name she continued to have, not being married to Mr. Howard [for] a good considerable time after), and by degrees his heart too.

Encouraged by Elizabeth Boyle, it was not long before he began to pay secret addresses to Mary. Elizabeth's opinion of him must have been considerable, since she knew that by encouraging this very unimportant suitor she would incur the displeasure of her father-in-law and all his large family. For so resolved was Cork to wed Mary, like her sisters, to a title and fortune, that a mere younger son stood a very poor chance. Still, she promised the lover all the assistance in her power. Mary continues:

At last one day she began to acquaint me with Mr. Rich's, as she said, great passion for me; at which I was at the first much surprised, both at his having it for me, and at her telling it to me, knowing how much she hazarded by it, if I should acquaint my father with it. I confess I did not find her declaration of his kindness disagreeable to me, but the consideration of his being a younger brother made me sadly apprehend my father's displeasure if I should embrace any such offer, and so I resolved, at that time, to give her no answer, but seemed to disbelieve his loving me at the rate she informed me he did, though I had for some time taken notice of his loving me, though I never thought he designed trying to gain me. After this first declaration of his esteem for me by my sister, he became a most diligent gallant to me, seeking by a most humble and respectful address to gain my heart, applying himself, when there was no other beholders in the room but my sister, to me; but if any other person came in he took no more

than ordinary notice of me, but to disguise his design addressed himself much to her; and though his doing so was not well liked in our family, yet there was nothing said to him about their dislike of it; and by this way his design became unsuspected, and thus we lived for some months, in which time, by his more than ordinary humble behaviour to me, he did insensibly steal away my heart, and got a greater possession of it than I knew he had.

During all this time of Charles Rich's undeclared love for Mary, she was constantly receiving through her father 'many great and advantageous offers,' but she says 'I could not with any patience endure to hear of any of them.' At last, finding that her 'kindness' for Mr. Rich grew and increased,

I began [she says] with some seriousness to consider what I was engaging myself in by my kindness for him, for my father, I knew, would never endure me, and besides I considered my mind was too high, and I too expensively brought up, to bring myself to live contentedly with Mr. Rich's fortune, who would never have, when his father was dead, above thirteen or fourteen (at the most) hundred pounds a year.

This was unusual astuteness and worldly wisdom for a motherless young girl of fifteen, but we shall see what became of her prudence in the end. She continues:

Upon these considerations I was convinced that it was time for me to give him a flat and final denial; and with this, as I thought, fixed resolution, I have laid me down in my bed to beg my sister never more to name him to me for a husband, and to tell him from me that I desired him never more to think of me, for I was resolved not to anger my father; but when I was upon a readiness to open my mouth to utter these words my great kindness for him stopped it, and made me rise always without doing it, though I frequently resolved it, which convinced to me the great and real possession he had of my heart, which made me begin to give him more hopes of gaining me than before I had done.

Thus a considerable time went on. Rich divined that Mary would not suffer from any of her other suitors the secret atten-

tions offered by him. Duty and reason, she says, had frequent combats with her affection, which at last was always victorious. This, however, she never owned to her lover, being in fear of her father's displeasure. Then came an event which wrought a great change. Mrs. Francis Boyle fell ill of the measles, and in so violent a form that at first the complaint was thought to be small-pox. Notwithstanding Mary's special dread of this loathsome disease, she remained with her favourite sister-in-law until they were separated by her father's absolute command. The precaution was too late. No sooner was Mary safely established in Dungarvan's house in Long Acre, than she too succumbed to the complaint. Lady Dungarvan's state of health was such as to make any infection most undesirable, so Mary, it seems, was hurried away to a lodging near by; a plan for her going to Lettice Goring fell through.

Rich's anxiety was soothed by his being able to call daily and hear of, if not see, the sick girl herself. We must remember that it was an everyday custom then and for long after to receive visitors in one's bedchamber, and no doubt the wooing sped apace during these stolen visits. 'Though my sister Boyle was absent from me,' says Mary, 'he was most obligingly careful of me, which did to a great degree heighten my passion for him.'

It was scarcely likely that the secret wooing could be long kept hidden in this state of affairs. The friends of both the lovers began to see through the thin disguise of Charles Rich's friendship for young Mrs. Francis Boyle. They all perceived, as Mary says, 'that he had for me, and I for him, a respect which they feared was too far gone.'

A new factor now entered in the person of old Lady Stafford, Elizabeth Boyle's mother. Describing her long after, Mary, says she was 'a cunning old woman, too much and too long versed in amours.' She shrewdly foresaw that when her daughter's part in this undesirable match should become known,

her prospects would be ruined with Cork ; so she made up her mind to give him her own version of the story, at once and without a moment's delay, Rich's visits to his daughter included.

But Mrs. Francis was too clever a match-maker to be thus outwitted, even by her own mother. And moreover she had the young lovers' happiness too much at heart, to wish to see it thus thwarted. So she at once communicated her mother's intention to them, telling Charles Rich that if he did not that very night prevail on Mary to declare her love for him, the next morning would see them separated for ever, for Cork would certainly forbid his daughter ever to speak to him again. Altogether this sister-in-law seems to have been a confidante worth having in a secret and somewhat uncertain love affair. The lovers' prompt action shall be narrated in Mary's own words :

This discourse did make him resolve to do what she counselled him to do ; and that very night, when I was ill and laid upon my bed, she giving him an opportunity of being alone with me, and by her care keeping anybody from disturbing us, he had with me about two hours' discourse, upon his knees by my bedside. Wherein he did so handsomely express his passion (he was pleased to say he had for me) and his fear of being by my father's command separated from me, together with as many promises as any person in the world could make of his endeavouring to make up to me the smallness of his fortune by the kindness he would have still to me, if I consented to be his wife ; that though I can truly say that when he knelt down by me I was far from having resolved to own I would have him, yet his discourse so far prevailed that I consented to give him, as he desired, leave to let his father mention it to mine. And I promised him that, let him make his father say what he pleased, I would own it.

Thus we parted, this evening, after I had given away myself to him, and if I had not done so that night, I had been, by my father's separating us, kept from doing it, at least for a long time ; for in the morning my father, upon what the night before had been told him by my Lady Stafford, came early to me, and with a very frowning and displeasing look, bid me go (as I had before asked to do) into the country to air myself at a little house near Hampton Court,

which Mrs. Katherine Killigrew, sister to my sister Boyle, then had; and told me that he was informed that I had young men who visited me, and commanded me if any did so where I was now going, I should not see them. This he said in general, but named not Mr. Rich in particular, which I was glad of.

So the same day she was conveyed, in deep disgrace, by her brother Broghill in his coach to the little house at Hampton. It was more welcome at the time, she says, than the grandest and most stately mansion could be, because it removed her out of the sight of the irate father whom she so much dreaded.

Only an hour or two after their departure, that father's old friend, Lord Goring, arrived at the Savoy as peacemaker, having been specially requested by the Earls of Warwick and Holland to undertake the office. The two brothers themselves appeared next day on the same errand. Cork, however, remained, outwardly at least, obdurate. And before giving in he made one more final effort to turn his wilful daughter from her purpose. He dispatched his two sons, Dungarvan and Broghill to Hampton, to demand an account from Mary of exactly what there was between Charles Rich and herself, and to 'command' her to have no more to do with him.

To this [she says] I made this resolute but ill and horribly disobedient answer: that I did acknowledge a very great and particular kindness for Mr. Rich, and desired them, with my humble duty to my father, to assure him that I would not marry him without his consent, but that I was resolved not to marry any other person in the world; and that I hoped my father would be pleased to consent to my having Mr. Rich, to whom I was sure he could have no other objection, but that he was a younger brother; for he was descended from a very great and honourable family, and was in the opinion of all (as well as mine) a very deserving person, and I desired my father would be pleased to consider I only should suffer by the smallness of his fortune, which I very contentedly chose to do, and should judge myself to be much more happy with his small one than with the greatest without him.

The two brothers returned to their father with the news that Mary's resolution was unshakeable: she would have Charles Rich or nobody. Cork was exceedingly displeased, and forbade his recalcitrant daughter to appear before him. But his anger was not of very long duration. He was finally persuaded by the esteem in which he held the young man's father and uncle, to yield, and to treat with them about the marriage settlements. He would not give his youngest daughter the magnificent portion he had designed for her, but he consented to give her a dowry of 7,000*l.*, and 'was brought to see and be civil to Mr. Rich,' who daily visited Mary at Hampton. She says he was her only visitor during the ten weeks she spent there, for her own family came not near.

At the end of this time of probation she was escorted by Warwick and Goring into her father's presence, where she first received a severe paternal chiding, followed by forgiveness and a promise that she should be shortly married according to her wish. On July 20, 1641, Cork paid Charles Rich the first instalment of her dowry, together with a sum of 100*l.* to pay her debts. Considering that for nearly a year she had been kept without any money allowance at all, it was no wonder that she had run into debt.

The day after this transaction, she yielded to her lover's entreaties for a private marriage, and without waiting for the presence of all their august relations, or for the fuss and ceremony that Cork loved and would have insisted on, Charles Rich and Lady Mary Boyle were quietly married at the village of Shepperton, five or six miles from Hampton Court. Situated close upon a tributary creek, and just off the main stream of the river Thames, the little church of St. Nicholas, with its square red brick tower and steep outside stone steps leading to an upper gallery, stands scarcely changed since then.

Mary says:

But though he designed I should be so [married] at London

with Mr. Rich's and my friends at it, yet being a great enemy always to a public marriage, I was, by that fear and Mr. Rich's earnest solicitation, prevailed with, without my father's knowledge, to be privately married at a little village near Hampton Court, called Shepperton, on the 21st July 1641; which, when my father knew, he was again something displeased with me for it, but after I had begged his pardon, and assured him that I did it only to avoid a public wedding, which he knew I had always declared against, his great indulgence to me made him forgive me that fault also, and within a few days after I was carried down to Lees, my Lord of Warwick's house in the country; but none of my own friends accompanied me but my dear sister Ranelagh, whose great goodness made her forgive me and stay with me some time at Lees.

The marriage license, dated July 20, 1641, at Isleworth, records explicitly that parents of both consent. The age of the bridegroom is given correctly as twenty-five, that of the bride as eighteen. This, as we know, is an error. She was still three or more months under sixteen. The worthy rector's unique remark in the marriage register of Shepperton, that the couple 'were married in fre[e] hand' seems to assert that no person in authority was present to bestow the bride upon her husband.

Mary's father, wisely deciding to make the best of the match when once it was an accomplished fact, wrote on August 16, from the Savoy, to Mr. Whalley, his steward at Lismore:

> I did hope I should not have occasion to charge you with any more bills until I had departed from London this day sennight, but the marriage of my daughter Mary unlooked for to the Earl of Warwick's son, occasions me to pay him 5000*l.* of the 7000*l.* portion, before I leave town.

The whole of this sum was not paid at the time he intended, as we shall see. Nor did Cork get away from London at the expected date. He first paid a visit to the newly married daughter, whom he had now entirely received back into favour.

Sept. 14, 1641 Rode in a Hackney coach, which cost me 50s., to Lees in Essex, being the Earl of Warwick's house, with my son-in-law Charles Rich in my company. I took leave the 16th, and returned to London, leaving my daughter Mary and her husband there. I gave among the servants 4*l.* 10*s.*

About a year later, under a list of 'All the debts that I do owe,' Cork has the following item :

The remainder of 7000*l.* for my daughter Mary's portion, much about 3000*l.*; the payment whereof I do charge my son and heir and executor faithfully, with the best expedition he possibly can, justly to pay and satisfy.

Not absolutely content with having made this memorandum, this methodical man of business enters, a little later—perhaps foreseeing his approaching end—into more explicit details of the several payments already made to his last son-in-law :

March 1643 I wrote to Sir Arthur Ingram to pay unto my son-in-law, Charles Rich, 906*l.* 14*s.* 4*d.* being the remainder of the monies his father, old Sir Arthur Ingram, had, upon sundry bonds I delivered him, received in trust for me, he having also before paid out of the monies he received of mine, other 500*l.* to the use of Charles Rich. Other 200*l.* he had, by my son Dungarvan, paid to Charles himself, which 3 sums make 1606*l.* 14*s.* 4*d.* More, I paid Charles 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* before I left London. I also left in gold for him 1000 marks, with Mr. Richard Banks, a silk-man in Fleet St., which was also paid him. And Robert Hayman, of Minehead, and the said Richard Banks, upon their bond due to me, did by my direction pay also unto the Earl of Warwick one other 1000*l.*; all those payments being made as before in part of the 7000*l.* for my daughter Mary's marriage portion to Charles Rich, who when he hath those 906*l.* 14*s.* 4*d.*, then I have paid him 3,606*l.* 14*s.* 4*d.*

So, in the face of opposition, Mary married the man of her choice. But before following her to her future home, the affairs of her father and brothers in Ireland claim some attention.

## CHAPTER V

### A RACE OF SOLDIERS

To march, to plant a battle, lead an host,
To be a soldier, and to go to war,
To see a sally, or to give a charge,
To lead a vanward, rearward, or main host;
By heaven, I love it as mine own dear life!
*The Four Prentices of London*, THOMAS HEYWOOD.

THE marriage of Francis once accomplished, Cork was free to devote his attention to Lewis, his second son, now twenty, and the wildest, wittiest, most attractive, and most brilliant of all the five. Although he had entered as a student at Gray's Inn, soldiering was much more to his taste. He loved gay company, and both from his father and tutor had often received, and no doubt deserved, a sharp reprimand for his headstrong ways and his youthful excesses. 1639

He was to be matched after all, as Lettice had suggested, with Elizabeth Fielding, and with scant preparation. On November 1 the marriage was formally arranged. On the 7th Cork sent him a hundred pounds to purchase his wedding outfit, completed by the loan of Frank's wedding shoes, graciously offered by his father. The day after Christmas Day witnessed the marriage at Court, with all the peculiar ceremonies that had attended the earlier wedding. Queen Henrietta gave the bride a pearl necklace (valued by Cork at 1,500*l.*), which she hung about Elizabeth's neck with her own hands. Pearls, as we know, were the coveted ornament of the ladies of the Stuart days,

and to be painted by Van Dyck, or Lely without them would seem to have been an impossibility. To his note of the wedding, Cork adds: 'but Kynalmeakie was not in good order for a bridegroom.' Somehow, neither he nor his father appears to have been vastly impressed in favour of the lady.

Upon the marriage, his father increased Lewis's yearly allowance to 1,300*l.*, and hired a London lodging for his son's wife adjoining Sir Thomas Stafford's, but he complains that she made no use of it. It was not long before Lewis was back again with the army.

Charles was still at issue with his Scottish subjects. The maintenance and pay of his troops, few, and untrained, and badly officered as they were, offered problems that all the ingenuity of Strafford and his friends were unable to solve. Repeated demands failed to extract from the people the sums needed for carrying on a contest of which they heartily disapproved. An entry in Cork's Diary shows to what straits the King was now reduced:

July 6, 1640 This day myself, with my daughter Dungarvan, and my son Frank's wife, rode in a hackney coach, hired for 25*s.*, to the Court at Oatlands, where by the favour of the Countess of Denbigh, His Majesty was pleased graciously to free me from lending him those 5000*l.* that the Lord Cottington by message in His Majesty's name had some four days before persuaded me unto. But when I had in the Queen's Majesty's presence and hearing, expressed my disability to supply His Majesty with those 5000*l.* demanded in loan, by reason I had been constrained so lately to pay His Majesty 15,000*l.* for the mean profits of the College of Youghal; 3600*l.* for my last subsidies of the preceding parliament in Ireland; to furnish my son Dungarvan with a hundred horse and horsemen armed; and to set forth, with him, my sons Lewis and Roger to attend His Majesty into Scotland, which cost me near 5000*l.*; that in Parliament now on foot my four subsidies did amount unto 2400*l.*, whereof I had already paid my first subsidy, being 600*l.*; that my own expense in housekeeping and maintenance of my children, my five sons all grown to the state of men

were very chargeable to me; I did humbly desire His Majesty to accept from me as a present and gift of a thousand pieces at Michaelmas next. Which he did.

This gift was sent by Broghill, when, in September, Lewis and he left Stalbridge to join the King at York.

I sent Broghill from Stalbridge with 1,000*l.* for the King, as my free gift and tribute of my duty and humble respects to his Highness in these troublesome times, wherein I am neither able to wait upon him in person, nor lend him monies as I desire, but of this my poor gratuity I expect no repayment or retribution. Sept. 17, 1640

A day or two later, he again notes that both his sons left on September 17—Lewis by London, Roger straight for York, 'to present his Majesty with that thousand towards his Scotch wars.' Lewis especially seems to have been well received by the King, to whom he had been presented by his father-in-law, Earl of Denbigh. A racy letter from Lewis at York to his father describes some of his and the King's daily occupations:

I am all day (unless it be when his Majesty goes into the field) at Court, either waiting on his Majesty, or my good Lord Marquis,[1] to whose kind respects I am infinitely bound. He allows me at all hours free access to him when he is abed, lends me his horses, and is very noble. . . I carry a musket next my Lord Denbigh,[2] in my Lord Marquis (who hath a gallant regiment of 1600 able and expert men for the King's Guard at quarters at York, and the only one there) his own company. The King being t'other day in the field viewing my Lord Marquis his company, and seeing my Lord Denbigh, little Will Murray, and I, said 'There are three Musqueteers that I know, and by God,' said he, 'they are three hot shots.' . . . The King when he is neither in the field (where he is constantly every fair day), nor at the Council, passes most of his time at chess with the Marquis of Winchester. Some three days since, the King long studying how to play a bishop, the Oct. 8

[1] Charles's favourite, Marquis of Hamilton, had married Lady Mary Fielding.

[2] William Fielding, Earl of Denbigh, was now about fifty-eight years old. He was so keen a soldier that he volunteered in Prince Rupert's Horse, and died of wounds two and a half years after this.

Marquis of Winchester blurted out, 'See, sir, how troublesome these bishops are in jest and earnestly!' The King replied nothing, but looked very grum.

So Lewis continues, with stories, whether against Scots bishops or not, for his father's amusement, and news, all related in the liveliest manner. There is a characteristic reference to Barrymore's well-known extravagance: 'He seldom comes to Court or camp, and juggles his companies and officers of their pay; 200 of his regiment yesterday snatched one of his colours, and came to court gate in a mutiny to complain to the King.' Lewis himself had to rescue his brother-in-law from his own men. 'I am as yet no Parliament man,' he winds up, 'nor hope to be, unless my Lord of Denbigh, to whom I have written to the purpose, or your Lordship, procure me a place.' After eleven years without a Parliament, Charles was now forced to summon his faithful Commons to provide him with money which he could no longer squeeze out of his subjects.

Lewis's aspirations to sit in the English Parliament were never to be realised, but his father, although he enjoyed only an Irish peerage, a month later was called to the Upper House at Westminster, on the opening of the Short Parliament.

In the following January, Broghill was married to Lady Margaret Howard, daughter of Theophilus Earl of Suffolk, of Audley End, Essex.

His previous devotion to Mistress Harrison inspires his friend, Sir John Suckling, with some amusing lines in which he announces that

> Broghill, our gallant friend,
> Is gone to church as martyrs to the fire.

Not without some touches of a rather caustic severity, he goes on to describe the bridegroom:

> A sprig of willow in his hat he wore,
> And now and then
> A careless smile broke forth, which spoke his mind.

In his conclusion, the poet arrives at a happier idea :

> But was the fair nymph's praise or power less
> That led him captive now to happiness,
> 'Cause she did not a foreign aid despise
> But entered breaches made by others' eyes?
> The Gods forbid!
> There must be some to shoot and batter down,
> Others to force and to take in the town.

Ireland was now full of disaffection, and Cork felt the time approaching when he and his family must return. The Dungarvans were to take up their abode at the College House, and various articles of furniture were now despatched thither. Lewis went over to Youghal in May, leaving his wife behind. To the Court lady, Ireland was a barbarous and uncivilised country, especially in such unsettled times. As it turned out, she was hardly safer in London, as Cork recounts :

July 6, 1641 — This day, Mistress Kirk was drowned coming through London Bridge. The Earl of Denbigh and his daughter, my dear daughter-in-law, the Lady Kinalmeakie, through God's great providence and mercy, being also cast away in the Thames, were miraculously preserved.

The dangers of crossing over old London Bridge, great though they were, seem to have been slight in comparison to the peril encountered by those who were hazardous enough to sail 'through,' or under it. An elaborated arrangement for the supply of the city with water, by means of wheels set in motion by a steep fall of the stream, was situated underneath the arches. The safety of those who ventured upon the river was much endangered by these cataracts, the roar of which drowned the boatmen's cries, and added to the general confusion. Here it was that the Queen's barge was upset, and Anne Kirk, one of the Maids of Honour, drowned, while the other ladies received a ducking. Mistress Kirk's fate was celebrated by her niece, Anne

Killigrew, some thirty years after, in verse. That gifted young lady was a niece also of Elizabeth, Francis Boyle's wife.

Provident and far-sighted in most things concerning his family, Cork had already arranged the future of his five sons. They were to be distributed between Ireland and England. Dungarvan, by his marriage with a Clifford and the succession of his son to the title of Lord Clifford of Lanesborough, was naturally in need of no other English estate from his father. For Lewis he had been preparing Gill Abbey, near Cork. Francis was to have Irish land not far away. For Robert's English home Stalbridge was designed, while considerable Irish property was also to be his. There remained Roger, for whom his father now purchased an estate in the west of England. To this purchase considerable interest attaches, for it is there that Roger's lineal descendants, the Earls of Cork and Orrery, have since had their principal residence. When Roger's grandson was, in 1711, created an English peer, he took his title, Baron Boyle of Marston, from this seat:

July 30, 1641 — I paid Sir John Hippesley 500*l.* which makes 1000*l.* paid in part of 10,350*l.* for the purchase of the manor of Marston Bigod, Somerset, for my son Broghill and his lady.

Cork's third English purchase was made soon after. Upon it he evidently intended to end his own days.

Aug. 16 — I have purchased the manor of Annery in Devonshire, being the ancient house of the St. Legers, which is one of the goodliest houses in the western parts of England. And I can put my foot in a boat at Youghal, and land at my own door. It is very well watered, with goodly gardens, orchards, walks, fishings &c., and is better worth 300*l.* a year in rent, for which I am this very day to pay above 5,000*l.* to one Mr. Arscote, the heir general of the St. Legers. It lies near unto Barnstaple, Bideford, and Torrington, and the fittest place in all England for me, considering how my land lies in Ireland, and with what conveniency all things may be brought from one house to another.

These purchases accomplished, Cork began to make his final preparations for leaving England, writing meanwhile to Whalley, his agent at Lismore, to be very careful to get in all his rents, debts, and arrears, 'for I shall come home like a spent salmon, and as weak and empty as may be.'

In September, he stood godfather to Dungarvan's second son, Richard, born at the Earl of Warwick's house at Newington; rode down to Hatfield to take leave of the Earl of Salisbury, and paid his first visit of four days to his daughter Mary at Lees. These and other valedictions concluded, Cork started for Stalbridge on St. Matthew's Day, kept the fast, and slept at Egham, where the Lady Stafford, Lady Holland and others came to bid him good-bye. Lewis's wife, who had at length consented to go, and to whom a fortnight before he had sent 'a hundred pounds in gold to furnish her with necessaries for her journey with me into Ireland,' was escorted by a large party of ladies from the Court to meet him at Hartford Bridge, Bagshot. There they all dined and supped, slept, and dined again, 'at my charges,' before going back to the Court at Oatlands.

Cork had always been a little hard on Lewis, and just now was not disposed to be more tolerant. But that brilliant scapegrace was evidently turning over a new leaf. Perhaps his father afterwards revoked his harsh complaints to Whalley about his 'wild, Aug. 16
and debauched, expensive courses, borrowing and running in debt, drinking, and all other faults that a prodigal, inordinate young man can have, which if he take not up in time, will be his ruin and the breaking of my heart.' At any rate, only a few days later, he heard very different accounts of his son from the friends he has asked to 'make fresh impressions to good courses in him.' Alice Barrymore has fulfilled a commission from her father with considerable diplomacy, and writes from Castle Lyons:

I delivered my brother Kinalmeakie safely those papers, after Aug. 18
I had perused them and sealed them up safe, and with them I gave him the best advice I could without taking notice of the

matter; but when he had read them, he acquainted me himself with the contents, and also with the great wrong the woman had done him, vowing with many bitter vows that he never knew any such creature. And I also examined his footman who vows he never knew any such woman; so that I believe that this is some baggage that hoped to get somewhat out of your Lordship by this sleight. I assure your Lordship, though I had no room for him [here], which was no excuse, but really so, yet I have a great care to enquire how he demeans himself, and cannot from anybody hear but that he lives at Bandon, and eats at the ordinary, and lay at your Lordship's house, and there went none with him thither but only parson Shaw, and his one servant. I am absolutely persuaded that if his lady would come over, that he were once settled in a constant course of life, your Lordship would have a comfort so great of him that would countervail the trouble he hath lately put your Lordship to. He doth as yet remain at the Park.

Sir John Leake's letter is even more reassuring:

August 29, 1641.

Your son Kinalmeakie is still at the Lodge, and I bless God in as good order as I can wish. He hath never been from me, unless a night or two at Castle Lyons, this six weeks. I protest upon my reputation, he is a sweet natured and witty man, most excellent company, and of rich discourse, most temperate in all his ways. I am most confident it hath been ill company, and very ill company, that set abroach his extravagant, expensive humours. For I find no inclination thereto with us, but he will know how he parts with his pence; will reward nobly, yet with discretion. I vow to God and you, I flatter not. I have no doubt but you will find my words true; neither do I fear or doubt him in anything, if your Lordship bring over his wife with you; which if you shall not effect, I may question whether he will stay many months here. He hath received lately three letters from her, one last night by a French cook. In all these, as in this last, he assures me she writes that she will most certainly come over with you.

Broghill and his wife were also bound for Ireland with their father. Francis's wife entirely rejected the idea of going.

On October 8 Cork and his company left Stalbridge. He 'kept a court' at Marston, and received all his new tenants

at Frome on the 9th, stayed a night each at Glastonbury and Bridgewater, four at Minehead, and on the 15th set sail in the ship *Amitie*, of sixty tons burden, for Youghal. On the 15th he arrived in the Blackwater, and on October 19, 1641, was back at Lismore. This place he had left on July 30, 1638.

The home-coming was not a happy one. The Irish Rebellion burst out within a few days, and soon assumed deadly importance. The first thing Cork did was to procure pieces of ordnance, muskets, pikes, halberts, carbines and ammunition from wherever they could be obtained, to arm the castle. The whole province of Munster was in a ferment.

Elizabeth Kinalmeakie promptly took her departure back to a safer sphere: '21st of November.—My Lady Kinalmeakie, to my great grief, left me and Lismore.' She stayed at the College House until able to embark for England, Lewis attending her, although impatient to be off to his allotted task of defence. 'As soon as her foot is a shipboard, his will be in the stirrup,' writes his father in a letter to Leake, and characteristically notes in his Diary that Lewis at the last moment borrowed of his wife 5*l*., 'which I repaid her.' Husband and wife never met again.

Leaving Broghill at Lismore, Cork himself went to put the town of Youghal into a state of defence, while despatching Dungarvan to England on a hasty supply errand, from which he was soon back. He was still maintaining the two troops of horse and 400 foot raised at his own expense, and, even after they were placed upon the establishment of the army, received no pay for them for a long time. A general idea of the activity of Cork's sons, each in his own sphere, is to be gained from the Earl's letter to Marcombe, who was still abroad with Francis and Robert.[1]

March 9, 1641[–2].

. . . This general rebellion hath not only taken from me my whole revenue, and my goods and cattle without doors, but hath

[1] *Lismore Papers*, 2nd ser. vol. v. p. 19.

made me so poor as I do not know that I have ten pounds a year rent to come in unto me, which I give God thanks I patiently undergo, and am, by the command of the State, sent to this Town to defend and make it good for the Crown of England. And have left my son Broghill with a troop of horse and 200 good shot, to defend my house of Lismore, which hath been often attempted and besieged, yet he and his company have valiantly defended it.

My son Dungarvan, with his troop of horse, serve under my Lord President, where every day they are in fight and skirmish for the preservation of their lives. My son Kinalmeakie, with a troop of horse and 500 foot, all English Protestants, do yet make good for the Crown his town of Bandon Bridge, and from thence he makes several and sudden sallies ; and God hath so blessed them, as he returns always victorious, and kills and presses on the rebels round about him, and indeed hath done many brave things beyond expectation. Thank God, I have hitherto preserved this weak town and all my castles in these parts, but with this change, that whereas heretofore they yielded me liberal rents, now instead thereof, they draw upon me great charge to ward and defend them, for all these places are kept at my own charge, and there are above 200,000 in arms and rebellion against that poor handful of British Protestants that are yet alive, not one of them being master of anything that is not kept in strong Castles, and many of them are taken by treachery and force. For my own part, I know I am the greatest loser of any man in this kingdom, for I am deeply indebted, and have neither money, revenue, nor stock left me, nor can longer subsist for want of means ; which true complaint I did never fear I should have taken up, nor bemoan myself for, but God's will must be done, and I hope He will give me patience to go through with it.

Cork then goes on to state that he can no longer punctually pay his son's travelling expenses. He forbids the tutor to give any more bills of exchange, or charge him with the payment of any more moneys, for he would be unable to satisfy them, and to 'protest' them would be his disgrace and Marcombe's. He is well assured this caution will be sufficient, for he puts a high value and esteem upon the tutor, and has ever done so, or he would not have entrusted him with his two young sons that are

Walker & Cousens pinxt

Margaret (Howard.)
1st Countess of Orrery.

so dear to him, and the spending of a thousand a year for their maintenance, without account to him. He sends 250*l.*, which is to be used to bring the lads home from some port in France, to land either at Dublin, Cork, or Youghal (for all other cities and sea towns are possessed by the enemy), or to send them into Holland, where they may put themselves under the service of the Prince of Orange, 'for they must hereafter maintain themselves by such entertainments as they get in the wars.' He began life, he says, without any assistance of parents or friends, and now they must carve out their own fortunes, for his is reduced to nothing.

All the letters from Ireland at this time tell a dismal tale. Sir John Leake, writing on January 12, 1642, to his brother-in-law, Sir Edmund Verney, says:[1]

> The old Earl of Cork is full of distractions, not like the man he was. His sons are most noble, and you should hear brave things of their undertakings and performances. . . . The rebels are within four hours of Lismore. Dungarvan sent out 24 horse under his Cornet, honest Jack Travers, who was by an ambush betrayed and slain. Barrymore takes the field tomorrow with 60 Dragoons and 70 Lancers. Broghill goeth to the rendezvous as strong, if not stronger. I will not stay in Youghal, but will unto the field with Barrymore.[2]

Margaret Broghill, unlike her sisters-in-law, the two Elizabeths, elected to share her young husband's danger at his responsible post.[2] It was at his own birthplace that her first child, a daughter, was born. During the anxious months that followed, Broghill's defence of Lismore Castle was planned with all the skill and judgment which, when afterwards matured, enabled him to discharge so well the duties of Master of Ordnance and Commander of the Parliamentary Troops. Young as he was,[3]

[1] *Verney Memoirs*, ii. 47.

[2] Leake has mistaken the position of the two brothers. Cork's letter (*ante*) places Broghill at the Castle of Lismore, Dungarvan in the field.

[3] He was now twenty-one.

it was his acuteness also that largely prevented St. Leger, the President of Munster, from falling into numerous traps laid for the royalists by Lord Muskerry, the leader of the Irish rebels, who pretended he held a commission from the King. In one of his earlier letters, Roger describes his preparations :

My most honoured Lord,—Just now is one of my brother Dungarvan's troopers come unto me, and acquainted me that the party of horse which he sent to meet me, went out this morning to take a prey ; but an ambuscade fell upon them, and have killed poor Jack Travers with two more whose names I know not. His body was stripped, and I have sent a trumpeter for it ; his horse is come home shot in three places. This design was out of my knowledge, and contrary to my direction, for I quartered him at Capoquin last night ; and advised him to return to Youghal of this side of the water, for fear of an ambush, which he then resolved to do, but since his resolution altered. And marching without scouts in an enemy's country (for so I may call that, and where they have so good intelligence of our proceedings as we ourselves have), could not expect a better fortune. I have sent out my Quartermaster to know the posture the enemy is in. They are, as I am informed by those that were in the action, 5000, well armed, and that they intend to take Lismore. When I have received certain intelligence, if I am a third part of their number, I will meet them tomorrow morning, and give them one blow before they besiege us. If their numbers are such that it will be more folly than valour, I will make good this place which I am in. I tried one of the ordnances made at the forge, and it held with two pound charge, so that I will plant it upon the terrace over the river. My Lord, fear nothing for Lismore ; for if it be lost, it shall be with the life of him that begs your Lordship's blessing, and styles himself my Lord, your Lordship's most humble, most obliged, and most dutiful son and servant,

BROGHILL.

Lis. : Jan. 11, 1641[–2].

For my most honoured lord and father, the Earl of Cork, Youghal.

A fortnight later he writes again, describing his precautions for blocking up the ferry, or 'drift,' at Affane, below

Capoquin. The suspected treachery of one of his neighbours is alluded to:

As for Roger Cary, he will defend his castle himself. This I do not like, for he moved to have aid, which being granted, he offers to keep it himself, but if he play the rogue I will quickly beat it down about his ears, for I have planted one of the long guns upon the terrace, which I am sure will do the feat.

Then he goes on to describe his care of his wounded:

An honest stout soldier of the garrison which was shot and would have perished if continued here, I send to Youghal to have his arm cut off. I beseech your Lordship command he may be well looked to.

As a postscript he adds:

My wife gives you a thousand thanks for the care you have of her.

The threatened siege of Lismore was not attempted for eighteen months. In the meantime Cork forwards his son's letters to England, with a desperate appeal to Lord Goring, who was a member of the Privy Council, for help, especially in the defence of Youghal. Dungarvan, himself, and 200 of his English tenants, with

neither men, money nor munition, are now at the last gasp. . . . The God of heaven guide the hearts of the House of Parliament to send us speedy succours, for if they come not speedily, they will come too late. In more than extreme haste, I rest your Lordship's most distressed brother and faithful servant, R. Cork.

The only help the Parliament did afford was to send, in February, Sir Charles Vavasour and a regiment of men neither armed nor provisioned. Cork writes a long letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, William Lenthall, ending up:

I have with a free heart and liberal hand, spent all that I have, and am able to do no more. I grieve not at my own losses or

Aug. 25, 1642

wants, though they have been very great, but to see these seasoned and well disciplined companies (100 whereof for the present are more serviceable than 300 fresh men) to be without clothes or pay afflicts me at the soul.

Already Cork had melted some of his plate. In March 1642 Dungarvan conveys more of the most valuable of it to Stalbridge, whilst on his way to London once more to solicit help. Broghill was still held fast at Lismore, which was still the object of the rebels' attack. Another of his letters, written in June, conveys an urgent appeal to his father for more ammunition.

My most honoured Lord,—I sent your Lordship advertisement by John Shepherd that the rebels had a desire to draw 3000 men together, and in my Lord President's remoteness to assault this place and Capoquin, and to place a garrison in Tallow. I know not whether my information be true or no, but yesterday 500 rebels were seen by Captain Croker's men nigh unto Philip Macdonell's. Your Lordship, I hope, will not be offended if once more I humbly beg that I might have 100 Musketeers sent to Tallow with all possible speed, to dislodge these rogues from under our noses, before they grow too great a body for us to deal with. There came a party of 60 horse, and as many Musketeers (as our scouts say, but I believe they were not so many), and thought on Saturday morning to take the cattle which are sheltered under the castle, but upon the first shot from the castle, they ran away without them, and killed one Philip O'Clary, who I hear say was once a rebel with them. They likewise burnt two cabins on the top of the hill right over against the north side of the castle. In these six months of your Lordship's absence, there has been great store of match and powder spent, what in training our horse and foot, what in service and practice, as also in duty, though upon my credit as little wasted as in any garrison in Ireland. The store that is left is three untouched barrels of powder, and almost the whole barrel of match, beside twelve cartridges of powder for the ordnance, which holds nigh 3 pounds a piece. I assure your Lordship, in some of the barrels of powder, there wanted a third part. It is very necessary that we had some greater store, especially of match, that if the

rebels should attempt this place, we might be well provided for them. I beseech your Lordship this, and that money laid out in such commodities, if not used is no loss, and how dangerous it is to be without, I leave it for your Lordship's consideration. If your Lordship could possibly furnish me with either a piece of ordnance, or a good mortar [murther], this place would be much the stronger; for then all places would be flanked with cannon. Your Lordship was desirous to know the cause that Nick Pyne and I were fallen out. 'Twas that the money I sent his soldiers he kept it for himself. Thus earnestly desiring your Lordship's answer and blessing, I humbly take leave. My Lord, your Lordship's most dutiful, most humble, and most obliged son and servant,

BROGHILL.

Lismore, 12 day of June.

My wife presents her most humble duty to your Lordship. Pray your Lordship give order to Mr. Whalley that the drummer might have *3s. 6d.* weekly.

Cork himself was never a soldier, but the fighting qualities of these brave sons of his were more than repeated in his descendants. From both Roger and Francis sprang conspicuous and brilliant Generals, who played a part in the wars of Marlborough under Queen Anne.

Barrymore was now vice-president of Munster, under Sir William St. Leger; Lord Inchiquin held the military command. As for Lewis, he was already distinguishing himself as a soldier. In June he writes to his father that he has taken and garrisoned 'two more castles, that denied to yield until they saw my mortall sowe.'[1] Next he is back again in Bandon, active in defence, in spite of an illness which he is careful to explain to his father, in one of the last letters he ever wrote, is not the result of insobriety. Ever ready to acknowledge his errors in the past, he says:

Believe this truth, that no intemperance or excess of diet, or drink, hath caused my late sudden and dangerous sickness, of which

[1] An ancient piece of ordnance used for battering down walls.

I am yet hardly recovered. If I am guilty of any excess 'tis of providences, and diligent care and foresight for the maintenance, subsistence, and preservation of this your Lordship's town.

Inchiquin, with his half-fed and dissatisfied men, ventured on no more than an occasional sortie from his garrisons, until in September he forced and won an unlooked for engagement at Liscarrol.

Sept. 3, 1642

At this battle, four of Cork's sons were personally in the field, three of them in command. Francis, who had hurriedly returned from Paris in May, had joined his three elder brothers. The rebels were strongly placed, and far outnumbered the Royalists. Eight thousand at least of Lord Muskerry's army had planted themselves on a little hill. They had brought up a large 'battering piece,' in a novel kind of gun-carriage, viz. a hollow tree-trunk, drawn by twenty-five yoke of oxen. This contrivance was able to travel over the boggy ground where no wheel carriages could pass. Inchiquin's troops, horse and foot, numbered only 2,500, but they wrought a deadly destruction upon the unfortunate natives. These battles in Ireland were in reality massacres. At the field of Liscarrol, it is said that at least 700 of the Irish were slain, while only twelve of the Royalists fell.

But among this handful was the brave and reckless and lighthearted Lewis, the young soldier of twenty-three. He died as a gallant officer does, riding at the head of his troop, shot through the heart by a musket shot.

How Francis, a lad of nineteen, bore himself, shall be told in his father's own words, in a letter to Ormonde in October:

Your Lordship's two commissions were not brought hither till after my son Kinalmeakie was killed at the battle of Liscarrol where I had all of my four sons; and the youngest of them (if report speaks truth) carried himself with an undaunted resolution, and did narrowly endanger his life in recovering his dead brother's body and horse, both which he brought from the rebels, and hath ever since

kept both troop and foot company together, in hope (his brother thus being killed) that he shall be graced with the command of them.

No further particulars of Lewis's courageous action will ever be known, but in his spirited charge twelve of the enemy's colours were taken ; six of them were saved by Cork to be carried to his widowed daughter-in-law after he had buried his son in Lismore Cathedral.

Elizabeth Kinalmeakie had hurried across England to the Hague, whence her letters to Cork are full of piteous appeals for money. The loss of his very substantial help, and that of her 'rich clothes' and a diamond fan-handle, wrecked in a ship going over, seem to assume even more importance than the loss of her young husband. Obviously, she had never comprehended or cared for Lewis, as did all his other friends.[1] For Lewis of all the brothers seems to have inspired the most affection. A letter to him from Robert written from Geneva in August, and received and opened by Cork after Lewis's death, expresses a little of this. It was intended to congratulate him on his

generous and fortunate combats against Irish rebels. The news that my brother Francis sent me of your courageous [action] awaked me from the long sleep wherein my melancholy hath plunged me. These lines, dear brother, are not able to express the least part of my inviolate affection. Measure it not by my expressions, but suspend your judgment till I have the happiness to enjoy a little of your company. Adieu, dearest Lewis, idle cousin, bon année, bon solé, bon vespré. Adieu, à Dieu vous commande.

These loving words never reached the eye of the one for whom they were intended.

Lewis was not the only loss Cork was to sustain in his

[1] She enjoyed the peculiar distinction of being Groom of the Stole to Queen Henrietta Maria, whose exile abroad she shared, wandering with the remnant of the English Court from one continental town to another. At the Restoration, Charles rewarded her services to his mother by the title of Countess of Guildford, which expired upon her death, a few years after.

family in this troublous year of 1642. Sarah's husband, Digby, had also been in command of a troop for the King, and fell in June. On Michaelmas Day, three weeks after the battle of Liscarrol, Barrymore died of the wounds he had received, and was interred, with all the 'rights of a soldier,' in Cork's Chapel at St. Mary's, Youghal.

His own end, Cork feels, cannot be far off, and in November he set about making a new will, apportioning his estates afresh among the four remaining sons.

This war in Ireland was conducted with all the virulence that distinguishes a contest where national instincts and national religions are in opposition. Probably there were misrepresentations on both sides, but more statements contrary to fact could hardly be conveyed in a short sentence than are contained in a letter written this winter on December 6, 1642, by Richard Bellings, secretary of the Supreme Council of the Irish Confederation, to Luke Wadding, the founder and head of the Irish Franciscan College in Rome. He says: 'In Munster, where Protestants reside in great numbers, they are assisted by supplies drawn over by the powerful purse of my Lord of Corke, that miracle of fortune, who most ungratefully spends that over growth of wealth he acquired of nothing in Ireland.'[1]

Cork had indeed despatched his two elder sons once more to England in November, but little was to he hoped from thence. Lismore needed to be still further put in a state of defence, and in January, the great iron folding gates, weighing an aggregate of 2 tons 4 cwt. 1 qr. 6 lb. (as, with his usual accuracy, he records in his Diary), were brought from Capoquin and hung. Francis had succeeded to the troop commanded by Lewis, and was burning towns, garrisoning castles, and otherwise pursuing the gentle arts of war. His successes were checked, however, by a victory gained by the rebels in June, and towards the end

[1] *History of the Irish Confederation*, ed. Sir J. T. Gilbert. Dublin, 1882–91.

Walker & Cockerell, phs.

*Lewis Boyle, Lord Kinalmeakie.*

of July the storm beat again outside Lismore. The assailants perhaps calculated this time on obtaining an easy surrender, since no Boyle was there to defend the castle. If so they had not counted on Captain Broadridge. For eight days the heavy pieces thundered around the fortress, and the cannonading of the besiegers' battery was so fierce that breaches were made in the brew-house and in the orchard wall. Yet not a single man of the garrison was killed, although the losses inflicted by its weapons on the assailants were computed at two hundred.

Inchiquin's troops were unable to come out and assist. The day after the commencement of the siege, July 23, he sends another urgent appeal to Cork for money. But the wealthiest man in the south, the Lord High Treasurer of Ireland, does not know where to lay his hand on a thousand pounds, which is the sum asked. He replies next day from Youghal, and can only repeat what he has said before:

> If you have any belief that I am a Christian, I pray you believe that great truth that I then wrote you and those my letters that I sent by Clayton. My Lord, Lismore is very dear unto me, and the lives of those men that are in it are more precious unto me than Lismore, or anything that I have, except my children. If I had money to answer your desires and to give encouragement to the army, I pray you believe it as a grounden truth that I would ransom that house and those that are in it, with more money than ever I was master of at one time; but I vow I neither have money, neither have I any friend near me of whom I can either borrow any considerable sum or take up any upon any conditions or security. I can only commit all to God's divine providence and your Lordship's noble care to preserve the house as God's omnipotent power shall direct you.[1]

Inchiquin replies on the 27th that he shall wait at Tallow for a chance to relieve Lismore. But on the 28th, Dungarvan and Broghill landed at Youghal from England, bringing with them the terms of a year's armistice. They were just in time to spend the last weeks of their father's life with him.

[1] Egerton MSS. 80, f. 37.

Broken in health, in spirit, and in fortune, Cork died in the home of his early married life, the College House at Youghal, on September 15, 1643, upon the very day that cessation from hostilities was proclaimed in Munster.

So the prosperous career of 'the great Earl' ended in gloom, but without a stain upon his honour, whether personal or political. His integrity remains intact. In the diary, continued up to within a month of his end, he writes not long before, that a final sum of Mary's portion owing to Charles Rich, and a like settlement with Sir John Hippesley in payment for Marston Bigod, 'are all the considerable debts that I do owe in the world.' It is all in keeping with his former life that he 'desires to die out of debt.'

A characteristic paragraph occurs near the beginning of his will:

> As for my body, as it came whole into the world, so I charge my executor, children, and friends that it may be decently and privately buried whole. . . . As it is made of earth, so it may be returned into earth, without too much of glorious shows or funeral offices.

Three alternative burial-places are indicated. If he shall die in Dublin, he will rest with the ashes of his wife; if in Munster, bury him, he says, at Youghal with his elder brother, Bishop John, and his good mother-in-law, Lady Fenton; if he shall be in England 'when God shall call me out of this vale of misery,' then he will be laid under the tomb he erected to the memory of his father and mother, in the parish church of Preston, near Faversham, in Kent. It was most appropriate that in death he should lie under the monument he had erected in St. Mary's Chapel, which he had restored, at Youghal.

Cork had always inculcated upon his children loyalty to the head of the family. In his will he desires his three younger sons to

be and continue observant, respective, kind, and loving to their elder brother, and that he be helping, comfortable and assistant unto them. And that they be lodged and entertained by him in his house in Dublin, as their several occasions draw them thither.

The confidential way in which he consulted his elder son about the provisions made for his younger children is very noticeable in Cork's letters to Dungarvan, and the united affection and cohesion of the different members of his family receives an additional proof in the Diary of his youngest daughter.

It had been a favourite project to restore the house of Barrymore to its former greatness. When Alice married his young ward, Cork had cleared all his encumbrances, but their son, a boy of fourteen, succeeds now to a still more deeply involved estate. A sufficient income is therefore provided by the grandfather to educate young Barrymore.

Another pet scheme was the building of bridges. Sums of money are bequeathed in his will for the building of four stone bridges, with his arms cut upon each, in various parts of the province. The promotion of trade and intercourse is his great aim, 'although I lose the benefit of the ferry boat thereby.'

The reader will make his own estimate of Cork's character and work. A closer study of them than can be here attempted should afford some illumination of a question which has ever since claimed the attention of English statesmen with varying degrees of acuteness. Few men of Cork's day knew more than he of Ireland and the Irish, but his view of the only possible future for that country, as given in a long letter to Lord Warwick shortly before his death, is, as we should expect, a no-conciliation policy. It took nearly two centuries more to convince English statesmen that Catholic emancipation was practicable in Ireland.

After touching on some personal matters, Cork continues:

But to return to Ireland wherein my fortune lies, where I have eaten the most part of my bread for these last 54 years, and have

made it a great part of my study to understand this kingdom and people in their own true essence and natures. I do beseech your Lordship, believe this great truth from me, that there is not many (nay I may truly say) very few or none that is a native of Ireland and of the Romish religion, but he is either publicly in this action or privately in his heart an assistant or well-wisher unto it, for this rebellion hath infected all of them, and the contagion thereof is dispersed throughout the kingdom, and as the power is general, so hath his Majesty and the Parliament a fit opportunity offered them for these their treasons to root out the Popish party of the natives out of the kingdom and to plant it with English Protestants; for so long as English and Irish protestants and Papists live here intermingled together, we can never have firm and assured peace; and his Majesty may now justly interest himself in all their lands and confiscation, and have room enough to plant this kingdom with new English, which will raise him a great revenue and secure the kingdom to the crown of England, which it will never be so long as these Irish papists have any law here, or are suffered to live therein. For admit there be but now 200,000 Irish papists in actual rebellion, which I conceive to be the number that they are, it must be the work of a second conquest, to proceed slowly and sparingly, but roundly and really, with plentiful provisions of all kinds to support a war. . . . If it would please his Majesty, with assent of Parliament, to cause an act presently to be passed there, to attaint them all of high treason, and to confiscate their lands and estates to the crown, it would utterly dishearten them, and encourage the English to serve courageously against them in hope to be settled in the lands of them they shall kill or otherwise destroy. If your Lordship think fit to commend this my undigested proposition to Mr. Pym, Mr. Hampden, Mr. Strowde and such other prime and active men of the House of Commons as you shall think fittest, and that your Lordship and they do relish it, I would gladly, upon some notice thereof, if so required, reduce my conceits herein to a more perfect declaration and exacter method; only give me leave to add this truth unto you, that the rebels themselves, as much as the good subjects, did much wonder that the proclamation to proclaim them traitors was so long deferred, that in every petty rebellion heretofore in this kingdom, did use to follow them at their heels as soon as they went out. And the delay thereof until now did give them confidence to believe that the King and Parliament did jest with them, and did not

intend, till the arrival of the proclamation and Sir Charles Vavasour's regiment, any sharp prosecution or the suppression of them. And therefore, I beseech your Lordship, work so as the Act of Parliament for their attainder be speedily passed in England, and if law require to have it seconded with another Act here, it may be effected when the Lord Lieutenant shall arrive, whose presence here is much desired, and God and the good subjects of this kingdom will bless you, and I, as I am, will ever remain, my Lord, your Lordship's humble servant.

R. Cork.

25 Feb. 1641[–2] (the copy of my letter to the Earl of Warwick).[1]

Ralegh and Cork had both tried and failed to do much with the Irish population. They were content to dismiss the constantly recurring problem of the amalgamation of two conflicting religions and races under one just and equal rule, with the dictum that one must be exterminated.

[1] From a copy in Egerton MS. 80, ff. 31–34, the original of which is in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.

## CHAPTER VI

### 'DELICIOUS LEEZ'

'Sweet solitary life: lovely dumb joy
That need'st no warnings how to grow more wise
By other men's mishaps, nor the annoy
Which from sore wrongs done to oneself doth rise.
The morning's second mansion, Truth's first friend,
Never acquainted with the world's vain broils;
Where the whole day to our own use we spend,
And our dear time no fierce ambition spoils.
Most happy state, that never tak'st revenge
For injuries received, nor dost fear
The Court's great earthquake, the grieved truth of change,
Nor none of falsehood's savoury lies dost hear;
Nor know'st Hope's sweet disease, that charms our sense,
Nor its sad cure, dear-bought experience.'

ROBERT KERR, EARL OF ANCRUM.

WITHIN but a mile or two of the high road running between Braintree and London, yet so concealed in the wooded hollow where it lies as to be practically invisible until you have come close upon its lofty tower, stands the still beautiful ruin of Leighs Priory.[1]

Time and man's neglect have wrought sad havoc upon the once stately mansion. It is difficult to believe that less than two hundred years ago this silent and deserted spot was still the centre of all the busy life which surrounds the home of a great and influential noble.

Ivy, that destructive foe of ancient buildings, has lent its unsparing aid to all the other forces of nature. Its misfortune

[1] As it is now called. In the Rich's time it was 'Lees' alone.

'DELICIOUS LEEZ'

South Gateway.

(*Drawn by J. Walter West, A.R.W.S.*)

of falling into the hands of a public body, instead of a private landlord, had almost completed the demolition of the place, when at last there entered into possession a tenant determined on at least arresting the progress of decay in such portions of the building as yet remained. And while this has been faithfully accomplished, something more in the true spirit of restoration has also been done.

Of the more important residential part of the mansion, however, not one stone is now left upon another. Little besides the two massive gateways, in fact, remains. One of these, the eastern and the finest, is a ruin. Cows and horses are stabled between its massive oaken outer doors, where the Tudor rose, the fleur-de-lys, and other badges are carved upon the pale and worm-eaten timber. An ancient pony stumbles through the little postern under the carved stonework of the Rich arms, with their motto *Garde ta foy*. Through the broken casements overhead white doves flutter in and out. To these and to the owls and the bats, the once magnificent, but now floorless and windowless, upper chamber of the tower has long been entirely devoted.

On this same spot, some five or six miles from the town of Braintree, there was founded about the year 1229, by Sir Ralph Gernon, of the old Essex family of the Gernons, a 'little monastery' for Augustine canons. A well-wooded park of many hundred acres surrounded it on every side, and all along the valley stretched the famous fishponds where the water was being constantly dammed up to spread out again in a series of lakes, the empty beds of which are now rich pasture land.

The good monks preserved the timber in the park, and perhaps they even planted more. At any rate, in 1342 there was fine hunting in the 'Forest of Felsted.' At the dissolution of the monasteries, the Priory, in the parish of Little Leighs, with a hundred other manors in the county of Essex, was bestowed by

Henry VIII. upon Richard Rich, then his Solicitor-General. Morant says with (for him) quite an unusual touch of levity :

> What a sweet morsel this was for a hungry courtier will appear from the grant itself, which contained forty messuages, a thousand acres of arable land, a hundred acres of meadow, forty of firs and heath, and £20 rent in Felsted, Barnston, Stebbing, Pleshey, Great and Little Dunmow, Great and Little Waltham, Great and Little Leighs, Rayne, the two Notleys, Braintree, Bocking, and Maplestead. This very great acquirer [he goes on] ingrossed soon after all the considerable estates in this parish, as will appear by examining them severally.

In that examination we need not follow him. The situation of the Priory, in its rich and fertile valley through which the small river Ter winds its way, probably induced Rich to choose that spot as the site of his new mansion. Doubtless, too, that abundant water supply was one inducement, and this he utilised as a prominent feature of his mansion and its surroundings. His fountains, conduits, lakes, and ponds may still be traced, although dry and grass-grown. These, it is fantastically said, gave the place its designation of 'Les Eaux'—eventually Leez or Lees. To this Anthony Walker alludes when, in the highly ornamented diction of his funeral sermon on the last male Rich of Leighs, he bursts forth with :

> O Leez! Resume thy name ; melt into waters ; turn into a Bochim ; be overflowed with a deeper flood than what might seem to presage this which covered all thy lower floors not nine months since without example.

The Saxon origin of the name—a common one in Essex—is, however, obvious.

1536 In the same year in which Rich obtained the property at Leighs he was elected Speaker of the House of Commons. Twelve years after he was created Baron Rich of Leeze, and was appointed Lord Chancellor. Forced by illness and intrigue to resign the Great Seal on December 31, 1551, at this later turn in his career he retired to the country, and thence-

forth employed himself in charitable works which he may or may not have looked upon as expiatory. Of these, two noble monuments, the Felsted School and the Rich almshouses, since rebuilt in Felsted, remain as a lasting monument of his dubiously acquired wealth and his undeniably good intentions.

These events fix the date of the erection of his mansion as somewhere between the years 1537 and 1551. He was probably well acquainted with two other recently built Essex mansions, viz. Nether Hall, in the parish of Roydon, and Layer Marney Hall, near Colchester, in both of which, as at Leighs, a lofty gateway forms an important feature. Not far from Leighs, also, is New Hall, in the parish of Boreham. This fine residence, now tenanted by a community of nuns of the order of the Holy Sepulchre, was built by Henry VIII., a few years after he had acquired this estate as part of the dowry of his wife, Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn. Here the Princess Mary, afterwards Queen, frequently stayed, and once, when it was being swept and garnished, she came across in state to accept the loan of my Lord Chancellor's abode hard by as a temporary refuge where she might be out of the dust.

As has been elsewhere pointed out, the extreme similarity of many of the details of the two mansions, New Hall and Leighs Priory, favours the view that the same architect was employed on both. Windows, gables, parapets, ornamental chimneys and battlements all bear a striking resemblance.

It is probable that before the new building was begun, all traces of the earlier monastic buildings were cleared away. What it appeared when finished may be seen from an old print, by means of which also some description of the structure may be attempted.

The fine outer courtyard, first entered from the southern gateway, measured about 165 by 150 feet square. Its western face of buildings is still almost intact, and now, as then, consists of kitchens, larders and dairies, over which are a number of

spacious chambers, which were no doubt the servants' apartments. The centre of the south side of this courtyard is occupied by the massive southern gateway still perfect. Above a double oaken door are the Rich arms and motto upon a square tablet. Westward from the gateway run several fine linen-panelled rooms, which, with those above them, form the dwelling-rooms of the house as it now exists in its diminished splendour. These rooms unite with the offices and servants' wing above mentioned. Eastward from the gateway runs a part of the wing which communicated with the principal apartments of the older period, occupying the eastern face of the outer court. At this eastern corner was situated the chapel, long since destroyed.

Upon the eastern side of the courtyard stands a noble tower, upon which the builder spent all his best skill. The devices of the brickwork, the fluted and spiral terra cotta chimneys, the stone casements, are all full of elaborate detail. But it is in ruins, save the lower story, entered by the carved doorway beneath the founder's arms.

This eastern gateway led to an inner court some eighty feet square, which was paved with freestone. On the east and south angles of the turret-stair of this tower, overlooking the inner court, were two faces of a sundial. The rusted gnomons of each still hang as by thread in their place; but the figures are indecipherable.

In the centre of this inner court, which is to be traced now only by its foundations, are the remains of a very beautiful little hexagonal fountain or conduit, which was once constantly supplied with water. (See drawing at end of Preface.) Its domed roof is groined, and there are traces of some lead casements in more than one of its sides. A large hole in the bottom of the basin shows where the water sprang up. The pedestal of the fountain is raised by courses of thin flat bricks.

Beyond the inner court were the tennis-court and the 'princely gardens,' of which Anthony Walker, the chaplain,

tells. A large tank in the centre of these gardens beyond the fountain is now traceable as a depression in the grass. A brick wall of extraordinary thickness runs around the east and north sides of the former garden. Upon the south was a moat, the brick channel of which is still to be seen, although the moat itself is dry. In a gap in this thick wall, which is skirted by the river, may be found the solid masonry which once supported a bridge. Across this was the way to Little Leighs church, which stands a mile or more off, upon a rising hill. On the farther side of the stream, too, was 'the Wilderness,' the place where Mary Rich spent many hours of happy and devout retirement. Along the edge of the stream runs a wooded dell, the natural formation of which, by its rising knolls, and by the winding of the river, constitutes a spot of absolute seclusion. Here, in winter and summer, she spent two hours every morning as soon as she was up, in meditation and prayer. The constant reference in her diary to this favourite spot invests it still with interest, although now only a few gnarled thorn-bushes remain hanging over the clusters of iris and forget-me-not that fringe the stream. This slanting meadow still bears the name of 'the Wilderness.'

Ponds, reservoirs, and a moat were all, as we have seen, important features of Rich's design at Lees. Outside the eastern wing of the courtyard is a fine piece of water running right up to the foundations of the high garden wall, which was outside the great court. It is overgrown with water-lilies; its reedy shallows are the haunt of water-fowl; and the sedge-warbler flits from bush to bush around its overgrown banks. A path winds under the ashes and hornbeams, and now and then through the thicket a view of the tall battlemented tower is to be seen.

So much for the beauties of the place. Anthony Walker, long the chaplain at Lees, and afterwards vicar of Barnston across the valley, called it in his flowery language a 'secular Elysium, a worldly Paradise.' Another of Charles Rich's friends told him

he did well to make sure of heaven, for if he should exchange such a place for anything lower, he would be a vast loser. Robert Boyle's name for his favourite haunt in the country heads this chapter.

From this description, faulty as it is, and from the old print elsewhere reproduced, it is possible to arrive at a fairly accurate conception of the dimensions and character of Leighs Priory as it was in July 1641, when Charles Rich brought home to his father's house his young bride, won at last.

How she was met, and what were her first impressions, as remembered years after, shall be told in her own words :

> I received as kind a welcome as was possible from that family, but particularly from my good father-in-law [the Earl of Warwick].
>
> Here let me admire at the goodness of God that by His good Providence to me, when I by my marriage thought of nothing but having a person for whom I had a great passion, and never sought God in it, but by marrying my husband flatly disobeyed His command, which was given me in His sacred oracles, of obeying my father, yet [He] was pleased by His unmerited goodness to me to bring me, by my marriage, into a noble, and which is much more, a religious family, where religion was both practised and encouraged; and where there was daily many eminent and excellent divines, who preached in the Chapel most edifyingly and awakeningly to us.
>
> I could not, young as I was when I came to the family, being but fifteen years old, and as much as between the 8th of November and 21st July, but admire at the excellent order there was in the family, and the great care that was had that God should be most solemnly worshipped and owned in that great family, both by the Lord and Lady of it.

According to a venerable custom, the family then assembled under this hospitable roof consisted of a heterogeneous mixture collected from many of its branches.

First there was the Earl himself, who when he was not at sea, or at Warwick House in Holborn, resided at Lees. (His father, Lord Chancellor Rich's grandson, had been created, in 1618, a

few months before his death, Earl of Warwick.) The second Earl was probably now a good deal in London, for he had been appointed one of the Council of Regency during the King's absence in Scotland. Warwick's first wife was a wealthy heiress, Frances, daughter of Sir William Hatton. She had died many years earlier, and had been honoured with a splendid funeral, as John Chamberlain writing on 6 December, 1623, to Sir Dudley Carleton describes :[1]

> On Wednesday night the Countess of Warwick was carried out of Holborn to be buried in Essex, by more than two hundred horse, all with torches, and above three-score coaches, among whom were both the Duchesses. And the Duchess of Richmond's train was carried up by Mrs. Anne West and the young lady Killigrew.[2]

Warwick was now married to his second wife, Susan, daughter of Sir Henry Rowe, the widow of a rich alderman named William Halliday. Mary says : 'Because she was a citizen, she was not so much respected in the family as in my opinion she deserved to be.' Upon the arrival of the elder son Robert, Lord Rich's wife (Ann Cavendish, a daughter of the Earl of Devonshire), passages at arms, it seems, had arisen, and the step-mother had decided not to repeat the experiment of living with a new daughter-in-law. She had therefore retired to Bath, to stay with her daughter Hungerford,[3] until she discovered whether she should fare any better with Charles's choice, or, as that lady puts it, whether 'my humour were such as would make her to live comfortably with me.'

Upon being assured by Lucy Robartes, Charles's married sister, that the new bride would be a dutiful daughter, she was persuaded to return home. The city lady was not this time

[1] *Court of James I.*, vol. ii. p. 436.

[2] *The Parish Register Book* (vol. i.) at Felsted has this entry : '1623. Honoratissima D[a] Fraunces Comitissa de Warwicke uxor splendidissima D[i] Rober[i] Comitis Warwicke, sepulta fuit tertio die Decembris.'

[3] Margaret, wife of Sir Edward Hungerford, of Corsham, Wilts, who founded the Free School and Almshouses there in 1668.

disappointed, and until her death, some four years later, she was, writes her step-daughter, 'as good as my own mother, and would always profess she loved me at that rate. I did, when God called her away, mourn much for losing her.' She seems to have been an invalid, and her death expected for some time. Sir John Leake, writing to Cork about the payment of Mary's dowry to Charles Rich, for which he was acting as agent, says: 'Your son and daughter Rich are on Friday next going to Lees in Essex, and the old Lady Warwick, who is so weak that she is carried in a chair. It is thought she cannot long subsist. The sorrow will not be much.' She seems, however, to have disappointed some of her family by living at least eighteen months longer.

May 11, 1643

Not long after the old Countess's death, Warwick married again. His third wife, the marriage to whom took place at Hornsey, on March 30, 1646, was Eleanor Wortley, fourth daughter of Sir Richard Wortley, of Yorkshire. She was now a widow for the second time, and the Countess of Sussex. She is a striking figure throughout the history of the Commonwealth, and some one has called her the 'Peeress of the Protectorate.' Herself of strong political inclination, she was, by reason of the importance of her numerous husbands, equally strong in political influence during a period of many years. Sir Ralph Verney, in his cipher correspondence with his wife, invents for her the name of 'old men's wife,' and Warwick, who was her third husband and in his sixtieth year, was by no means the oldest of the four men to whom she eventually stood in that relation. First married to Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, Oxfordshire, she became secondly the wife of Edward Radcliffe, sixth Earl of Sussex, who left her a widow in August 1643. The fourth and last husband she took was Edward, the second Earl of Manchester, commander of the Parliamentary forces during the Civil War, with whose family the fortunes of Lees afterwards became so closely connected.

Three of Manchester's five wives came to him from the house of Warwick. He and his curious marriages became so notorious that it was a popular saying he had married 'Warwick's niece, Warwick's daughter, and Warwick's wife.' He did actually marry, for his second spouse, Essex Cheeke, the daughter of Warwick's sister, Essex Rich, wife of Sir Thomas Cheeke of Pirgo; thirdly, he married Warwick's daughter, Ann Rich; and fourthly, Warwick's widow, this same Eleanor Wortley.

Another frequent inmate of the old Essex mansion when Mary came to take up her abode there was Lucy Robartes, Charles Rich's elder sister. John Robartes, her husband, afterwards held several important State offices, and was created Earl of Radnor. Lucy was some ten years the senior of her sister-in-law, and in her fifteenth year had been married at Rochford in the south of Essex, where Warwick owned another fine property.

'Beside a famous household chaplain' (Anthony Walker), writes Mary, 'my father-in-law had Doctor Gauden there, afterwards Lord Bishop of Worcester.' Gauden was then Dean of Bocking a few miles away, and often came over to preach. At Bocking he probably wrote, assisted by the Curate of Rayne, the famous 'Eikon Basilike,' which posterity now seems inclined to accept as the product of Gauden's pen, and not of the King's.

Glimpses of the life at Lees are to be gained from the diary of Arthur Wilson, steward to Lord Warwick, and a writer whose comments on events and people are usually worth attention.[1] The time of Mary's marriage may be a little antedated in his chronicle for the sake of his information.

The beginning of May 1634, I had a fever which I got (coming from Lee [Leigh] with the rents of my honourable master the Earl

[1] Arthur Wilson's *Account of Himself*, published in Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, London, ed. 1779, vol. ii. p. 460.

of Warwick, in a pair of oars, being a very hot day) sleeping in the sun. It held me four fits with some violence, and then wasted itself, my abstinence not giving it more nourishment. In November that year I was married to a wife whom I never yet had cause to repent of. The February after, some dispute arising betwixt Mr. King (a gentleman belonging to the Lord Rich) and myself, in Warwick House stable-yard, he did provoke me with very foul language to strike him. Which having done, he having a sword and I none, I closed with him and threw him down. He, being a great fellow, thought to rise under me by main strength, putting one of his legs double under him to raise himself upon; he putting his whole strength upon that leg to get up, I adding mine to keep him down, his leg snapt in two pieces, to my great regret. It was so soon done that the people who were in the yard had scarce time to come to us. I helped to carry him to his chamber, where I must confess for two months he endured a great deal of hardship. In which time I visited him often, being very sorry there was an occasion given and taken which redounded so much to his prejudice.

When he recovered, I expected a challenge, he being accounted a swordsman. Instead whereof he sent me a writ out of the King's Bench.

I advised with counsel, and they told me the law looks upon no provocation, but matter of fact. I stroke the first blow, and a limb was broken; which a jury who love their limbs would trounce me for. So I compounded with my adversary, rather than to be brought before the judge; and gave him five and thirty pounds to pay for his cure. So costly often are our rash actions! For if I had digested his foul language, it had not reflected upon me. Evil words have their venom from whence they came, not whither they go. And it is the glory of a Christian to pass by offences.

Wilson had been a great duellist in his time, especially during his service as a young man with the first Lord Warwick's brother-in-law, the Earl of Essex. Now, he writes:

Since I came into this noble family, whether it were age and experience creeping upon me, which showed me the uncertainty and instability of human things, or by a clearer light received from a powerful ministry, or by the example of others whose lives were

fit patterns to follow, or by a divine spirit operating upon all, I know not (for it breathes where it pleases), but I found in myself a greater affection to good duties. And those oaths which were often interlaced as an ornament to my discourse, appeared to me a blemish and a deformity. If I have gotten anything which may carry my affections higher than these poor trivial earthen things do promise, the benefit is mine, but all the glory shall be given to God.

The influence of the old Earl on his family and household was not lost upon his steward, whatever it was upon his children. It may have been the reaction from Warwick's strict puritanism, but certainly none of his three sons showed in after life any particular fruits of this pious training.

Wilson continues with more personal details:

About the middle of August 1640, I had an erisipelas broke out in my arm, which presently after turned to a burning fever with that fury and extremity that it was conceived to be the plague which was frequent then in Essex, especially at Braintree, from whence my physician and physick came. I was drawn to a very low condition; life had very little matter to work upon.

Two years later, in 1642, Wilson tells a story which brings home to us the very strong Protestant feeling of Essex and Suffolk.

The Countess Rivers,[1] of Long Melford, Suffolk, a recusant in much danger from the popular excitement, sent a gentleman posting in haste to crave Lord Warwick's protection. The Earl was at sea, being Lord High Admiral under the Parliament. Lord Rich was at Oxford with the King. Charles Rich, apparently unconcerned with politics, was hunting the stag at Rochford. 'So I was commanded to take a few men and a coach and six horses, and fetch Lady Rivers to Lees.' Setting

[1] Elizabeth Darcy, daughter and heir of Thomas, 1st Earl Rivers, who was a Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Henrietta, married Thomas Savage, afterwards Viscount Savage, and was created, April 1, 1641, Countess Rivers for life. She died March 9, 1651, aged about seventy.

forth on his journey northwards through Braintree and Hedingham towards Haverhill, Wilson passed safely through the little Essex villages where the coach was recognised and known.

At Sudbury a mob swarmed around it, accosting him as Lord Rivers. Wilson, evading all connection with the Rivers family, protested with perfect truth that he was steward to Lord Warwick, now in the Parliament employment, and was going to Bury about business of his master. He produced letters in proof of this. The mayor sullenly replied that they might be from Lord Warwick, and they might not. He knew not his hand. 'The tops of the trees, and all the windows were thronged with people,' adds Wilson, 'all vociferating for the letters, the letters!'

At last the town clerk, Mr. Man, arrived. He was a son of some one in Warwick's employ, and he swore that he had seen Wilson at Lees. He was at once believed, and 'so the cloud vanished. I left the coach, and proceeding with Mr. Man, and my Lady's gentleman, to the house of Sir Robert Crane near Milford,[1] was there informed that Lady Rivers had escaped to London.' So he made his way back to Lees.

The parks surrounding the mansion of Lees have been mentioned as follows: Litley Park, measuring four miles in circumference; Pond Park, containing 413 acres; and a third, which apparently had no particular name, and consisted of four hundred acres more. This area afforded a fine hunting ground, and that the sport of chasing the stag was a favourite one we do not need Arthur Wilson's account of an accident to himself to remind us:

> The 18th July 1644, hunting in Litley Park, my spotted nag (which afterwards my Lord had), being young and not well weighed, ran away with me, and leaping over a broad ditch, lighted upon a stump of a tree which he floundering on, overthrew me and himself. When I rose, I could scarce draw my breath.

[1] Long Melford, famous in literature as the early home of Borrow's Isopel Berners.

He was able, however, to be at church on the following Sunday, when he says Mr. Beadel of Barnston preached at Little Leighs. Not long after, he humorously recounts another accident in the park.

In November of this year, holding up a clap-stile in Pond Park (where I dwell) for my wife to pass over, and standing to that end, stradling upon the lower part of it, my feet slipt from the steps and I fell just upon a pale some two feet below me, that I sat like one of those soldiers whose misdemeanours bring them to feel the sharpness of the wooden horse.

Before we take leave of the steward and his recollections, he is worth quoting on the subject of witches, who were, until at least two centuries after, firmly believed in in Essex. Wilson's anticipation of the theory of 'self suggestion,' as the hypnotists would call it, is quite scientific for his time.

There is nothing upon the stage of the world acted by publick justice, comes so cross to my temper as putting so many witches to death.

About this time in Essex, there being a great many arraigned, I was at Chensford [1] at the trial and execution of eighteen women. But could see nothing in the evidence which did persuade me to think them other than poor melancholy, envious, mischievous, ill-disposed, ill-dieted, atrabilious constitutions, whose fancies working by gross fumes and vapours, might make the imagination ready to take any impression, and they themselves by the strength of fancy, may think they bring such things to pass which many times, unhappily they wish for and rejoice in when done, out of the malevolent humour which is in them: which passes with them as if they had really acted it. And if there be an opinion in the people that such a body is a witch, their own fears (coming where they are) resulting from such dreadful apprehensions, do make every shadow an apparition; and every rat or cat an imp or spirit, which make so many tales and stories in the world, which have no shadow of truth.

We must, however, quit the steward and his recollections

[1] This pronunciation of the name of the county town is still common among the rustic population.

for the present, to return to the young bride who had come to take up her abode at Lees.

Mary's account of herself at the time of her marriage seems full of unnecessarily severe self-condemnation:

> I desire to acknowledge it to God's glory in changing me, and my own shame that I was, when I married into my husband's family, as vain, as idle, and as inconsiderate a person as was possible, minding nothing but curious dressing and fine and rich clothes, and spending my precious time in nothing else but reading romances, and in reading and seeing plays, and in going to Court, and Hyde Park, and Spring Gardens. And I was so fond of the Court that I had taken a secret resolution that, if my father died and I was mistress of myself, I would become a courtier; and although I was at this time of my vanity, by God's restraining grace, kept from any gross or scandalous sin, yet I had, only to please my father, a form of godliness, but for the inward and spiritual part of it, I was not only ignorant of it, but resolved against it, being stedfastly set against being a Puritan.

In another place she repeats that for the first few years of her married life she 'went on in a vain kind of way, studying only to please my husband and the family I was matched to.' These studies seem extremely laudable and suitable on the part of a young wife of seventeen. But the writer is looking back through the vista of years, when she had grown to think all common and ordinary occupations, although perfectly 'lawful and necessary,' yet, in comparison with the performance of religious duties, waste of precious time.

About a year after her marriage, little Elizabeth, named after Francis's wife, was born at Warwick House. This child's life was very brief. She died when only a little more than a year old. If Woodrooffe, the chaplain, is to be believed, an accident was the cause. He says the little girl was unfortunately let fall to the ground by two nursemaids who were tossing her from one to the other in play. He adds that the true cause of her death never came to the young mother's ears. Deeply as

she grieved for her little Elizabeth, the child's father sorrowed even more for his loss. 'I was much afflicted, but my husband as passionately so as ever I saw him, he being most extraordinarily fond of her.'

A second child was born before the young mother was seventeen. This time it was a boy, Charles, born on September 28, 1643, named after his father and destined to be his only son. It was well that new ties arose around Mary, for the old ones were being severed. The birth of her son coincided almost with the death of her father.

When I lay in of my son, the ill news of my father's death was brought to my husband; but by his care of me, it was concealed from me till I was up again, and then it was told me by my first mother-in-law.[1] I was much afflicted and grieved at the loss of one of the best and kindest of fathers in the world, but I being young and inconsiderate, grief did not stick long with me.

About the time of his son's birth, Charles Rich was actively employed in raising men in Essex to join the Parliamentary forces. A letter from him to Sir John Barrington describes his efforts in his own part of the county. It is without date, but endorsed by Barrington, 1643. Both handwriting and spelling compare very badly with his wife's. He had not enjoyed the privilege of French and 'Almayne' tutors, as Cork's children had. The postscript is reprinted *literatim* as a sample of Charles's peculiar orthography:

Sir, I received a letter this evening from Major Pockings, wherein he desired me very much for to write up to you in the behalf of the bearer hereof, Captain Wilkins, that he might recruit his company out of Braintree and Bocking, for there is at least six score that are ready and willing for to march presently away with him, that will upon no terms go with any other Captain. If he shall

[1] When this was written, her second mother-in-law had also died. In T. C. Croker's edition of the *Autobiography* this is altered into, 'was told me first by my mother-in-law.'

anyways misbehave himself, he may afterwards be cashiered, but I conceive it will be very prejudicial to the regiment for to lose these men, wherefore if you shall think it fitting, I desire that he may have the conducting of them to the army, and afterwards he may be disposed of as you shall further think fitting. This I thought fit for to propose to you, but shall be ready for to submit to your better judgment, assuring you that there is none more yours than your most humble servant,

CHARLES RICH.

I shall not waight upon you as Munday, for I am deuerted a bought a little vn expected buisinesse, but I will not faille for to kisse youre handes one Twesday att Dunmo.[1]

When she was about twenty-one, that change looked upon by Mary as her conversion or awakening to spiritual life occurred :

I did then begin to think of being in earnest for my salvation, and make some promises of a new life. But these good resolutions I kept no longer than I had no temptation to break them. For when the family removed to Warwick House and I had got to my old vain companions, I neglected looking after the service of God ; yet my conscience would often call me to better things than I practised, and though I did endeavour diverting myself as formerly, yet God was so merciful to me, as never to suffer me to find my former satisfaction, but still disappointed my expectations in everything wherein I sought for comfort. And though I could not but observe this, yet I still went on, though I had some inward persuasion that God would some way or other punish me for my doing so.

It is well to bear in mind that these words were written more than twenty-five years later, when it had become the firm conviction of her maturer years that the unfulfilled hopes of her life were, each and all, well merited punishments for her particular shortcomings. This judicial attitude of mind was only then beginning.

At last it pleased God to send a sudden sickness upon my only son, who I then doted on with a great fondness. I was beyond

[1] Barrington Papers ; Egerton MSS. 2648, f. 46.

expression struck at it, not only because of my kindness for him, but because my conscience told me it was for my back-sliding. Upon this conviction, I presently retired to God, and by earnest prayer begged of him to restore my child, and did then solemnly promise if he would hear my prayer, I would become a new creature. This prayer of mine, God was so gracious as to grant, and of a sudden began to restore my child, which made the doctor himself wonder at the sudden amendment he saw in him, and filled me then with grateful thoughts.

The doctor's surprise at the success of his own treatment is rather damaging to his medical reputation. At any rate, the boy recovered, and the bargain made by his mother was faithfully kept, and never repented. A longing for the peace and quietude of 'delicious Leez' now stole over her.

After my child's full recovery, I began to find in myself a great desire to go to the country, which I never remember before to have had, thinking it always the saddest thing that could be when we were to remove.

The Admiral was just going to sea, his wife lay ill of an ague, and was unfit, as well as unwilling, to leave town, so Mary and her boy, with only one or two of the family, took their departure alone. Another inducement to go was the hope of rejoining the husband from whom as yet she had been very little parted. He was now busy in raising troops in Essex for the Parliament, and was making his headquarters at Lees. Husband and wife met upon the journey.

Upon the road, near London, I unexpectedly met my husband returning out of Essex, having been sent thither by the Parliament to prevent a rising they feared there; and when I went from Warwick House, I concluded I should come [in] time to see my husband before his return to London. When I was met by him, he told me he feared that it might not be safe for me to go on; and some other parliament men that were in the coach with him absolutely advised me to return, and not hazard myself. Though I found in myself a lothness to deny going with my husband (having never before left him hardly when I could conveniently be

with him,) yet my desire to go to the quiet at Lees prevailed so much with me, as I desired my husband to leave me to myself. Which he did. And then I told him I would go on, and so parted from him, not without wondering to myself when I had done so; but, after, I saw a good providence of God to me in it; which I must always with great thankfulness acknowledge. For I had never, to my remembrance, before been in so much quiet as by now going down, I enjoyed; having been, in my father's house before my marriage, almost in constant crowds of company, and afterwards too at Warwick House. For by these troubles that was in the country, I was kept from having almost any of the neighbourhood to visit, and from London nobody came neither. And well as I loved my husband's company, yet the apprehension I had if he came down he would engage, made me rather at that time desire he should forbear coming (for I was always much averse to his engaging in the wars), so that for about two months together, I had a retiring time.

This happy season would have been perfect, she goes on to say, if she had had the satisfaction of her husband's company. She would then have been content 'for a time to have wanted all other.'

So, between reading and meditation, the days passed. In the sylvan glades of Little Leighs Park began those lonely rambles which fostered the meditative spirit and love of solitude that coloured all Mary's later life. She was sincerely sorry when the time came for the return of the absent members of the household, 'My Lady Warwick, my sister Rich, and many more branches of that truly great and numerous family.'

But before their almost unwelcome arrival, the solitary inhabitant of the great house at Leighs was to receive a memorable visit, and come safely out of a notable adventure.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE ROYALIST ARMY INVADES LEES

'It is war's prize to take all vantages.'
*Third Part of King Henry VI.*

EARLY in 1648 the expected rising in Essex assumed a tangible shape, and the heretofore distant thunders of the Civil War came down and broke upon the very gates of Lees.

The county, which had been so strong against the King in 1642, was now roused to protest no less strongly against military rule. On May 4 a petition from Essex was brought to Westminster by a procession of 2,000 men on horse and foot. It was said to represent 30,000 inhabitants, who prayed that the King might be satisfied and the army disbanded. On June 4 the County Committee sat at Chelmsford, to take steps for arresting the Royalist movement. This committee was so unpopular that a crowd forced its way into the room where it was sitting and carried off its members as prisoners. Among them were Charles Rich and Sir Harbottle Grimston, who were escorted to London with the understanding that they were to persuade Parliament to include Kent and Essex in the Indemnity about to be offered to all who had either taken part in the disturbances, or who had enlisted in the trained bands. This, Parliament undertook to do, on condition the committee men were at once liberated. The Indemnity was proclaimed at Chelmsford on the 6th. On the 7th Lord Goring (he was by this time Earl of Norwich, but the three narrators

of the subsequent events all give him the earlier title), fresh from triumphs in Kent, arrived and was joined there almost immediately by Sir Charles Lucas, Sir George Lisle (both well-known soldiers, and the former an Essex man), Lord Capel, and Lord Loughborough, each in command of some troops. The united forces were displayed in the park of New Hall, four miles from the town of Chelmsford, and at the time the seat of the Duke of Buckingham. They numbered some thousands, many of them, as one of the narrators tells us, being 'those gallant youths, the apprentices of London.' Early in the morning of Saturday, June 10, this whole army, under the command of Lord Goring and Sir Charles Lucas, set off to advance upon Lees, there to seize arms for the King.

In her account of this armed visit to her house, Mary says that Goring was 'one of my best friends, and upon that account, I was used so well that, bating some arms they took, there was not anything touched; and they stayed only but a dinnering time with me, and so marched on to Colchester.' The stir and commotion which took place within Warwick's mansion when this hungry, hostile army arrived outside the battlemented gateway can be well imagined. The fright, the panic of the household, must have been extreme, in spite of the steward's presence and his astute concealment of his master's resources. Soon it was whispered among them that the officer in command was a friend of their young mistress. Even then the hurry and bustle to provision and satisfy such a devouring multitude must have been strangely exciting in those rural solitudes. Doubtless the retainers cordially agreed in thinking it well that Mary was there. 'For possibly,' she adds, 'if there had been none but servants, the house would not have been secured, as by my being there it was.' Many a manor house in the country was not let off so easily as to have only its larders and armoury ransacked.

A vivid picture of this invasion of Lees by the Royalist army

is given by the steward, Arthur Wilson. His ruse of hiding a large portion of the arms was entirely successful at first, and when the visitors came to suspect what he had done, it was but natural that he should suppose one of the women servants to have divulged the secret. This, however, only gave him a chance of showing still further his ingenuity, by hiding the housekeeper and the keys.

That day that Goring crossed the water, my Lord sent me to Leeze, with a great part of the family, to secure his house. I met Mr. Rich, Sir Harbottle Grimston, and Sir Martin Lumley, in the way, who had been at Chensford, to offer those tumultuous people indemnity from the Parliament, if they would retire to their own homes. But they slighted their offer. And the parliament men, with some difficulty, got from them, they having committed Sir Henry Rowe and others of the committee of the County, intending they should run the same hazard they did.

The news coming fresh that morning to the Parliament, that the Lord General had routed the Kentish forces at Maidstone, I gave these gentlemen the first notice of it. They desired me to inform Sir William Hixe[1] of it, and others of the leaders at Chensford, which I did. But it took no impression in their belief. They asked me what the Common Council did at London, and whether there were not uproars there? I told them all was quiet, and therefore they ran a dangerous hazard in this attempt. But there was too much noise, too many commanders, and too few obeyers, to listen to any good advice. But I gathered by their discourse that they expected a general insurrection, especially in the city. As we were in this discourse, one comes in, and gives an alarm. Whether of design to prepare them or out of fear, I staid not to examine. For, in the confusion, I slunk away, lest I should be taken in their trap, and went home to Lees to secure my Lord's house: which I could easily do, if any party or stragglers should attempt it.

From thence I sent scouts every day to know which way they bent their course, and what they did. And I heard that the Lord Capel, with some few with him, the Lord Loughborough and his

[1] Sir William Hicks, of Ruckholt, in Leyton parish, son of Sir Michael Hicks, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, and ancestor of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer.

brother, with some others, were come to them. That they had drawn their forces into the field; and there the soldiers made election of Sir Charles Lucas to be their General, one who had been a great commander for the King. And then the Lord Goring coming up with his rabble, it made many, both officers and soldiers, slip away from Chensford, assuring themselves that body could not be of a sound constitution where there was such a predominance of peccant humors.

My Lord General, hearing of this commotion, and of Goring's joining with them, sent Colonel Whalley, with a party of fifteen hundred horse and foot, to follow these roysterers, and amuse them till he could bring up more forces to quell them, who, drawing somewhat near them, they began to stir.

Upon their first motion, one of my scouts gave me intimation that they intended to rifle my Lord's armoury at Leeze. And presently after, I had a message from my Lord Goring that he
1648 would dine at Leeze (being on Saturday the [10th] of June) and borrow my Lord's arms. I knew it impossible for me, with five hundred men (if I had them), to hold the house against an army which brought ordnance. And receiving assurance from them that nothing should be taken away but arms, I shut up the gates, called our people into the armoury, and took down one entire side of it, and better, hiding the arms in divers obscure places of the house. Which we had no sooner done, but some thirty or forty gentlemen, Colonels, and other officers, came to the gates protesting they came from Lord Goring and Sir Charles Lucas, to protect the house from the violence and rapine of the soldiers. Finding some of them to be our neighbours (as Colonel Maxey,[1] and some others whom I knew) who might do us no good, and could do us no hurt (for we had men enough in the house to grapple with them; they being armed only with swords, and we having every man his carbine or musket), I let them in. And truly their demeanour was very fair and civil.

Presently, after them, the army marched through one of the parks, and came close by the house. But having neither order nor discipline among them, the soldiers left their ranks, and some fell to killing of deer; some to taking of horses; and others

[1] Three sons of Sir William Maxey, of Bradwell-juxta-Coggeshall, commanded in the Royalist army; this was William, the third, a major-general, who died January 25, 1660.

clambered over the walls, and came into the house. Those who were abroad could not be restrained; but those who came over the walls were beaten out again by these gentlemen.

About one of the clock, the Lord Goring came, who in a very formal speech, told me his intention was only to borrow my Lord's arms. That there was a necessity for it: their lives, honor, and all that was dear to them, depended upon it. That they were pursued by an enemy, and, they having many unarmed men, must make themselves as strong as they can, for their own defence. That they should be delivered to him by inventory and he (like an old courtier) would see them made good again, but he assured me we should receive no other prejudice: for nothing but arms and ammunition should be diminished.

Then he went into the armoury. And seeing it empty, he asked, what was become of the rest of the arms? I told him my Lord of Manchester had arms of it for his regiment, which were lost at the battle of Kineton. Which was a truth. And he made no further inquiry, but took those he found there.

Then he commanded a party of about an hundred men to come into the outward court, to take away the arms, whereof he distributed some. The rest were loaded in carts. And these men could hardly secure the house from the rabble, who pressed to get in. So that the officers had much ado to keep themselves from being overrun by their own soldiers. For there being two Generals, and all the scum of the country, and many hundreds of apprentice boys from London (for the trained bands were most of them gone, leaving their arms behind them), who knew not whom to call Commander, nor how to be obedient, there was such a confusion, that the officers with swords drawn did not only protect the house, but themselves.

By the time that they had got carts, loaded them with arms, and fitted my Lord's team of horses to draw away two brass field pieces which were in the house, it inclined towards night. About seven of the clock (my Lord Goring being gone), Sir Charles Lucas and some of the officers, came to me and told me there were more arms in the house, and they would have them or they would search all the house for them. And some of the officers were pleased to threaten me very roughly if I concealed any. I wished them to do their pleasures: they should see all the house freely.

Lucas pointed to the place where the said arms were. It seems

some traitor among ourselves had inform'd him that we had reserved some of them. I suspected one of the ordinary women to be the divulger of it. The housekeeper being by me, I winked on him to go out of the way. And then I called for the housekeeper, with the keys, seeming greedy to lay all open to their view. But, the housekeeper not being suddenly found, night drew on, and part of their army was marched away. Colonel Whalley was at their heels, and gave them an alarum. So that it hindered any further search.

Then they mounted with all speed, and had much ado to get their soldiers out of the house. Lucas, riding into the inner court to get some of them out, the pavement being of smooth freestone, his horse slipt, and fell flat upon his side, bruising the rider's thigh and knee, so that he could scarce stand (which was but a bad omen to his enterprise), but he was helped up again, and they hasted away.

So we lost some horses, two brass guns, a great part (though not half) of our arms, barrels of powder, some match and bullet, and, after drinking some twenty hogsheads of beer, one hogshead of sack, and eating up all our meat and killing at least one hundred deer in the three parks about the house, we were rid of our ill guests.

Rumours were soon spread abroad among the neighbours that the army had been feasted at Lord Warwick's seat, and that the Royalists had been invited to help themselves to arms. Wilson, fearing that this sinister information might reach his master, who was now about to return from Kent, set off to meet him, under the escort of a neighbour, Sir Richard Everard, of Waltham. They met about halfway between Billericay and Chelmsford. Wilson made haste to his story. He told of the arrival of the troops, which he computed to be about 7,000[1] strong, of the ranging of them in battalions in one of the parks,

[1] This number is much exaggerated. The author of the next account says they were about 1,000, in which there were not more than 100 Horse. Dr. Gardiner (*History of the Civil War*, vol. iii. p. 399) estimates Goring's forces in Colchester at 4,000. Many joined them after they left Leighs.

while stragglers on horse and foot pilfered the villages round, and scoured the parks, killing the deer, catching and carrying off spoils from the stud of young horses which roamed in the glades. He described how, from two in the morning until eight o'clock at night, the clatter of arms and the shout of multitudes mingled with the neighing of horses and the rumbling of carts in the paved courtyards, and woke all the echoes of the now desolate place.

Two other accounts of this eventful day, from the pen of eye-witnesses, remain to be compared with Wilson's. To the first writer's identity there is no clue. He was evidently attached to the person of Arthur, Lord Capel, one of the Royalist leaders of Goring's troops. His allusion to 'those gallant youths the apprentices of London, a race of the most hopeful soldiers I ever saw,' is interesting as showing the part taken by the young Londoner in the Civil War.[1]

On Saturday the 10th of June, we marched from Chelmsford in the sight of Colonel Whalley who two days before was advanced towards us with a considerable party of horse and foote, and held them on the common about two miles distant from our quarters, from whence he gave us frequent alarms. In our march we enter'd my Lord of Warwick's House at Leighs, where we took two brass sakers, some muskets, pistols, carbines, and pikes, with a good proportion of powder and match, all excellent in their kind, a very seasonable supply, we having many brave men who march'd on foot with us unarmed, whose zeal to the cause embarqu'd them in the adventure without respect to their convenience, especially those gallant youths the apprentices of London, who had broken their indentures to keep their allegiance, a race of the most hopeful soldiers I ever saw, whose gentle behaviour, bold and generous actions, justify their births (being most of them gentle men, their nature not yet being corrupted with the love of gain, that leaven which sours the mass of general qualities), and therefore were run away from their sordid and rebellious masters. We wonder'd

[1] Duke of Beaufort's MSS. *Hist. MSS. Commission, Report XII.* App. ix. p. 21.

much the enemy had not secured this magazine, they having it in their power, but the careful observer of this relation will find they are capable of their oversights. Whilst we halted in Leighs Park, there came in to us a troop of horse from Hertfordshire, under the command of Colonel Sayers, a gentlemen who had formerly served the Parliament, but being undeceived was come to make atonement for his fault, and acquitted himself with great honour and industry during the whole action. That night we marched to Braintree, the enemy looking on our rear at a distance, which respect we must acknowledge with thanks to Colonel Whalley, for had he attempted us, in all probability we had been broken, he having above a thousand old horse, and we not a hundred in any form that we could trust, and we marched over Leighs Park, a very large campagnia.

The fourth independent narrative of this visit to Leighs is from the pen of Mathew Carter, Quartermaster-General to Lord Goring.[1]

Saturday the tenth we marched on towards Braintree, but took Leeds [*sic*] House in our march, belonging to the Earl of Warwick, where we were like to have been opposed by some people who were purposely placed there; and upon the Quartermaster-General's coming thither to secure it from the violence of the soldiers, refused to open their gates, being about twelve or more men with fire-arms and two drakes, saying that they were placed there for the securing of the house, and they would rather die than deliver it up to be plundered tamely. But being afterwards, by some parley, informed that the General was commanded before to secure them from injury, they gave him entrance, with some other gentleman, believing it was but little boot for them to dispute with an army. About noon the General and Sir Charles Lucas came, and having first dined there, seized on the armoury, where they found a good magazine, both of arms and ammunition of all sorts; so we carried from thence the two brass field pieces, and about two or three hundred muskets, and as many pikes, with about sixty great saddles, and body arms proportionable to them, and some pistols and carbines, and a good proportion of match and ball, with divers other instruments and furniture of war. But

[1] *A Most True and Exact Relation*, 2nd ed. 1650, p. 8.

many of the saddles we left behind for want of carriages for them. Here we Rendezvoused till the afternoon, till towards night, in the Park beyond the house ; the enemy rendezvousing also with a party of theirs very near the other side, and that night in the Park, but adventured not to appear all that day in sight of our army. There was a party of Horse also came into us upon the march (which a long time we supposed an enemy), from Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire, consisting of about six score. From thence we marched forwards, and quartered that night at Braintree.

From Braintree the Royalists intended originally, it seems, to proceed into Suffolk and Norfolk. But at Lucas's persuasion they were induced to turn aside to Colchester, his own native place, and where he hoped many recruits would join his ranks. A serious obstruction, however, lay directly in his route, viz. at Coggeshall, the first halting place on the old Roman road, which runs in an unswerving line through the northern part of the level county, on its way from St. Albans to Colchester. Sir Thomas Honywood, of Marks Hall, near Coggeshall, although a member of the County Committee, had, luckily for him, been absent from the meeting at Chelmsford, and thus had escaped arrest. Gathering together the trained bands of his district, and being joined by Colonel Sparrow and Colonel Harlackenden, with other bands, Honywood had swooped down upon the county magazine at Braintree, and had captured all the arms and ammunition before Goring could arrive there. He was now lying in wait near his house, his soldiers probably encamped in the park, where they could be firmly entrenched under the shelter of the dense woods, which even now, in spite of many a stubbing by spendthrift and impecunious squires, extend for miles around its borders.

The tactics of Lucas and Goring now suggested a resort to strategy. Heading straight for the Isle of Ely, they marched out, under cover of the night, some miles in a north-westerly direction. In their efforts to 'amuse the enemy,' as the

narrator puts it, they reached perhaps the village of Shalford, or possibly as far as Wethersfield. Then they suddenly wheeled right about and marched back into Braintree. With little loss of time, they started again north-east for Halstead, and by means of this detour arrived on Monday, June 11, within the walls of Colchester. All this time, the enemy was within three hours of them, but, according to the account, so deceived by the stratagem, that they knew not which way to follow. Whalley had indeed been pressing on their rear almost since they left Leighs. On the 12th he was joined by Fairfax.

The General, who had been with his army in Kent, after hearing a sermon at Gravesend on Sunday, June 10, crossed the Thames at Tilbury with what troops he had, 'and then, racked with gout as he was, led them on to Billericay.'[1] Arriving at Chelmsford, he pushed on impatiently in advance with his horse, and on the evening of the 12th, he drew bridle in Lexden, a mile and a half from Colchester, only a few hours after Lucas and Goring had passed through that village. On the 13th, his brigade of infantry, under Colonel Barkstead, caught him up, having covered, as Dr. Gardiner points out, about fifty miles in little more than forty-eight hours.

Now commenced the famous siege, upon the incidents of which inhabitants of the ancient walled town delight to dwell. For ten long weeks the Parliamentary attack was pressed in vain. Lucas, whose military skill was of a high order, still held out against the besiegers. He planted his artillery upon the walls and ramparts, and planned constant sallies. Against famine he could not hold out, and when in the sultry weeks of August nothing remained for the beleaguered citizens to eat save the putrid carcases of dead dogs and horses, mutiny and discontent were everywhere rife in the famished town.

By August 19 Goring was compelled to ask for terms. Those conceded seem unnecessarily hard, but Fairfax was

[1] S. R. Gardiner, *History of the Civil War*, vol. iii. p. 399.

inexorable. The privates and subaltern officers were admitted to quarter for their lives; the lords, gentlemen, and superior officers were to submit to mercy. On the 27th the articles of capitulation were signed, and a council of war met to select the persons who should be put to death. Lucas's fall in the paved inner court of Lees, not three months earlier, might have been regarded by him as an evil omen. For he was then riding straight on to his certain death, a death which was something more than the fortunes of war. The council selected him, with Sir George Lisle and Sir Bernard Gascoigne, to be shot as soldiers, reserving their superiors in rank, Lords Goring and Capel, to be dealt with by civil justice.

On August 28, at two in the afternoon, sentence was passed, but time was to be granted to the condemned for seeing a minister and partaking of the communion. Shortly before sundown that night, they were brought out by the little postern to the southern grassy slope of the castle bailey. Above it towers the massive keep, while tall oak and elm trees of a century's growth overhang the walls. Down far below winds the river Colne through its broad valley. Ireton, Whalley and Rainsborough had been appointed to see the sentence carried out, and stood there awaiting the Royalist leaders. The two soldiers embraced each other, exchanged a parting word, and then shots were fired on Lucas first. Lisle stooped and kissed his dead comrade's face, then called to the firing party to come nearer. 'I'll warrant, sir,' said one of the men, 'we'll hit you.' 'Friends,' replied Lisle, 'I have been nearer you when you have missed me.' But this time they did not miss.

Gascoigne, who had already taken off his doublet, was at this last moment reprieved, some said on account of his devout preparations for death, and others because he was a foreigner and a person of quality. 'Thus fell,' says Mathew Carter in his impassioned language, 'these matchless twins of valour and pair of glorious martyrs, posting to receive the inheritance of

their never dying honour in the other world, being thrust headlong out of this for having too much here.'

News of the execution would not take long to travel to Lees, where Robert Boyle was perhaps a guest at the time. He had spent part of the summer there, in sufficient detachment of mind from all the strife of war and politics to compose one of his imaginative and non-scientific works. The treatise on 'Seraphic Love,' addressed to his friend Lindamor, a disappointed lover, was not published until 1660, after the death of that young gentleman, but its graceful dedication to Mary is dated August 1648.

> It was at that delicious Leez, where you are now the mistress, that this letter was written, and it was of you that I borrowed those hours I spent in writing it. It was to you that I showed almost sheet by sheet before I resolved to send it away. It is you that can best excuse the imperfections of it, as knowing not only the more obvious, but the more private avocations and other disadvantages, among which it was penned.

Lindamor's Hermione had 'disobliged' him, and the philosopher seeking, no doubt in vain, to indoctrinate the lover with his own view of the inferiority of earthly passion, says, 'It is my task to unhood your soul, and shew her game to fly at!' He has never been able cordially to approve of his friend's love, not from any dislike of the lady: 'I wished it withdrawn from Hermione not to annihilate, but to transfigure it.'

The disappointed Lindamor probably retaliated by accusing the philosopher of never having experienced the arrows of Cupid. Robert Boyle, writing to his niece Barrymore, upon a false report of his proposed marriage, says humorously: 'The little gentleman and I are still at the old defiance.' And so they remained until the end. Boyle never married, nor, as it appears, was he ever in love. Indeed, in some other passages of his letters, as of this same treatise, he expresses a quaint whimsical surprise at himself that he has never experienced any symptoms of the universal malady.

Walker & Cockerell, imp.

*Robert Rich,*
*2nd Earl of Warwick.*

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE FAMILY OF RICH

'What is your parentage?'—*Twelfth Night.*

Upon no male owner of 'delicious Leez' does fancy play so much as upon the fortunes of the 'merry' Admiral, Robert, the second Earl of Warwick. From Van Dyck's canvas his dark, lean face looks out with all the sincerity of a Puritan, all the spirit of adventure of a great Elizabethan, and all the humour and jollity of an English sailor.

From his mother, the peccant but beautiful Penelope Devereux, the Stella of Sidney's immortal verses, Robert Rich inherited his handsome person. To this he added so much skill in all the courtly graces, that he soon became one of the most admired performers in the tournaments and tiltings inaugurated by King James. His brother Henry was not far behind him; and to one or both of these accomplished courtiers, parts were assigned in Ben Jonson's 'Masque of Beauty,' so gorgeously performed at Whitehall during the Christmas revelries of 1608. But Court pageants did not long content the elder of the brothers; as Wilson, the steward, says: 'Though he had all those excellent endowments of body and fortune that give splendour to a glorious court, yet he used it but as his recreation. For his spirit aimed at more public adventure, planting colonies in the Western World, rather than himself in the King's favour.' So, with the characteristic islander's spirit, he began to dream of prizes and possessions to

be gained across the seas. By many roving voyages and bold feats of privateering, he built up both a name and a fortune, as well as made for himself some enemies. The sea he loved, and as one who must have sailed under him says, 'was never sick one hour upon it.' The same individual describes how, when he was over forty and had put to sea with a fleet of eight ships to attack the Spaniards, he would climb as nimbly as 'any common mariner in the ship' to top and yard, and during all the fighting was as active as, and exposed himself to danger with, any of the crew.

From his colonising voyages in the West, Warwick returned a confirmed Puritan and upholder of political freedom. When Charles began his turnscrew policy, no man more sturdily opposed it than Warwick. As Lord Lieutenant of Essex he was the leader in that puritan county of the strong opposition both to the payment of ship-money and (which touched still more closely), the revival of the forest laws in Hainault and Waltham. Twice he held the office of Lord High Admiral of England under the Parliament, by whom he was appointed in flat defiance of the King's mandate for Sir John Pennington. When in May 1648, several ships of the Parliamentary fleet revolted to the King, he was hastily reappointed to the command he had laid down three years earlier. Warwick succeeded in raising new reinforcements of men, and introducing some reforms into the navy. But with the Parliament's final act against the King's person, he withdrew his support, and within a month of the death of Charles the management of the fleet was again invested in a Council of State. Warwick's intervention was unable to save his brother Henry, now made Earl of Holland, and he was executed by the Parliament at the beginning of the following March.

Wounded by these losses, Warwick immediately retired from all public life, even quitting his home at Lees, and his native county, where at the time anti-royalist feeling ran high among friends and neighbours.

From March 1649 to 1653, Warwick and his family lived at Beddington House, the ancient seat of the Carews, in Surrey, which he hired from Nicholas Carew at a rental of 100*l.* per annum. From a curious bill that survives[1] it appears that his household consumed an enormous number of 'conies,' which were paid for at one shilling the couple. 'A hundred hoyle of tithe straw out of the Parsonage Barn' also appears as an item. At Beddington, says Evelyn, learned in horticulture, flourished the first orange gardens in England. Pomegranates too, according to him, bore fruit there, being planted in the ground and 'secured in winter with a wooden tabernacle and stoves.' The 'gardens with their walks' were a joy to Mary, and a visit to Beddington in after life a pleasure never to be missed when she was in the neighbourhood. A move from the neighbourhood of the damp fishponds of Lees to a higher and healthier situation seemed perhaps desirable to Warwick in the state of his daughter-in-law's health.

While the political horizon was at its gloomiest, the domestic outlook had been also dark; for at the end of 1648 smallpox broke out in the Rich family. Fortunately they were at Warwick House and within reach of medical skill, which in the country was far to seek. Mary was one of the first attacked, and was a long time shut up away from all the rest. No one but Katherine came near her. The date of her illness is definitely fixed by a remark in her autobiography. When, contrary to Dr. Wright's expectation, his patient had passed the worst and seemed on the road to recovery, 'news of that barbarous and wicked action of beheading King Charles the First was of a sudden told me, which did again endanger me, for I had a great abhorrence of that bloody act, and was much disordered at it.'

To Mary, as to so many women of her time, loyalty was more even than liberty. Perhaps also something of Warwick's feeling may be read in his daughter-in-law's strong expressions;

[1] Add. MSS. 29605, ff. 43.

for he had become almost more to her than her own father. To the end of her life, she never failed to keep January 30, the date of the King's death, as a solemn fast.

Another illness of which she tells, seems, from its curious symptoms, to have been a form of hysteria.

> My head was highly disordered to a degree that sometimes I knew nobody, and would talk idly and extravagantly; in which sickness too, my dear sister Ranelagh came down to see me; and afterwards, when I was able, though very weak, to be put into a coach, I was by Dr. Wright's order removed to my own house in Lincoln's Inn Fields to be near my doctor, where I lay a great while in a very weak and ill condition; but in that sickness had much satisfaction to see the great and tender and obliging care my husband and father-in-law had of me, and my mother-in-law too was much concerned for me. It pleased my good and merciful God after a long time to cure me perfectly, by His blessing upon Dr. Wright's means, who told me that in all his great and long practice, he had never known but one that was as I had been. My illness was, as he told me, occasioned by fumes of the spleen, which had such strange effects upon me as to make my head shake as if I had had the palsy, and made me too many times to speak so that I could hardly be understood by anybody. In this distemper I would laugh and cry for nothing; and although I did recover yet for a long time after my head by fits would be much disturbed, but at last by God's mercy I attained to perfect health again.

After all this chronicle of sickness, the chime of wedding bells across the story rings in a pleasant relief. Young Robert, the only son of Charles's elder brother Robert, was to be wedded at last to Frances Cromwell, fourth and youngest daughter of the Protector. Burnet's account of the astounding proposal that this lady should become the wife of the banished prince (or king, as Mary would have called him) is apparently serious; the matter seems to have been actually negotiated by our old friend Lord Broghill, later made Earl of Orrery. Certainly there was no one on better or more honourable terms with both parties. Having already interested the mother of the proposed bride,

he diplomatically approached the matter with Cromwell himself, by purporting to repeat a rumour supposed to be circulating in the city. 'The king,' Cromwell is said to have answered, 'can never forgive his father's blood.' And when other considerations were urged, a weightier objection than that of personal safety sprang to his lips. 'He is so damnably debauched,' he is reported to have said, 'he would undo us all.' This story may or may not be true. The language, though picturesque, is hardly Cromwellian, and it cannot be supposed that the Protector would in 1657 have spoken of Charles as 'the king.'

Carlyle, with a characteristic gibe at 'young lady's grammar,' gives a letter from Mary Cromwell to her brother Henry in Ireland, which relates the ups and downs that had attended this match.

Hampton Court: 23 June, 1656.

Dear Brother,—Your kind letters do much engage my heart towards you, that I can never express in writing the true affection and value I have for you, who, truly I think, none that knows you but you may justly claim it from.

I must confess myself in great fault in omitting to write to you and your dear wife so long a time. But I suppose you cannot be ignorant of the reason, which truly has been the only cause; which is this business of my sister Frances and Mr. Rich. Truly, I can truly say it, for these three months I think our family, and myself in particular, have been in the greatest confusion and trouble as ever poor family can be in. The Lord tell us His mind in it, and settle us, and make us what He would have us be! I suppose you heard of the breaking off of the business; and according to your desire in your last letter, as well as I can, I shall give you a full account of it: which is this: After a quarter of a year's admittance, my father and my Lord Warwick began to treat about the estate; and it seems my Lord did not offer what my father expected. I need not name particulars: for I suppose you have them from better hands; but if I may say the truth, I think it was not so much estate as from private reasons which my father discovered to none but my sister Frances and to his own family—which was a dislike to the young person. Which he has from some reports of his being a

vicious man, given to play and such like things; which office was done by some who had a mind to break off the match. My sister, hearing these things, was resolved to know the truth of it, and truly did find all the reports to be false that were recited of him. And to tell you the truth, they were so much engaged in affection before this that she could not think of breaking it off. So that my sister engaged me and all the friends she had, who truly were very few, to speak in her behalf to my father. Which we did. But could not be heard to any purpose: only this my father promised, that if he were satisfied as to the report, the estate should not break it off, with which she was satisfied.

So after this there was a second treaty; and my Lord Warwick desired my father to name what it was he demanded more, and to his utmost he would satisfy him. So my father upon this made new propositions, which my Lord Warwick has answered as much as he can. But it seems there are 500*l.* a year in my Lord Rich's hands, which he has power to sell, and there are some people that persuade his Highness that it would be dishonorable for him to conclude it unless these 500*l.* a year be settled upon Mr. Rich after his father's death. And my Lord Rich, having no esteem at all of his son, because he is not as bad as himself, will not agree to it, and these people upon this persuade my father that it would be a dishonour to him to yield upon these terms, it would show that he was made a fool of by my Lord Rich. So the truth is, how it shall be, I cannot understand, nor very few else; and truly I must tell you privately, they are so far engaged that the match cannot be broke off. She acquainted none of her friends with her resolution, when she did it. Dear Brother, this is as far as I can tell the state of the business. The Lord direct them what to do. And all, I think, ought to beg of God to pardon her in her doing of this thing: which I must say truly she was put upon by the [course] of things—Dear, let me beg my excuses to my sister for not writing my best respects to her. Pardon this trouble; and believe me that I shall approve myself, dear Brother, your affectionate sister and servant,

MARY CROMWELL.

These negotiations are further elucidated by some correspondence recently come to light.[1] 'If my Lord Protector

[1] *Report of the MSS. of Mrs. Frankland-Russell-Astley*, Hist. MSS. Commission, 1900, pp. 21–23.

insists upon these high demands,' Lord Warwick writes to his grandson, 'your business will soon be at an end, for I assure you nothing could have made me come to half that I have offered but seeing your great affection to my Lady Frances and her good respect to you.' The young man seems to have retired to some unknown spot where his family cannot reach him; and Lord Warwick complains 'you might have gone to my house at Rochford and lain there as long as you would, and nobody to trouble you. . . . I would have you send me word where you are that we may know how to send to you.' However, things were eventually smoothed over by the grandparents. Lady Devonshire assured her grandson that his friends rejoice that he 'is likely to be delivered suddenly from his obscure condition,' and beseeches him not to neglect his health or slight a cold—'care of yourself will now be more considerable than ever, that this romance may receive a happy close.' Then follows a frolicsome little epistle from Warwick—endorsed by Lady Frances 'L. Warwick in a pleasant humour'—beginning 'Thou small cur, yet a cur to the best, finest lady in the world,' and after scolding the lover for again running away, bidding him 'be of good comfort for a few days, for in one seven nights your sun shall shine on you to a lasting comfort if you continue worthy of her favour. And so, small white cur, God bless thee. —Your grandsire as you please.'

The wedding took place at Whitehall on November 11, 1657, but the marriage bells had hardly ceased to sound when the bridegroom fell into a consumption. One suspects that his health, and not the money, was the Protector's real objection.

Robert Rich died at Whitehall on February 16, 1658, aged twenty-three. Doctor Gauden, Dean of Bocking, in whose house he had spent the four years of his life immediately succeeding his mother's death, and who afterwards accompanied him to France, preached the sermon[1] at the public funeral

[1] *Funerals Made Cordials*, by John Gauden, 1650.

on March 5, at Felsted. Thither his body was conveyed with much pomp from Warwick House

to be laid up with the mortal reliques of his excellent mother and other his noble ancestors, to whom he is gone before his father or grandfather, by a preposterous fate inverting the usual, and by most parents desired, methods of mortality.

So broken-hearted was Warwick at his young heir's death, that, when he was waiting at Lees for the arrival of the funeral procession from Holborn, he told his attendants that if they only stayed a little longer, they might carry him away too, to be buried with his grandson in the church that crowns the hill. It was a curious fatality, as has been most aptly remarked, 'that impelled the house of Rich to live among the malarious fishponds of Lees, and have their place of burial on the healthy height of Felsted.' [1]

Three weeks after the death of the young grandson around whom his hopes had centred, Warwick writes the following touching letter to Cromwell : [2]

March 11, 1658.

My Lord,—My pen and my heart were ever your Lordship's servants : now they are become your debtors. This paper cannot enough confess my obligation, and much less discharge it, for your seasonable and sympathising letters, which (besides the value they derive from so worthy a hand) express such faithful affection and administer such Christian advice as renders them beyond measure welcome and dear to me. And although my heaviness and distraction of thoughts persuades me rather to peruse those excellent lines than to answer them, and to take relief from them rather than make a return to them, yet I must not be so indulgent to mine own sorrows as to lose this opportunity of being thankful to your Lordship for so great a favour. My Lord, I dare not be insensible of that hand which hath laid a very sharp and awaking affliction upon me, but we may not be so presumptuous as to make choice of our own

[1] Sargeaunt's *Hist. of Felstead School*, 1889, p. 98.
[2] Godwin's *Hist. of the Commonwealth*, vol. iv. p. 528.

rod, or so much as in thought to detract from, or diminish, the justice and wisdom and goodness of God in those hard events which must all stand inviolable when millions of such worms as I am are gone to dust. I must say I have lost a dear and comfortable relation, one in whom I had much determined my affections, and lodged my hopes, which are now rebuked and withered by a hasty and early death; but my property in him was inferior to His who hath taken him, and I must rest my heart in His proceedings, making it my care and suit that those evils which cannot be averted may be sanctified. In order to which, I desire, from this one sad instance, to argue the whole world of vanity and variableness. Alas! what a staff of need are these things, which have no stay in themselves, and therefore can give none to us. They witness their own impotency, and themselves admonish us to pitch our rest above this sphere of changeable mortality, and to cast anchor in heaven, while we can find no hold at all on earth. Assuredly he that will have and hold a right tranquillity must found it in a sweet fruition of God, which whosoever wants may be secure, but cannot be quiet. My Lord, all this is but a broken echo of your pious counsel, which gives such ease to my oppressed mind that I can scarce forbid my pen being tedious. Only it remembers your Lordship's many weighty and noble employments, which together with your prudent heroic and honorable management of them, I do here congratulate, as well as my grief will give me leave. Others' goodness is their own; yours is a whole country's, yea three kingdoms', for which you justly possess interest and renown with wise and good men. Virtue is a thousand escutcheons. Go on, my Lord; go on happily to love religion, to exemplify it. May your Lordship long continue an instrument of use, a pattern of virtue, and a precedent of glory. This is the inward and affectionate prayer of, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most affectionate servant,

WARWICK.

Frances herself, as soon as she is able, although not for some months, writes to her brother Henry in Ireland, in acknowledgment of his sympathy: [1]

June 19 [1658].

Dear Brother,—Though I know myself to be very guilty of neglect to you, yet give leave to hope this paper will beg your pardon

[1] Lansdowne MSS. 823, fo. 401.

for my so long silence. I can with confidence declare, and without compliment, that none would be more rejoiced if in anything I could express the love and dear affection I have for you than myself.

Dear brother, I could fill this paper with giving you an account of the afflictions I have met with, but I shall not give you that trouble now : only let me tell you I have lost a dear husband. The Lord help me to make a sanctified use of it and all His dispensations to me. 'Tis true I have great mercies left me, in my relations, that many of God's precious ones want, though I think that nothing in the world can repair my loss, and indeed do not prize anything in it below Christ. I hope it is my earnest desire to get Him for my husband that will never die.

Pardon these poor broken imperfect lines, and believe they come from her that desires to approve herself to be your dear sister and servant

FRANCES RICH.

I beg of you to present my service to my dear sister and tell her I should have troubled her with my rude lines, but that [owing to] my sister Elisabeth going into the country to-morrow, I had no time. She hath been very ill, but blessed be God we hope she is in the mending hand.

Pray burn it.

The last reference in poor Frances's rude imperfect lines suggests the beginning of that fatal illness of his favourite daughter, Betty Claypole, whose death, while he himself lay dying, seemed to cut the last tie that bound Cromwell to life.

Frances married, May 7, 1663, Sir John Russell of Chippenham, Cambridgeshire ; had four children, one of whom she named Rich Russell ; and died nearly sixty-four years after she had stood before the altar as young Rich's bride. When that intelligent Italian, Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, made his tour in England in 1669, he paid her a visit, evidently considering that a member of Cromwell's family was one of the sights of England. Turning aside from Newmarket, where the King was amusing himself at the races, Cosmo's diary tells how, at Chippenham, he played bowls,

ascended the leads of the house, looked through a telescope at Ely Cathedral, and conversed 'in the French language only' with 'Lady Cromwell,' as his secretary calls her. She presented her children, 'one male, the other female, to his highness, who received them with great affability and kindness.'

Within a year, young Rich's father and his grandfather had both followed him to the grave.

I was heartily troubled for him [writes his aunt], but his good grandfather never was so well or merry after his death as before, and outlived him but a little while, for he died at Warwick House of the cholic, keeping his chamber but a day or two, on April 19, 1658, to my unspeakable grief, then the most smarting and most sensible trouble I ever had felt. For though I had before lost my own dear and deserving father, yet my being then young and gay, made an affliction not take so deep an impression as this; and indeed this worthy father-in law of mine merited as much from me as was possible, for in the almost seventeen years I constantly lived with him, from the time I came into his family until his death, he was to me the most civil, kind, and obliging father that ever any person had, and I never had from him anything but constant kindness. He was one of the most best-natured and cheerfullest persons I have in my time met with, and it was some time before I could forbear exceeding much to mourn for him.

Of the character of the old Admiral, save for his cheerfulness, Clarendon takes, of course, quite a different view. It was part of his business to write down the other political party. And he had not lived seventeen years in Warwick's company. Thus much he concedes: 'He was a man of a pleasant and companionable wit and conversation, of an universal jollity. But he goes on to insinuate most unwarrantably that the puritan practices in which Warwick delighted were but a 'cloak for libertinism,' and to impute to him 'such a licence in his words and in his actions that a man of less virtue could not be found out.' He does the Admiral the credit, however, to say that 'he left his estate, which before was subject to a vast debt, more improved and repaired than any man who had

trafficked in that desperate commodity of rebellion.' Warwick's earlier enterprises in the 'still vext Bermoothes,' the East Indies, Virginia, and the New England Colonies, not only brought him in a substantial addition to his revenues, but have established his name as one of the earliest pioneers of that colonial expansion out of which Great Britain even then began to build up her Imperial greatness.

When the old Earl was gathered to his fathers, Edmund Calamy went down to Felsted to preach at the funeral. Calamy had held one of the Rich livings at Rochford in the marshes of Essex, and Warwick, beside, had attended the services at Aldermanbury. Calamy says in his sermon: 'We ministers have great cause to weep over his hearse and to bemoan his death. For we have this day lost one of the greatest friends that the godly and painful ministers had in England.' As Clarendon has remarked, Warwick 'opened his doors and made his house the rendezvous of all the silenced ministers in the time.' Neither perhaps foresaw how this friendliness was to be continued by his daughter-in-law.

The new Earl, Robert, did not enjoy his honours long. Dick Lane, afterwards Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles II., and often a visitor at Lees, writing on December 10 to Christopher Hatton, refers to his illness thus: 'I am sorry for the Count Warwick. I hope Charles looks big. My service to them and Lady Mary.' Warwick's first wife, mother of Robert and Charles, was, we remember, Frances Hatton, so Lane was speaking of his correspondent's relations.

Little more than a year after he had succeeded his father, on May 30, 1659, the 3rd Earl of Warwick followed him to the grave. Both his wives were dead, but the dilapidated state of his health had not hindered his being the subject of matrimonial scheming in that matchmaking age. The obtaining of a husband was a matter of the first importance then, whatever it is now, and only a couple of months before his death a

young lady of his acquaintance writes facetiously to a friend, that she thinks she will have the Earl of Warwick 'who had like to have made a civil retreat the other night.' The inducement is that she 'might be a widow [and a Countess] in a very short time, and not be troubled long with him.' [1]

Anne Cavendish, the first wife, had died at the age of twenty-six or twenty-seven. A grand-daughter of the celebrated 'building Bess of Hardwicke,' she was daughter of the second Earl of Devonshire. Her mother, Christian Bruce, only daughter of Lord Kinloss and sister of the Earl of Elgin, was, when married at the Rolls Chapel, in April 1608, a pretty red-haired Scottish lassie of twelve, and a considerable heiress. As Lady Devonshire she long survived her husband, and lived, as we shall see, in some state, at Roehampton House, Putney, which she had purchased from Sir Thomas Dawes. Here, in a chapel consecrated by Archbishop Laud, Rich's marriage had taken place in April 1632. The bride's portion is discussed in one of John Pory's gossipy letters to Sir Thomas Pickering:

> My Lord Rich [he says] shall marry the Lady Anne Cavendish. Her portion to be 8,000*l.* from her father, and 3,000*l.* or 4,000*l.* from her mother. Her jointure 2,000*l.* a year. My Lord Rich's portion after his father's death 6,000*l.* a year, and his present maintenance until then 1,500*l.* per annum.

The six years that Anne survived after her marriage were long enough to endear her vastly to friends both public and private. At her premature death, Sidney Godolphin celebrated her piety and somewhat austere virtues, in a formal epistle culminating in:

> The Lady Rich lies here: more frequent tears
> Have never honour'd any tomb than hers.

Waller made use of the occasion to pen one of his rather

[1] *Hatton Correspondence*, Camden Soc., p. 18.

insincere Odes, in which praise of the departed lady is mingled with abuse of the climate and physical aspect of the county where she had taken up her abode. His aspirations for the speedy depopulation of Essex have, fortunately, not been fulfilled, and one is tempted to wonder if his acquaintance with that much maligned county was personal, or founded solely upon distant views of the low-lying marsh lands of the Dengie, Rochford, and Barstable Hundreds, as beheld from the river Thames. His allusion to the parting of Anne from Dorothy Sidney, his fair Saccharissa, is more likely to imply a meeting at Penshurst of the three friends. It would be interesting to know if Waller was ever at Lees. Some portions of his verses follow:

> May those already curs'd Essexian plains [1]
> Where hasty death and pining sickness reigns,
> Prove all a desert! and none there make stay
> But savage beasts, or men as wild as they!
> There the fair light which all our island grac'd,
> Like Hero's taper in the window plac'd,
> Such fate from the malignant air did find,
> As that exposed to the boisterous wind.
> Ah cruel Heav'n! to snatch so soon away
> Her for whose life, had we had time to pray,
> With thousand vows and tears we should have sought
> That sad decree's suspension to have wrought;
> But we, alas! no whisper of her pain
> Heard, till 'twas sin to wish her here again.
> That horrid word, at once, like lightning spread
> Strook all our ears—The Lady Rich is dead!

[1] Another tribute to the deadly climate of the 'Essexian plains' is to be found in Aubrey's assertion that at Fobbing no less than seven 'curates' died in ten years, while at Laindon he represents the mortality as almost as great. These parishes, like Rochford, all lie near the estuary of the Thames; Leighs to the north of the county. Defoe, it may be remembered, when he passed through this part of the country in 1722, found an amazing rate of female mortality. The Essex farmers became themselves hardened to the climate of the undrained marshes, but the wives they imported from the healthier uplands, sickened and died. It was not unusual to find a man living with his sixth or eighth wife, and he has told of one farmer who was mated to his twenty-fifth!

Heart-rending news! and dreadful to those few
Who her resemble, and her steps pursue,
That Death should license have to rage among
The fair, the wise, the virtuous, and the young!
. . . . . .

There our delight complying with her game
Shall have occasion to recite thy name,
Fair Saccharissa!—and now only fair!
To sacred friendship we'll an altar rear,
(Such as the Romans did erect of old)
Where on a marble pillar shall be told
The lovely passion each to other bare,
With the resemblance of that matchless pair.
Narcissus to the thing for which he pin'd,
Was not more like than yours to her fair mind,
Save that she grac'd the sev'ral parts of life
A spotless virgin and a faultless wife.
Such was the sweet converse 'twixt her and you
As that she holds with her associates now.

How false is Hope, and how regardless Fate
That such a love should have so short a date!
Lately I saw her, sighing, part from thee:
(Alas that this the last farewell should be).
. . . . . .

Well chosen love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the sky.
Then grieve no more that one so heavenly shaped,
The crooked hand of trembling age escaped.
Rather since we beheld her not decay,
But that she vanished so entire away,
Her wondrous beauty and her goodness merit
We should suppose that some propitious spirit
In that celestial form frequented here,
And is not dead, but ceases to appear.[1]

Robert's second wife was his cousin, and a widow, Mistress Ann Rogers, daughter of Sir Thomas Cheeke, of Pirgo Park,

[1] Her portrait by Van Dyck, at Panshanger, was exhibited at Burlington House, in 1900.

Essex. She brought him no son, and died when her three girls, Ann, Mary, and Essex, were but small children. They now become incorporated in this story, for their father on his death-bed committed them to the care of their aunt Mary, who faithfully promised to bring them up as her own.

So Charles Rich, from being a younger son of no expectations, thought too insignificant to aspire to the hand of the Earl of Cork's daughter, was now risen suddenly to be the head of his house, and the 4th Earl of Warwick.

> By the death of all these three above-named endeared relatives of my husband [Mary continues in her autobiography], he in about a year and four months came to be Earl of Warwick. And I had this satisfaction when he came to that honour and noble estate, that I never had so much as a wish for it, but on the contrary hourly prayed for the recovery of them, and mourned for their deaths; for when I married my husband, I had nothing of that honour nor fortune in my thoughts. It was his person I married and cared for, not an estate.
>
> After the funeral of my lord's brother, we removed from Lincoln Inn Fields (where we then lived) to Lees, where I came with a design to glorify God what I could, and to do what good I could to all my neighbours.

We shall see as the story unfolds how bitterly our heroine reproaches herself in after life for the obstinacy with which she had opposed her father's wishes in this marriage.

From the day of her arrival at Lees in her new character we shall observe her influence becoming felt, both indoors and out, in the villages around, and throughout the county, where a great many persons of quality then resided. Among these the new mistress of Lees soon counted a store of intimate acquaintances. For with all her inclination to Quietism, Mary combined undoubted social gifts. Much as she loved solitude, she cared vastly for the society of congenial persons. The number of those who sought her company shows, on the other hand, how highly it was valued.

Whether the Warwicks participated in any of the Restoration

rejoicings in London or no, it is impossible to say. Mary had continued so deeply to mourn the execution of Charles I. as a national sin, that there is every reason to believe she would heartily welcome the return of his son. For the year 1660, however, there is no record of her doings. We only know that gradual decay was stealing over her husband.

The year that followed is distinguished by an accident that might have proved fatal. About seven miles from Lees, at Little Easton Lodge, lived Lady Maynard, perhaps the most congenial friend whom Mary found amongst all her neighbours. It was while driving with Ann and Essex to visit her, on July 23, 1661, that her coach was overturned, and all its inmates thrown out. 'When I was just out of Dunmow town [on the eastern side], the horses ran with us and flung out the coachman,' but before they had gallopped far the heavy vehicle caught against a post, and hung till it toppled over. The coachman was badly hurt. The two girls escaped without an injury, but their aunt received a severe blow on the head, which caused concussion, and a dangerous cut upon one knee, which crippled her for a long time, and had like to have lamed her for life, 'if God had not mercifully by His blessing on the use of means, restored me to my legs again.'

The next year (1662) was marked by a very important event—the marriage of Mary's only son Charles.

In the private chapel at Roehampton, on September 2, just thirty years after the previous union of the two families, a second Ann Cavendish was married to a Rich. The bride was a daughter of William, 3rd Earl of Devonshire, niece of the earlier Ann, whom the bridegroom's uncle had brought home to Lees to die upon the 'curs'd Essexian plains.' Charles's nineteenth birthday was on September 1, the day before his wedding: Ann was about fifteen. The bridegroom was packed off at once to travel on the Continent, while his wife took up her abode at Lees. Four merry young girls were now established

in the Warwick mansion. But the story of this marriage of her 'dear and only son,' the subsequent arrangements, and the sad sequel, must be told in the poor mother's own words :

In 1662, September the second, my son Rich was, at Roehampton Chapel, married to my Lord of Devonshire's daughter, my Lady Ann Cavendish; and they being too young to live together, he went to travel into France September the fifth, and I brought my daughter Rich home with me to Lees the eighth. My son stayed not so long as he was designed to do in France; but returned back to his wife, and they lived together with me till May 1664; and then the eighth day of that month, my dear and only son fell ill, and it proved to be the small-pox, in which distemper of his, after I had removed his wife out of the house from him to her father's (for fear of her being infected) and had sent away my three young ladies to Lees, and got my lord to remove to my sister Ranelagh's, I shut up myself with him, doing all I could both for his soul and body; and though he was judged by his doctors to be in a hopeful way of recovery, yet it pleased God to take him away by death the 16th of May, to my inexpressible sorrow. He wanted about four months of being of age.[1]

It was so sad an affliction that it would certainly have sunk me had not my good and gracious God assisted me to bear it, and given me this comfortable cordial of seeing him die so penitently that I had many comfortable hopes of his everlasting happiness, he making so good and sober an end. And here, O my good God, let me bless Thee for enabling me to bear that great trial of my life without ever having a repining thought at Thee for that sad but just chastisement of me; and for enabling me to confess with my mouth to others, and really and steadily believe in my heart, that Thou wert just in what Thou hadst brought upon me, far less than mine iniquities do deserve. I was, under this sharp trial, so enabled from above with some degree of patience, that I did endeavour to comfort my sad and afflicted husband, who, at the news of his death, when it was told him by my good friend the Earl of Manchester, cried out so terribly that his cry was heard a great way; and he was the saddest afflicted person could possibly be. I confess I loved him at a rate that, if my heart do not deceive

[1] Buried at Felsted, 23 May, 1664. *Planctus Unigeniti, &c.* (1664). Funeral sermon by Walker.

me, I could, with all the willingness in the world, have died either for him or with him, if God had only seen it fit, yet I was dumb and held my peace, because God did it, and was constantly fixed in the belief that this affliction came from a merciful Father, and therefore would do me good.

After my son's death, I was, by my dear sister Ranelagh's care and kindness to me, instantly fetched away from my own house at Lincoln's Inn Fields, where my dear child died, to her house (and never more did I enter that house; but prevailed with my lord to sell it). My dear sister took such care of me in my sadly afflicted condition that I was much supported by it; and I was much, too, assisted and comforted by my good spiritual friend Doctor Walker's advice, who was much with me. Afterwards I was advised to go and drink the waters of Epsom and Tonbridge to remove that great pain I had got constantly at my heart after my son's death; and by the blessing of God I found a great deal of good in them.

After that, by my dear and only child's death, my lord's family grew so thin that the name was like to sink, there being but one brother of my lord's left, and he, being a very extraordinary wild man, was not like to be a very good head to it. I was (as well as my lord) very desirous (if God saw fit) to have more children, and sought to God for some to keep up the honour of that noble house, but I can with truth say, I desired a son more on account of the hopes I had that He might be honoured and owned in it, than upon any other: for that family had for several generations been justly honoured in the county of Essex for the owning and countenancing good people, and for the encouraging of them, and it was a very great aggravation of my loss of my son, to think who would come in his room if my lord died, and what a sad change would be made if my brother Hatton should come to Lees, who would, as himself said, alter the way of that house for the entertaining there those good and holy persons that came, who he was resolved to banish thence. But though he was very confident, as himself often told many of his companions that he should be Earl of Warwick, yet God was pleased to disappoint his expectation by taking him away by death at London, in February the 28th, 1670[–1].

A glimpse of Hatton's calculations on his succession to the title is obtained in a letter from Sir Charles Lyttleton, who has

just returned from his post as Governor-General of Jamaica, to Christopher Hatton. Hatton Rich was now the last male left of the Warwick family :

Oct. 19, 1664

Last night, one Morgan, who married my old Lady Newburgh, and one of the King's horse guard, fell upon Hatton Rich, and in the fray broke his arm, and has stabbed him so deep in the head that I think the surgeons make some question of his life, which was more than he did before of being Lord Warwick, though with some doubt what would become of the estate, for he has so much disobliged his brother, my lord, that he threatens him hard to dispose of it better.

Then the writer is forced into an expression of sincere pity for the unfortunate Charles, who at forty-eight had become a querulous and helpless invalid.

Poor Lord ! he lies continually tormented with the gout, and never stirs but on crutches when he is at the best ease, the malady leaves such a weakness in his limbs.

Hatton seems to have been always an anxiety to his brother, well or ill. Under date February 17, 1668–9, in Mary's diary is the following :

A messenger came from London to my lord to acquaint him that his brother Hatton was so dangerously ill of the stone that his doctors had very little hopes of his recovery, which news put my lord into a great passion, and the thought of the ill life he had lived made me much troubled for fear he should die in such a condition. Dr. Walker went to pray by my lord's bedside for him.

He improved after a few days, but on April 7 fell ill again. 'I received a letter telling me Hatton had relapsed ; had to tell my lord.' It is pleasant to have something to show that there was another side to Hatton's character. From a bright and amusing letter[1] written by him from Tours to Sir Ralph Verney at Blois, about Christmas 1650, it is evident he must have been in his younger days excellent company. He is then living in the lodgings formerly occupied by the Verneys when they were at Tours in exile.

[1] *Verney Memoirs*, iii. 14.

Your friend Antoinette, and all the rest here, kiss your hands, but if they should know that you will not allow them to be belles, I believe it would breed ill blood betwixt you. I have formerly commended the Hay [1] for good people, but indeed, these are so far before them, as there's no comparison, and for the good old man here, he doth so confound me with civilities, both by words and actions, that if he were an old woman, I think verily I should marry him. Now I come to tell you particulars: first, for outward ceremony, he will hardly put on his hat without I use my rhetorick with him, hardly eat a bit of meat without I face him to it, then if he sees that I do not eat, he is always chiding his daughters that they do not get me that I like, so that I am forced to eat till I burst again, although I have no appetite; and always laugh though I am melancholy, lest they should think something displeased me. He hath heard that I borrowed money sometimes at the Hay: he hath asked my man forty times already, whether I want any, and that all he hath is at my service, so that I think I must be fain to borrow money of him lest he should take it ill for me (but pray let not my Lord Willoughby know that, lest he should again dun me), for rolic apart, they are the best people in the world.

Hatton's visits to Lees were not very frequent, but only a couple of months before his death he was there to spend Christmas.

Of his end Mary writes in her diary on March 1, 1671:

In the morning as soon as I waked, I was informed of the ill news of the death of my lord's brother Hatton Rich, which drew some tears of compassion from me. He died the night before at seven o'clock at night at London. I was most of the morning with my lord and the young ladies, comforting them, got some time only to pray, but after dinner whilst my lord slept, my heart was in an extraordinary manner carried out to pray this affliction of the loss of his brother might be sanctified to him.

This morning, my lord having been in most violent pain all March 2
night, I was constant in my attending him, but it pleased God at last to give him some rest, and whilst he slept I had large and

[1] The Hague (La Haye).

awakening meditations of death, and I did call to my mind (upon the death of my brother Hatton) how many of my lord's family and near allies I had seen snatched away by death. Some being younger and stronger than myself, did much work upon me, and these considerations did make me send up strong cries and tears to God for mercy that I might be one of those righteous that have hope in their death, and that I might sleep in Jesus. I found the thoughts of death a little terrible to me, but when I considered that it would put an end to all my sins and sorrows and that after death had put an end to these days of sin, I should be ever with the Lord, and enjoy Him in a blest eternity, where I should have a pure evangelical nature, I found much joy and comfort. Afterwards read and prayed. In the afternoon was tending my lord.

Few things are more characteristic of the Puritans of the time than the abandonment with which they gloated over the thought of death, pondering over it, harping upon it, keeping it ever before their eyes. Even Mary is morbid enough when she gets upon the topic to conjure up an unedifying picture, as the next extract shows:

March 4, 1671 In the morning as soon as up, I had, whilst my lord slept, very large meditations of death, and this day my brother Hatton's body being brought down from London to be buried at Felsted, and upon that occasion the vault there being opened, where I had seen so many of my relations laid, and was like to lie myself, I had very moving thoughts of my lying down in the bed of darkness, and did in a very awakened frame, cry to God for mercy against a dying hour. I found the thought of my lying in my cold bed, and of the worms feeding upon me, and of my turning to dust, to be a little frightful and amazing to me, but it pleased God to let me of a sudden find an extraordinary and reviving joy to think that nothing died finally and totally in a child of God but sin, and that my vile body should be raised and made a glorious one. I had then large meditations of the joys of heaven, and some previous gustos God was pleased to give me of it, did make me rejoice with joy unspeakable, and quite disarmed the fear I had before of it, and made me then, in my deliberate thought willing rather to be absent from the body than to be present with the Lord. . . . I spent the whole

*Charles Rich*

*Born 1st Sept. 1643, died 16th May 1664.*

afternoon in holy and devout meditations sitting by my lord's bedside, who slept.

Poor Hatton, after his wild life, left no one to mourn him much. He was never married. His sister-in-law says charitably: 'I can truly say I was sorry for him, though, because of his not fearing God, I could not at all delight in his company.' Following which sentiment in her autobiography, she reverts to a more intimate matter·

At my son's death I was not much more than thirty-eight years old, and therefore many, as well as my lord and myself, entertained some hopes of my having more children. But it pleased God to deny that great and desired blessing to us, and I cannot but acknowledge a just hand of God in not granting us our petition. For when I was first married, and had my two children so fast, I feared much having so many, and was troubled when I found myself to be with child so soon, out of a proud conceit I had that if I childed so thick it would spoil what my great vanity then made me to fancy was tolerable (at least) in my person; and out of a proud opinion, too, that I had, that if I had many to provide for they must be poor, because of my lord's small estate; which my vanity made me not endure well to think of. And my husband, too, was in some measure guilty of the same fault; for though he was at as great a rate fond of his two children he had, as any father could be, yet when he had had two, he would often say he feared he should have so many as would undo a younger brother; and therefore I cannot but take notice of God's withholding that mercy from us when we so much needed it, being we were unthankful for them we had, and durst not trust to His good providence for more, if he saw it fit to give them to us. But O Lord, though thou hast with justice denied us an heir, and hast made our wound in this case uncurable, by letting our coal be quite put out, yet be pleased to give us in thy house a name better than that of sons and daughters.

## CHAPTER IX

### LITERARY LABOURS

'So to fill up bookes, both backe and side.'
BISHOP HALL'S *Satyres.*

ALL the Boyle family seem to have possessed some literary instinct. Cork himself, as we have seen, not only kept a voluminous diary, which he economically made to serve also as a book of accounts, but penned a volume of 'True Remembrances.'

Roger, the quondam duellist, sobered into the soldier Broghill and the politician Orrery, not only published three volumes of rather heavy plays, a romance in six volumes, and a learned treatise on the 'Art of War,' but, like the rest of his contemporaries, aspired to be a poet. His excursions into verse were, however, the least successful of his appearances as author, all of which are now forgotten.

Francis produced in his sober middle life an entertaining volume of 'Moral Essays,' in which he quaintly expresses some of his later reflections upon a life of many vicissitudes. His marriage with Elizabeth Killigrew, so high-handedly arranged by the King, ended disastrously. She was, not in Mary's opinion only, vain and flighty. The separation from her husband occasioned by a union with a boy of sixteen, and by the years of warfare and exile that followed his return, did not tend to encourage any notions of wifely duty she may once have cherished. Two or three children were born to the couple in the stormy

years after the return of Francis from his *Studentenjahre*. Cork refers indeed in a letter to Dungarvan to the impending birth of one, and to Francis's anxiety to rejoin his wife in Holland in the winter of 1642–3. But he pathetically adds he cannot be deserted by all his sons at once. He has lost one; the two elder are in England; the youngest waiting, impoverished, in Geneva for the necessary funds to get himself home to his dismembered family. Francis therefore he cannot spare. So the child was born in its father's absence while its mother was with the Staffords in attendance on the exiled Queen. In 1648 Robert and Francis made a short journey to the Hague to fetch Elizabeth to England, but her stay was of very short duration. To her husband's estates in Ireland she probably never went, and Francis's grievance against her was not long in attaining an even more substantial foundation. While she preferred to remain in Paris, or to roam about the Flemish or German towns in company with the remnant of England's monarchy, she was not likely to escape the influence of that immoral Court, and the inevitable result followed. The royal paternity of Elizabeth's daughter Charlotte[1] was the climax of Francis's connubial unhappiness, and the title of Viscount Shannon conferred upon him by Charles II. at the Restoration can hardly have been, as was doubtless intended, either consolation or amends. He does not appear to have been made of the same stuff as some of the complacent husbands who regarded the

[1] Charlotte Henrietta Maria Jemima, Elizabeth Boyle's daughter by Charles II., married, about 1664, James Howard, grandson of Theophilus, 2nd Earl of Suffolk. He died in July 1669, aged twenty, when she married William Paston, son of Robert, Viscount and Earl of Yarmouth, who succeeded to that title in 1683. She died in July 1684, and was buried, as was her mother three and a half years earlier, in Westminster Abbey. By her first husband she had a daughter, Stuarta Howard, who became one of Queen Anne's Maids of Honour, and died in 1706. By her second husband she had a son, Charles, born May 29, 1674, to whom both Charles II. and his brother James were sponsors.

King's attentions as imparting the last effulgence of fashion and distinction to a court beauty.

But whatever he felt at the time, Francis comforted himself, in his maturer years, in the true philosophic spirit. Perhaps he had learnt, from the example of his favourite brother, to analyse the gold and dross of things hardly less material than the chemicals manipulated in the laboratory in Pall Mall, where Robert spent so many of his nights and days.

Of the troubles of an Irish landlord, Francis also had his full share, as he points out in 'Considerations on the loss of my estate in Ireland, &c.'

I fancy the best way, now my estate is taken from me, is to think of it, as I used to do (when I was young) of my mistress after she had forsaken me for another; which was to remember of her what I did not like, and forget what I did; that is, I mustered up in my mind, all her faults, and disbanded out of my thought all her perfections, by thus representing and picturing her to my fancy: that as she was young, witty, and very agreeable, so she was coy, peevish, and very inconstant; as she was extraordinary handsome, so she was abominably proud, and as she had the gift of speaking well, so she had the fault of jeering much; for as her repartees were commonly very ingenious, so her discourses were usually highly censorious. In a word, as she had much of an angel's beauty in her face, so she had much of the devil's falseness in her heart.

So instead of now remembering the pleasures I did take in spending my estate when I had it, I will now, whilst 'tis lost, only think of the disappointments I did meet in my enjoyment of it, by remembering that my tenants did often break in my debt, and sometimes my receivers did run away with my rents; then I will call to mind, that such a dry year did burn up all my grass; such a wet year drowned all my corn; such a year a murrain killed all my cows; such a year a rot destroyed all my sheep; and such a year a blasting wind smutted all my wheat, and scorched up all my fruit. And to add to all these troubles, up starts a vexatious, purse-proud neighbour, and forces on me the odious charge of a tedious law suit. In a word I consider that the rents of my

estate came in but half-yearly; but the troubles that belonged to it came in almost daily.

Robert's scientific labours were given by him a permanent and literary form which has made them the common property of scientists of all nations. Besides these bulky and voluminous tomes, he left to posterity various other writings of a more or less religious character, similar to his essay on 'Seraphic Love.' A volume of 'Occasional Reflections' resembles in some degree his sister Mary's 'Meditations.' A treatise on 'The Reconcileableness of Reason and Religion' has sunk, like all his pious works, into oblivion. His fame rests chiefly on his two practical achievements, the founding of the Royal Society and of the Boyle Lectures.

The sisters were all good letter-writers. Katherine in all probability indulged in private 'Reflections,' if not in a diary, but it was in the youngest sister that the writing faculty of the Boyles was most fully developed.

Foremost among Mary's literary labours must rank her autobiography. It exhibits a facility of expression, an accuracy of detail, and so much precision of dates as to make it an extremely valuable document. The composition was the work of a couple of days, as appears from two entries in her diary:

In the morning only prayed, and that I was enabled to do with fervency, but the rest of the whole day (that I was not with my Lord), I spent in recording some of the specialties of my own life. Feb. 8, 1672

In the morning read and prayed, but with some dulness. Spent all the rest of this whole day, as I did the t'other day, in recording my own fore-past life.

This manuscript autobiography, entitled by its author 'Some Specialties in the Life of M. Warwick,' is clearly written upon thirty-nine folios of small quarto paper similar to that used for the diary. There are very few erasures or corrections, and the lucidity and coherence with which it is expressed are such as

one would expect from a record composed, as it were, at one sitting.

It was printed by the Percy Society in 1848, from a transcript then and still preserved at Warwick Castle, which the editor, Mr. T. Crofton Croker, believed to have been made about twelve years previously. The whereabouts of the original was not then known to him, but his publication led to its being acquired by the Trustees of the British Museum.[1] A number of important alterations and omissions occur in Croker's version.

The diary which Mary kept for the last eleven years of her life, while it is much more voluminous, is not less important than her autobiography. Its historical value is considerable, as supplying precise dates for many events, both public and domestic, of the period immediately after the Restoration. Viewed as a human document only, it is equally interesting, affording as it does an insight into the mind of a woman of a type so foreign to that we are accustomed to connect with the decadent years of the later Stuarts.

It is essentially a work of the most personal and intimate religious outpouring. One cannot conceive it possible that it should ever be published as a whole; for even the most patient and pious reader would weary of the tedious repetition of stereotyped phrases, of the daily record of prayers, sermons, penitence, intercession and self-abasement, sermons and prayers written down week after week, year after year, in precisely the same words, and with the identical phrases.

The ease and variety of expression which characterise the autobiography seem to have abandoned the writer of the diary, except for occasional originality in the turn of a sentence or a rare but peculiarly happy knack of word-invention. Walker speaks of Mary's writing as 'the hasty fruit of one or two interrupted hours after supper.' And such as they were, she

[1] Add. MSS. 27357.

never retouched or polished her sentences, even when reading over what was written. This occupation became a favourite one, especially towards the end of her life. On July 26, 1667, she notes: 'It being just a twelvemonth since I kept a diary, I read over what I did in that year.' Sometimes it inspires her with despair, sometimes with courage or consolation, as when she says: 'Read in my diary for two hours. Meditated that though I had often tripped in my journey to heaven, yet I had never forsaken my purpose of going thither.'

Not many of the most famous diarists have escaped the sin of posing. To one it may be a gratification to become—upon paper—a more thoroughly debauched scoundrel than he is; to another it may occur to pass for an entirely misunderstood, if hysterical and neurotic, genius; while to a third, the realisation of a sainthood, not to be attained amidst the cross-currents of life, may present no obstacle within the pages of a diary.

Mary Rich, if she poses at all, poses as a far less human and lovable woman than the devotion of all her large circle of relations and friends of both sexes proved her to be. We shall see her hastening to them if they were ill or in trouble, consoling them in their losses, and assisting them in their pecuniary needs. Whether it was the still-house woman at Lees, or the unhappy Duchess at St. James's Palace, grieving over her sickly children, she was ready with her sympathy and very practical help. We shall find her starting on a two days' coach journey into Somersetshire, at the faintest wish of Mary St. John, or waking through long nights of pain with her gouty husband, ready to read, talk, pray, or distract his thoughts in any other way. Night or day she responded immediately to the very common call to assist at the birth or death of innumerable nieces and nephews; and she could as easily exchange the society of Goody Crow or Betty Knightbridge, in their humble homes at Leighs, for that of the fine folks at Whitehall, as she

could entertain the schoolboys from Felsted, where she had many a *protégé* and young relation.

It is by considering her in all these aspects—at Court and in society, in the metropolis, at home in Essex, the centre of a large county circle, the mainspring of a complicated machinery of private charities, as well as the guardian and chaperon of three attractive young heiresses—that we arrive at an idea of the true sphere she filled. Added to all this, for more than twenty-five years she held herself first and foremost at the beck and call of an often irascible and exacting invalid, whom frequently her tenderest ministrations failed to satisfy. The very way in which she writes of him as 'my lord,' the Almighty as 'my Great Lord,' is a keynote to the attitude of obedience and subjection she studied always to maintain towards her husband, whose authority it never occurred to her to dispute.

In all this, there is of course nothing more than hundreds of other women have daily accomplished, without expecting or receiving either recognition or reward. We are perhaps too apt to take such lives as a matter of course.

But, after all, it is just because Mary Warwick was such a one that her life seems worthy of notice. It is not as a court lady, a pious recluse, a countess, or the mistress of a large estate, that she interests us most, but simply as a woman—lovable, tactful, wielding a power for truth and purity over those with whom she was thrown, in every way better than her creed. Narrow and cold and stern as that creed was, yet it contained all the force necessary to build up such a character as hers.

It is as an expression first and foremost of her spiritual life that the Diary must be considered. It was obviously undertaken as an outlet for her spiritual emotions, and as a record of her devotional acts. Mary's religion was tinctured with a large dose of mediæval mysticism, which somehow accords ill with the austere Calvinism which was so important a feature of her own time, and which she imbibed in large draughts from the worthy

ministers amongst whom she was first thrown as a young girl, and by whom she afterwards chose to surround herself. This dualism is curiously mingled in her diary, where a passage expressing an ecstasy of passionate fervour such as would seem more appropriate within the walls of a convent cell, often alternates with another in which appears the conviction that every disappointment of her life is but the just infliction of an injured, jealous, angry Deity upon her shortcomings. Numbers of such passages could be quoted :

May 3 1667

In the morning as soon as up, retired into the garden,[1] where God gave, as soon as I came, earnest breathings after a near communion with Him, and my soul was as it were ravished with desire to converse with Him in solitude, and I did with great plenty of tears beg for a soul sick of love for my lovely Lord Jesus.

O Lord, I bless Thee for the comforting ravishing communion I enjoyed with Thee this happy morning. O that I might always thus passionately love Thee.

Nov. 27 1669

I found most ravishing joy and solace of soul in considering that God was my God, reconciled to me in Christ. I had very large and moving meditations of the excellencies of my lovely Saviour, and found my heart did passionately love Him, and the consideration of what He had done for me in making His soul an offering to His Father's justice for my sins by being crucified for me, did mightily warm my heart with a peculiar and transcendent degree of love for Him, that did as it were make a spiritual thaw upon my heart, and made me weep as much as I usually remember I have done in any duty.

Very curious is her attitude towards tears. When shed in penitence, she seems to look upon them as a special mark of divine favour, which she could not always count upon. In fact she seems to regard weeping over her sins as a species of sacrificial rite.

[1] She was then at Chelsea, and went daily to Sir Hans Sloane's beautiful gardens (or, as she calls them, Chelsea Gardens), as she did to the Wilderness at Lees.

Sept. 28, 1666 God was pleased to give me many tears. I did earnestly beg that I might so mourn for my own and the kingdom's sins that I might, as Mary did, make a bath of penitential tears to wash the feet of my Saviour.

Another time she says: 'At last God was pleased to come in and enable me to weep bitterly for my former dulness.'

The recitals of prayer in the Wilderness, prayer in the closet, family prayer, service in the private chapel, sermons in the chapel, and sermons in all the churches for six or seven miles around, fill more than one half of these five closely written volumes. To these are added outbursts of penitence and intercessions for her gout-tormented husband. Lord Warwick, Puritan though he was, might seek relief from his physical pains by indulging in a good bout of swearing, but every time he did so his wife had to pile up still higher the tale of sins for which she felt she must both vicariously suffer and personally atone.

So much church-going and the inordinate length of the sermons to record, left but little time to write about other matters. Of her practical kindness to everybody about her, especially to her husband, children, and household, we have to read between the lines. She did, of course, rate this way of spending her time at far lower value than that passed in the performances of religion. But this is not surprising when it is considered how most of the women who were her contemporaries abandoned everything for the pursuit of vice or folly. In spite of this apparent disproportion, it is not to be supposed that our heroine ever neglected a single homely or wifely duty to accomplish the selfish purpose of saving her own soul. Over and over comes the brief entry, 'this afternoon I was employed in necessary and lawful employments.' Another curious aspect of her character was the complete submission she observed in affairs of religion to the views of those holy and strict divines who frequented the house. Especially was this the case

with the chaplain Walker, her 'soul father.' Here again is a trait we should look for in a Catholic 'dévote' and not in a Puritan, whose chief clerical advisers were to be found among the four thousand ejected from the pale of the orthodox Church.

All the force of temperament which had characterised her when, as a girl of fifteen, she refused an unwelcome suitor and chose to throw in her lot with a poor and insignificant younger son, which was daily betrayed in the management of her servants, the conduct of her business, and in her absolute fearlessness in reproving her best friends for their lapses from right and proper conduct, abandoned her in her relations with the ministers. She does not indeed admit their intervention between her soul and its Author, but she cannot trust her own judgment as to whether she may reasonably hope she is saved. Walker was apparently the only person aware of the existence of the Diary. John Lavender was consulted as a kind of spiritual expert upon symptoms she had written down at the time she considered her conversion.

In the morning got Mr. Lavender to inform me, showing him some evidences I had wrote out [long before, when she was at Beddington], whether they was such as did accompany salvation, and whether I might entertain comfortable hopes of my future state upon them. He assured me they were, and that I had a great deal of reason to be comforted and to be thankful to God. After much discourse which was very edifying to me, I went to pray and meditate, and in the evening committed myself to God in prayer with much comfort after he had declared his opinion. Nov. 3, 1666

Having considered the ethical side of the Diary, we may now turn to the purely literary. From that point of view it is somewhat disappointing, for it is impossible to claim for it any distinction of style. Diaries or letters of the seventeenth century usually exhibit a superior culture in the expression of ideas to that displayed in the handwriting and spelling. Mary's Diary is not exactly an example of this,

for, while her spelling is certainly better than most, she has not the power to express her meaning that a Dorothy Osborne or a Peg Verney shows.

Yet some of her favourite and oftenest recurring phrases are quite ingenious, as when she prays 'Blow these languid sparks in my breast into most blazing flames'; or speaks of feeling a 'divine gusto'; or relates that her 'soul did make strong sallies and egresses'; or that she did 'hugely judge' herself; 'did endeavour to storm heaven by my importunate prayers'; or 'begged the great heart-maker to be the heart-searcher'; or thanked God for 'embittering all the streams that she might come unto the fountain.' The expression oftenest used is an aspiration that she might have 'life in patience, death in desire.' Indeed it is in her written prayers that her happiest phrases occur:

> Let me spread my sails for heaven, and though I cannot command a wind to blow me thither, yet let me look towards it, and do Thou command a gale from heaven to waft me thither.
>
> Let me never keep back the rent, but yearly pay Thee all the grief I am able for having ever been so ungrateful and so disingenuous as to stout it out against Thee.
>
> O let me live with dying thoughts that I may die with living hopes.

In one quaintly worded petition she begs: 'Oh do Thou purge my sins, and leave not a hoofe behind.' Elsewhere she 'fell a mourning like a dove for my poore husband's unregenerate state.'

Her spelling of proper names is, of course, of the plastic order that obtained at the time, when even their owners were undecided how to write their own signatures. Other spelling is on the whole good, although the phonetic method used in some of the least common words often demands some repetition aloud before the meaning is unfolded. It is not easy, for instance, to recognise at first sight: 'sithes,' 'conshanses,' 'exsequitrikse,' 'soukses.' Yet, with the exception of the first, a

word often in her vocabulary when speaking of 'sighs and tears,' all these words are written exactly as they sound.

It is only necessary to compare these eccentricities with the spelling of her friend, Lady Mordaunt, to see how few, in comparison, were Mary's stumbling-blocks. In the Diary of the former, the laborious reader trips momentarily over such simple words as perticolor (particular), wekid (wicked), giffets (gifts), voycesis (voices), reches (wretches), gilet (guilt), emagenabel (imaginable), ometions (omissions).

In Mary's first few pages, signs or symbols are used for all the most sacred and intimate words. This, at first sight, seems to have been owing to a feeling of awe and timidity at expressing, even in a secret diary, such unspeakable things. But it will be found to have been a not unusual practice at the time, and was even one of the points noticed by a foreigner travelling in England in 1669.[1] An Italian prince, in his amusing observations on British women, says:

> They are remarkably well informed in the dogmas of the religion they profess, and when they attend at the discourses of their ministers or preachers they write down an abridgment of what they say, having in their letters abbreviations which facilitate to them and to the men also (thanks to their natural quickness and the acuteness of their genius), the power of doing this with rapidity.

It is impossible to say if the symbols used in Mary's manuscript were identical with those used by other persons. They were not numerous:—the Greek letter $\gamma$ expresses God, a cross Christ, the letter S stands for soul, while for heart is substituted a figure of that shape. The sign of $\phi$ fills up the hiatus left to indicate things too trying, or too compromising as regards others, to express.

These symbols are only to be found in the early portion of the manuscript. As book after book was filled, greater con-

[1] Diary of Cosmo III., Duke of Tuscany, translated in 1821, 4to, p. 399.

fidence and freedom, both in expression and in writing, is attained. The hieroglyphics give place to words. The reticence about other people's affairs, however, is never broken, names are never, initials seldom, mentioned where any untoward event is alluded to. One is ready very often to wish that the writer had been less discreet. Personal touches about the friends and relations with whom Mary was daily in contact would have added vastly to the interest of her pages. As it is, they are often a mere catalogue of names of the neighbours and others who visited her, or upon whom she called in return. Her papers came afterwards into the hands of her chaplain Woodrooffe's son, whose curiosity was not always proof against the temptation to read between the lines; if it were not for his scanty but often very enlightening interpolations, many of the missing names would be even farther to seek. Some of his comments could be dispensed with. What Mary for the most part only gently hints at—the unkindness of her husband—young Woodrooffe insists upon over and over again, until the plodding student of her scrawling lines is angry beyond expression at his constant dragging of her into the martyr's place, where she certainly never desired to be.

The opening pages of the manuscript, although inferior in expression, and notably in punctuation, are typical of much that follows. Faintly across the under current of rapt abstraction worthy of a Saint Theresa or Saint Catherine, comes the echo of the stress of mundane matters. War was in all the air. The British navy was suffering one of its few reverses at the hands of the Dutch, and the two fleets were thundering at each other off Harwich and at the mouth of the Thames. Even at rural Lees the sound could be heard. As, on that July morning in 1666, Mary walked under the gnarled oak and thorn trees, or the drooping wych-elms of the Park, sometimes lost in meditation, sometimes reading in a pious book, she was startled by the booming of the great guns of Monck's warships.

And although not audible to her ears, for she steadily avoided it, except on rare occasions, the clamour of a noisy, scandalous, gossiping, and corrupt Court also invaded the peace of her mind. The sins of the nation and 'the abominations that was committed in the land' were responsible, as she conceived, for the dreadful visitation of the plague, for the Great Fire, and for the invasion by the Dutch fleet. The terrible side of war had been brought home to her only a few months before by the death of a promising nephew, Broghill's second son. At the great naval battle off Lowestoft, in June 1665, a single chain-shot, almost as deadly as a modern shell, fell on the quarter-deck of the *Royal Charles*, killing not only the young lieutenant fresh from school, as he stood beside the Duke of York, but also Lord Muskerry and the Earl of Falmouth.[1]

In order to give the reader an opportunity of judging how an educated woman of the seventeenth century wrote, the first day's entry in the Diary is reprinted below *verbatim et literatim*, signs and all. Punctuation is somewhat amended. The page is slightly torn.

July 25, 1666

As sone as I waked bl. γ [blessed God], then went to walk and meditate, and had this thought, what if God showld say to me as the prophet Ahijah to Jeroboas wife: why fainest thou thyselfe to be another woman? Why dost thou faine thyself to be realidgious and yet art not one that delightest thy selfe more in God? Why dos thy heart goe out after anything but him in whom thou shouldest sett all thy heartes dealight? This thought [God was] pleased to melte my heart by, to give abundance of teares to mourn for my not dealighting more in him. I came into my clossett and [cypher—? prayed], then went to private prayer, ♡ L [my heart was] cared out for preservation in these times of siknes from the noysome pestilence, and for the comfort of friendes when bettar then I had themselves shut upe from them. γ L pleased to give abundance of teares at the consideration of His unmerited goodnes to me in the preservation of my selfe and famely. Then I went to famely prayer the ♡ went out towardes γ in deasires and breathinges after him. After

[1] It is said that the Duke was wounded in the hand by a splinter of young Boyle's skull.

diner came the newes of hearing the gunes and that our flete was ingaged. The ♡ was much afrited at the consideration of the protestante blood that would be spilte, and of soe many Soules that would presently lanech into eternity, my heart was cared out exseadingly to compashenate them and to pray γ to spare the sheding of the blood of those for whom + shed his pretious blood. I got Mr. Cla[rk] to pray priuately in the clossett for them. γ gave [tears] of compassion for them. Then in the evening went lone into the parke and begde for mersy again, and to give me ashewrance of my one euerlasting condition, that what ever becom of my body my S may be safe. Then went to famely prayer, the ♡ breathed after γ. After supar comited my S to γ.

That Mary was a great reader, as well as a writer, is soon apparent. On the long coach journey from London to Lees she often beguiled the way with 'a good book.' The library at Lees seems to have been well stocked, but from long before the date when a diary was commenced, only works of a sober sort attracted her. The plays, romances, and poems—we remember her father's gift of Sidney's 'Arcady'—which she doted upon as a girl, were soon laid aside as 'idle books.' The playhouse she had abandoned long before. A sermon from Archbishop Usher, listened to in Dublin before the Boyle family left for Stalbridge, had created so deep an impression that she 'resolved to leave seeing them, for as I remember, I saw not above two after my being married.'

Books of theology and history were the favourites. When the fits of gout were unusually bad, Warwick was best soothed by having French History read aloud by his wife. To herself she oftenest read St. Bernard, George Herbert, Jeremy Taylor, Baxter's 'Saint's Rest,' Samuel Rutherford's 'Letters,' Clarke's 'Lives,' 'The Confessions of St. Augustine,' 'John Janeway's Dying,' Foxe's 'Book of Martyrs,' Cayley's 'Glimpse of Eternity,' and numerous sermons of Archbishop Usher, Bishops Stillingfleet, Joseph Hall, Ralph Brownrigg, and Seth Ward. The volumes most frequently in her hands were Baxter's

'Crucifying of the World by the Cross of Christ' (1658), and Jeremy Dyke's 'Mystery of Self Deceiving.' In the former she must have conned over many times Richard Baxter's caustic comments on her order, in his address to 'The Nobility and gentry, and all that have the riches of this world:'

> You are Pillars in the Commonwealth, and the stakes bear up the rest of the hedge. . . . You are the Copies that the rest write after, and they are more prone to copy out your vices than your graces. You are the first sheets in the Press: you are the Stewards of God who are entrusted with His talents for the use of many. You are the Noble members of the Body Politic, whose health or sickness is communicated to the rest. . . . What abundance of you are fitter to swill in a buttery, or gorge yourselves at a feast, or ride over poor men's corn in hawking and hunting, then to govern the Commonwealth, and by judgment and example to lead the people in the ways of life!

Again, when she has constantly in her mind Baxter's trenchant sayings about luxury and ease of living, it is easy to understand how she rebukes herself for

spending more of my estate in pride and vanity (in fine furniture) than I ought to have done, by which I was disabled from doing so much good to the necessitous saints and servants of G. as I ought to have done. Aug. 21, 1677

So, on another day, she reproaches herself for

spending so much of my estate that God had given me in living too sumptuously, by doing of which I spent so much as made me not content with so many thousand pounds a year as G. had given me, but that I spent more, for which I run into debt, and was by my vanity kept from doing so many works of charity as I ought to have done. Nov. 22.

We are reminded by this of that ideal of simplicity in life, in his aspirations after which the same teacher has been followed by many a later and less orthodox philosopher.

> Sweet healthful temperance [says Richard Baxter] is cheap, and may be maintained without any great revenues; it is killing luxury,

excess and pride that are so dear and require so much for their maintenance. Our journey is not of such small moment, nor our way so fair, nor our day so long, nor our strength and patience so great as to encourage us to load ourselves with things unnecessary. Christian living is daily fighting. And we use not to fight with our riches on our backs, but for them. He that swimmeth with the greatest load is likeliest to sink.

As it was Mary's own constant habit to read several times a day in some pious book or other, so she encouraged the same in her servants. Anthony Walker remarks that 'she scattered good books in all the common rooms and places of waiting, that those who waited might not lose their time, but have a bait laid to catch them.' Which throws a new light upon the education of her household.

Before quitting the subject of the Diary, the history of the manuscript must be briefly sketched out. A note, penned in the beginning of the book which contains entries from March to September 1673, by William Woodrooffe, runs as follows :

> The first mention of these papers and the rest was made in a letter of Mr. Cox of Coggeshall, and son-in-law to Dr. Walker, to my brother T. Woodrooffe, in August 1698, wherein he promised to send them to him in a short time, viz. somewhere above 20 years after this lady's death.

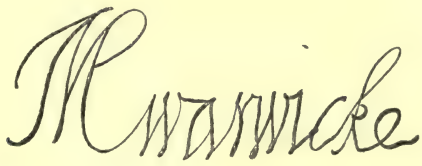
Perhaps Mary herself committed them to the care of Anthony Walker. From him they naturally passed to the possession of his only child, a daughter, at whose marriage to Mr. Cox Mary has recorded that she was present in London on February 1, 1675. His return of the papers, six years after his father-in-law's death, to the Woodrooffe family, the members of which were so much more closely connected than himself with the writer, was in every way commendable.

Woodrooffe as soon as he received the MSS. evidently proposed to share them with the public. He wrote out an abridgment of the Diary from July 25, 1666, to November 23,

1677, as well as some extracts from the 'Meditations.' This manuscript of his, identical in size and shape with the original, now forms a part of the same collection. It constitutes one of the romances of family documents that all the Diary papers and the 'Meditations,' with Woodrooffe's transcripts, are now, after many vicissitudes, brought together again in the national storehouse of such treasures.

A few extracts from a small portion of the Diary from 1666 to 1672 were printed about 1845 by the English Monthly Tract Society ('A Memoir of the Countess of Warwick,' n.d.) from manuscripts in the possession of the Rev. Nathaniel George Woodrooffe, M.A., Vicar of Somerford Keynes, Wilts. The remaining portion (1672–1677), which had been owned by the Rev. William Herringham, Rector of Borley, Essex (who had married a Woodrooffe, and had been executor to George Andrews, of Felsted Bury, grandson of Thomas Woodrooffe, the chaplain), was then untraceable, having been sold by Mr. Herringham. The publication of the 'Memoir,' together with that of the 'Autobiography'—this last by the Percy Society in 1848—was doubtless the means of bringing it to light.

But this portion is still imperfect. Of the twenty-nine books of Diary, each of which, roughly speaking, extended over six months, four are missing. These are for parts of the years 1669, 1670, 1674, and 1675. The 'Occasional Meditations' were also written in chronological form, and in a similar series; usually one book or more was filled during each year. Upon the fly-leaf of each book the date and the writer's signature appear as title.



## CHAPTER X

### THE DIARY

'O, we do all offend!
There's not a day of wedded life, if we
Count at its close the little, bitter sum
Of thoughts and words and looks unkind and froward,
Silence that chides, and woundings of the eye,
But prostrate at each other's feet we should
Each night forgiveness ask.'

MATURIN.

1666 MARY was past forty when she began to keep a diary, and the eleven years it covers were by no means the most eventful of her life. From the way in which she has put together her Autobiography, it may be guessed how interesting a daily record of the stirring events of her early years might have been. But of the years between the death of Charles I. and the return of Charles II. there is no account; nor of the change that had taken place in her husband. We left Charles Rich a devoted lover and husband, an officer in the Parliamentary army, nominal Governor of Landguard Fort, and, for a short time, M.P. for Sandwich: we find him in 1666 an invalid, racked with gout, and often not leaving his bed for days together.

Mary's opening page we have already perused. After relieving her mind by these somewhat irrelevant observations, she begins her record of each day's occupations. August 1 was a fast day, appointed a year previously, for the plague which had depopulated London and its surroundings. As Mary was 'meditating in the walks' at Lees, she met Mr. Warren, the

minister, coming to preach the fast sermon. Next day she went to visit Lady Lumley at Bardfield Great Lodge.[1] Of this fine old mansion, a portion still remains to suggest what its former splendour of brick-gabled masonry must have been. Built by Sir Martin Lumley, knight, Sheriff and Lord Mayor of London about 1612, it was the residence of four of his name, the second having been created a baronet. Mary's friend was Ann, wife of his son (the third), and daughter of Sir John Langham, of Colesbrooke Park, Northampton. A rich Turkey merchant of London, he represented the City in the Parliaments of 1654 and 1660, and devoted a large sum of money to rebuilding the City churches after the Fire. He lies buried under a sumptuous monument in that beautiful Walhalla of the City merchant—St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.

A week or two after the Diary begins, the household at Lees was invaded by sickness. A number of the servants fell ill at once, and Mistress Grace, maid to Isabella Robartes, died. Lucy Robartes, Charles Rich's sister, was dead, and her husband, Lord Robartes, had married Isabella Smyth, who through her mother, Isabella Rich, was a first cousin of both Lucy and Charles. The morning after Mistress Grace's death, as Mary was meditating as usual in the Wilderness, the funeral procession passed, winding up the hill to Little Leighs church. The occasion gives rise, of course, to some lugubrious reflections upon death and mortality, which the reader shall be spared.

At the beginning of September, news arrived of the outbreak of the Great Fire of London. It had travelled with incredible speed. Only the morning after the conflagration burst out, September 6, 1666, Leighs was sharing the anxiety of those in every part of the country who had friends or property in the City. The first report said that 'all Holborn

[1] For an account of the Lumley family see 'Bardfield Great Lodge and the Lumleys,' by the present writer, *Essex Review*, vol. ix. p. 2 (October 1899).

was afire, and Warwick House burnt.' Next day came more reassuring intelligence, at any rate to the Riches. 'I went out,' says Mary, 'to hear the news, and returned not home till evening.'

The temporal affairs of the ejected ministers occupied her much at this time. There was Mr. Clark, who lay sick at Waltham, to visit, a suitable house to be found for Mr. Argor, visits from Nathaniel Ranew to be received in her closet, and drives to Barnston, to see Mr. Beadel, to be undertaken.

Joyce Ceeley, the still-house woman, lay ill, and till her death was visited almost daily by her kind mistress. Young Woodrooffe's note in the margin of the manuscript conveying the information that his father and Mr. Gee, the steward, were Joyce's executors, throws an interesting light on the economic position of the serving-woman of those days.

Old Betty Knightbridge and other sick folk in the village were visited. Household affairs occupied a large part of each day. On Sundays the servants were catechised, and the two girls, Mary and Essex, were expected to 'repeat the sermon.' Each ordinary week day passed somewhat in this manner: Rise early, about six; as soon as dressed, go to the Wilderness to meditate, 'usual time of two hours'; then to breakfast, and chapel to hear a sermon; after which, visit sick servants, the village girls' school, or order the household until dinner. In the afternoon visit or receive visits; family prayers before supper; meditation in her own room after.

Those autumn months passed quietly away. Fast days for the plague continued to be kept on the first Wednesday in every month. In November Mary was sent for to rejoin her husband in London, whither he had gone some time before.

Nov. 20, 1666 Prayed God to go along with me in my journey to London. Took coach to go. Got safe thither without any misfortune. As soon as I was entered into the burnt city, mine eyes affected my heart, and that dismal prospect of that once famous city being now nothing but rubbish, did draw tears from my eyes, and make me

pity and pray for those that had their habitation burnt, and beseech God to make up all their losses to them and give them patience. When I came to Warwick House to my lord, I found him, blessed be God, pretty well. After eating something, being weary and ill with the headache, went to bed.

Next day she was visited by numbers of relations and friends, who welcomed her rare visits to town as introducing a new presence, fresh with the breath of the country and full of unselfish interest in all their affairs.

The following day she was 'busy doing the business [about which] my lord sent for me, and signed the writings concerning passing away my jointure. Was all day busy.' On Sunday 1666
morning she attended St. Andrew's, Holborn, where Edward Stillingfleet, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, was rector. The afternoon she spent reading to, and discoursing with, her step-mother-in-law, the Countess of Manchester. The famous Eleanor Wortley had, we remember, four husbands, the third of whom was the Earl of Warwick. By his will she became the possessor for life of Warwick House, and retained it even after her marriage to Manchester.

Lord Warwick had now decided to have a town house of his own, and a day or two after arriving at Warwick House, Mary drove to Chelsea to look at one he proposed to hire, upon the riverside in that picturesque old parish. She apparently approved, and before long they were installed in it.

As soon as the house-hunting was over, she was at liberty to repair to her sister Katherine's house in Pall Mall.

Went in a chair to visit my sister Ranelagh. As I went, had Nov 25
very serious meditations of the vanity of the world, and there made a short reflection upon what I had seen since my coming to London. How vain all was, and how unsatisfactory, and how much more real and solid content there was in a retired life. Then came to my sister's, where she and I alone had two hours' discourse of that which is serious and profitable.

During the fortnight in town, several other visits were paid to the house where Katherine and 'brother Robin' lived together, also to 'brother Burlington' (our old friend Dungarvan), and to Lord Berkeley. In the latter, Mary had found a sympathetic friend. She was three years his senior, but common interests and tastes bound them together. She had much talent for that genuine friendship between the sexes which is among the best things in life, but of which many men and more women are quite incapable. In spite of her very plain speaking—perhaps because of it—those friends like George Berkeley, Edward Progers, and Sir Kingsmill Lucy, whom she most often rebuked for one thing or another, sought her society again and again. Nor did they ever seem to weary of her exhortations.

Dec. 3, 1666 In the morning as soon as dressed, was visited by my Lord Berkeley, and I did endeavour in my discourse to persuade him how all sufficient God was to make him happy, and how all insufficient all creatures were to make him so.

Berkeley's sentiments towards his friend are to be guessed by the Letter prefixed to a small book of 'Historical Applications and Occasional Meditations' (1670), which she apparently encouraged him to write. His names for her and himself—Harmonia, Constans—his use of the flattery he deprecates, and his allusion to their well-known intimacy, all suggest, however, that he is addressing her rather as a 'Précieuse' than as a teacher, thinking more in fact of his own language, which is cumbrous and formal, than of the virtues of the lady. As La Bruyère says, those entertaining but affected contemporaries 'left to the vulgar the art of speaking intelligibly.' The dedicatory letter follows:

*To the Lady Harmonia.*

Madam,—Your Ladyship was pleased to encourage me to write Religious Meditations, and therefore to you I dedicate the first-fruits of my obedience to your commands in this particular. Your Ladyship can experimentally ay what high advantages pious contemplations afford, some of which are a just divertisement

from both worldly and simple employments, a great complacency and delight in the present composure, besides the satisfaction to our consciences, the improvement of the divine graces in us, and a rendering our souls always in an harmonious sweet temper (in which your Ladyship does so eminently excel), being always in a praying capacity, having a willingness to resign our wills to God's in all things, whether in life or death. If this way of applying our discourses and conceptions to a religious sense were made more generally practical, the power of godliness, as well as the form, would so govern us in all our actions, that in this present age neither the speculative nor the practical atheists would dare with so much impudence to show their faces or maintain their detestable principles so horridly and disingenuously as now they do; the age would then be reformed, and we should be good company to ourselves; for when we converse with God, we are never less alone than when alone. Next to pious meditations, godly friends are to be made choice of for our conversation, such as is your Ladyship, who (without the least suspicion of flattery, I dare affirm it) may justly be styled the Beauty of Society, and Harmony of Friendship; your civility being so great, and carriage so gaining, that you are able to convert a barbarian into good manners, and make a man of a reprobate nature become a good Christian. Your example I confess is easier to be admired than imitated; your precepts adequate and proportionable to so great a pattern, and those delivered to your friends and servants with such winning mildness and concern, as if it were your duty to be more engaged for the welfare of our souls and good names than we ought to be ourselves.

Madam, I need say no more, but pray for you, that God would multiply upon you (who are both good and great) and upon all yours, temporal and eternal blessings, and increase the number of such excellent saints as is your Ladyship: Then we should enjoy a part of Heaven, while we had our beings upon the earth. I had taken the freedom to have named you by a title you are more known by, but I feared your so nice and scrupulous modesty would have reprehended me, disowning my celebration of this just character: And should I have given an account of my own name, it would not be difficult for very many to conjecture to whom I presumed to make this address.

I am, Madam, your greatest honourer and most obedient

servant, who, as an admirer of your virtues, am ambitious to deserve of your Ladyship the appellation of CONSTANS.

Berkeley's sincerity is also celebrated by Waller in some of his too facile verses.

Bold is the man that dares engage
For piety in such an age.
Who can presume to find a guard
From scorn when Heaven's so little spar'd?
Divines are pardoned, they defend
Altars on which their lives depend:
But the prophane impatient are,
When nobler pens make this their care,
For why should these let in a beam
Of light Divine to trouble them,
And call in doubt their pleasing thought,
That none believes what we are taught?
High birth and fortune warrant give
That such men write what they believe:
And feeling first what they indite,
New credit give to ancient light.
Amongst these few, our Author brings
His well-known pedigree from kings.[1]
This book, the image of his mind,
Will make his name not hard to find;
I wish the throng of great and good
Made it less eas'ly understood.

His affability and general urbanity were indeed so universally recognised that he is said to have suggested to Wycherley the character of Lord Plausible in his comedy of 'The Plain Dealer.' Here is one of the utterances of that very astute and estimable person's creed:

Like an author in a dedication, I never speak well of a man for his sake but my own. I will not disparage any man to disparage

[1] The Berkeleys, of Berkeley Castle, owned among their ancestors some members of the royal house of Denmark.

myself, for to speak ill of people behind their backs is not like a person of honour; and truly to speak ill of 'em to their faces is not like a complaisant person; but if I did say or do an ill thing to any, it should be sure to be behind their backs out of pure good manners.

It must have been long before the publication of Berkeley's book that Mary, at his urgent request, had drawn up for him a set of 'Rules for Holy Living.' She accepts the task because his 'friendship makes him so kind as to believe what is said by me will make a deeper impression than by others who have not so great a share in his esteem.' Her rules are so practical that, at the risk of being tedious, a few extracts must be given. Her simple direct language is very remarkable, as compared with the cumbrous affected style of the time, of which we have already had many examples:

I will begin my first Rule of Advice to your Lordship with desiring you not to turn the day into night; and by sleeping so long in the morning, give yourself only time in haste to put on your clothes, and it may be sometimes, with more haste, say a short formal prayer to stop the mouth of your conscience, which, for haste, you hardly mind yourself and therefore have little reason to expect God should. Therefore, I shall advise your Lordship to go to bed in so good an hour at night as that you may wake in so good time as you may not lose the morning, which certainly is the best time for the service of God. And I would have you as soon as you wake, fix your thoughts upon that God that gives you time to think, and do as holy David did, who said, 'As soon as I awake I am with Thee.' Consider how your bed might have been your grave; for many every night go down into the place of silence and there take their long and last sleep. Consider also what a mercy sleep is, and if we miss but a night's rest, how burdensome and uneasy a man would be to himself; therefore begin the morning with blessing God for it. . . . Consider a day is a precious thing, when Titus, a heathen, could say (when he had spent a day without doing good to his friends) with great regret: 'O my friends I have lost a day!' And another could say, 'He was not worthy the name of a man who spent a whole day in worldly pleasures.'

When your Lordship has thus in the morning brought your heart into a serious frame, then my second advice is to leave your bed and, as soon as you are ready, retire to your closet, and let none of the business of the world be first despatched (though the devil be never so busy to persuade you to it), but say to all your worldly employments, 'Stay here, while I go yonder and worship, and I will come to you again.' When you have shut your door and have shut out outward company, then have a care to shut out inward, vain, and distracting thoughts, which will be very busy to steal away your heart.

Then I would advise you to begin your private devotions with reading the Word of God. . . . When you have done this, I would advise you presently to clap down upon your knees, but first to consider seriously what you are going about. . . .

Forget not God hath entrusted you with children, and therefore remember to take care they be bred up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and to season them in their young and tender years with principles of piety and honour, that so setting them forth in the way wherein they should go, when they are old, they may not depart from it. Remember also you have a family[1] to govern. . . . therefore have a care not to keep any that are openly profane and scandalous, but at least let them be morally civil; and let God be solemnly twice a day publicly worshipped by yourself and family. . . .

When you have thus spent your morning, then I am not so rigid as to forbid you all recreations. No, I think them very necessary for diversion; but I must be so severe as to forbid you such as may put you into any passion or disorder which may be hurtful both to soul and body. Therefore, I would absolutely forbid you dice and cards too, unless it be sometimes, when you must keep these limitations. First, not to play all day long, as if you were made only to eat and drink and rise up to play. For certainly God did not give us time, as we give children rattles, only to play withal. Remember what your good friend Dr. Taylor says, 'That he that spends his time in sports, and calls it recreation, is as he whose garment is nothing but fringes, and his meat nothing but sauce.' Therefore I shall advise you, that your recreations may be as your sauce, not as your full meat. The

[1] 'My family' in Mary's vocabulary means my 'household of servants.'

second limitation I would advise is not to play for more than you care whether you win or lose. Remember that Mr. Herbert in his excellent poems ['The Church Porch'] says:

> 'Game is a civil gunpowder in peace,
> Blowing up houses with their whole increase.'

My next advice to you is to make good choice of your friends, and to keep company with those of them that are civil and religious and ingenious, for such company will be both pleasant and advantageous to you; but the ranting gamester's company ought to be displeasing to you. . . .

Next I would desire you to be as cheerful as you can, and to that purpose I would recommend to you that gaiety of goodness that will make you most pleasing to yourself and others. . . . However the devil and wicked men may persuade you that religion will make you melancholy, yet I can assert from my own experience that nothing can give you that comfort, serenity, and composedness of mind as a well and orderly led life. . . . You will find you have made a happy exchange, having gold for brass and pearls for pebbles. For truly (my Lord) I am upon trial convinced that all the pleasures of this world are not satisfactory. We expect a great deal more from them than we find. For pleasures die in their birth, and therefore, as Bishop Hall says, are not worthy to come into the bills of mortality. I must confess for my own part, though I had as much as most people in this kingdom to please me, and saw it in all the glories of the Court, and was both young and vain enough to endeavour having my share in all the vanities thereof, yet I never found they satisfied me.

When you have spent what time you think fit in your recreations, or visiting friends, or receiving visits from them, then I would have set you some time apart for reading good books and meditation. Do not fear that a little time alone should make you melancholy, for the way not to be alone is to be alone, and you will find yourself never less alone than when you are so. For certainly that God that makes all others good company must needs be best himself. . . . I would have you meditate sometimes on the transitoriness and dissatisfyingness of all this world's glories Your Lordship yourself has, young as you are, seen such strange Revolutions as are sufficient to convince you that there is nothing certain in this life. . . . God has in our age cast contempt upon

Princes, and stained all the glory of human excellencies. . . . Next, I would have you meditate sometimes upon the shortness of your life and the uncertainty of the time of your death. . . . I would not keep you upon such melancholy thoughts as these too long, and therefore I would have you think of the joys of heaven. . . .

I would also recommend to you the frequenting of the public ordinances, which are excellent helps to devotion. . . . I know your Lordship too well to say much to persuade you to works of charity; for I am not ignorant that your Lordship abounds in good works. . . . And now I fear I have tired you with my too tedious rules, and therefore I shall put an end to them when I have given you this one: which is to conclude the day always with prayer, and not to give sleep to your eyes nor slumber to your eyelids till you have called yourself to an account. . . . My Lord, I have now done with my rules, which I should never have ventured upon had you not assured me that you are confident they would by God's blessing do you good, and also faithfully promised me that you would practise them. Which promise I must beg your Lordship to perform, and then I shall be much satisfied; for I assure your Lordship, I am so much your friend as I cannot but with great earnestness desire the salvation of your soul, and indeed all professions of friendship that are made are but empty professions if they do not aim and design all they can to make their friends eternally happy; which I beseech your Lordship to believe is the earnest desire of, my Lord, your affectionate friend and most humble servant M. W.

On November 4 Mary was free to return to the country life she loved. Her mention of the 'hurry' of London in 1666 sounds quite pathetic to our modern ears.

In the morning, as soon as ready and had taken my leave of my lord, I went to prayer to beseech God to be with me in the journey, and to bless Him for my preservation at London. Then took coach to go to Lees. As soon as came out of Warwick House, I was much pleased that I was now returning to my quiet home, from the hurry I had been in at London; but I had this consolation: that I could truly say I never found my heart taken with any worldly pomp or vanity I had seen there, but looked upon all with contempt and chose rather to converse with God in solitude than to be in the

crowd of the world, where I was either diverted from His service or distracted. I could truly say I came home more mortified than I went away. At evening, reached my own house at Lees. Found all my family well. 1666

The winter was evidently a mild one, for on December 15 morning meditations in the Wilderness were resumed. On the 18th, after returning home in the starlit and moonlit winter evening from a long call upon 'Cousin Boteler,' at Pond Park, musings on the glory of the firmament find a place in the Diary. The respite from city life was but short. Gee, the steward, arrived on the 21st bringing word that 'my lord had sent him for me to come up to Chelsea the next week. The lothness I had to leave the sweet quiet and soul advantages I enjoyed at Lees made me much troubled.' The intervening days were spent in packing, in hearing from many of the ministers of their own and their parishioners' needs, in distributing Christmastide alms, and in taking leave of neighbours. On Saturday 29th 'with my Lady Robartes, took coach, and although the ways were very slippery and dangerous, and a horse or two twice down, yet by God's blessing I got safe to Chelsea in pretty good time.' Her reception there was not very encouraging:

When I had supped, my lord was out of humour and disputed with me with great passion, and it so provoked me that I was surprised into a sudden disputing with him, contrary to my resolution; and though I said nothing but what was with respect to him, yet his fierceness made me much troubled that I had disputed with him.

A few days later she writes:

Had much good discourse with my lord about things of everlasting concernment, and I did with much earnestness beg him to consider what he came into the world for. Whilst I was pressing him to walk more closely with God and to watch against his passion and the sad effects of it, his swearing, which I, with great plainness, told him I observed that he did more than when I left him, I shed Jan. 8, 1666–7

many tears, and God was pleased not only to give him patience to hear me, but he seemed also to be affected with what I said. After supper, he was in so much pain with the gout that I was forced to go presently to bed for fear of disquieting him.

He was very ill for some days, and she was constantly with him, as well as 'full of household business.'

Jan. 6, 1667 The first public event noticed after arriving at Chelsea is the death of Lady Denham, the Duke of York's mistress, once the beautiful Miss Brooke. The common report, which was in everybody's mouth and is mentioned by Mary, was that she was poisoned by either the Duke, his Duchess, or her own husband, Sir John Denham, in a cup of chocolate. Mary says, 'News of it was brought to me about two o'clock, and I could think of nothing else.' Soon another death filled all her thoughts. Lady Manchester was taken suddenly ill:

I went early to London to see if she was not dead. When I came to Warwick House door, my heart ached for fear I should hear she were dead, but when I came in, I was told that when the doctors had given her over to die that night, God gave her rest, and I found her much revived. She showing great satisfaction to see me, I stayed by her till evening, constantly watching all opportunities of doing her soul good.

Every day, except Sunday, 'when, by my lord's command I stayed at home and read to him,' was spent at Warwick House. On January 22 news came that Lady Manchester was speechless and would die probably before the messenger arrived. 'I was much affected for the loss of my poor mother-in-law, who died that night.' Next day she went to call on Lord Manchester, now for the fifth time a widower:

When I first came to Warwick House, I was so far from taking any comfort in the house now being my lord's by the death of my Lady Manchester, that I wept much, and returned not home from thence till late.

The day she keeps sacred to her 'murdered' King is disturbed by domestic troubles :

My lord fell into a passion and provoked me to a dispute. I was kept from saying anything unfit, but was troubled by his unkindness and wept much, though I did not come to any quarrel with him. I determined to forbear disputing and to bear all his passionate, provoking expressions. Jan. 30

Poor Warwick's gout grew worse and worse : his temper also in proportion. His wife doubtless had much to bear, but one would like to hear his side of the question too. It must have been a little trying to him to have had for a wife a saint whose head was so frequently in the clouds. It is some relief to find that she was really human after all, and at times provoked to a very human show of feeling.

Swearing seems to have been a family failing from which even Puritans were not exempt.

At dinner this day, dined with us my brother Hatton Rich, who did dreadfully swear and talked so ill that I thought nothing out of hell could have done. I did all I could to keep him from it, did show my dislike at it, and was enabled to own religion. . . My lord exceedingly passionate with Daniel Shirley, Groom of the Chambers. I strove to take him off from it, but he fell violently passionate against me, which made me, wicked wretch that I was, speak passionate words softly to myself unadvisedly with my lips ; and, O Lord, though no man heard them, Thou didst, therefore pardon Thy unworthy servant. Left the wicked company, my soul being much grieved to hear my poor husband. . . . When he was alone before supper, I did, with great affection and with much respect, but with great plainness, tell him of his wicked swearing and begged him to strive against it, and told him what a grief it was to me to see him grow worse and worse. Mar. 15, 1667

A later entry in the Diary shows how more than ready she was to confess her own faults :

I fell into a foolish dispute with my lord, in which I was too earnest and too passionate, and continued to be so a good while,

but afterwards, before I went to bed, I was much troubled at it, and did beg God's pardon for my wickedness.

The next day she waked with a violent cold, very ill, and very miserable because of her folly of the day before. How much she herself suffered after being betrayed into such unusual and rare impatience, comparison with another passage will show :

> Towards evening, without any great occasion given me, I found a sudden eruption of my passions, and found them make great work within me, making me very furious and much disordered ; and though I did not break out before the company into any passionate speeches, or spoke one word, or had any notice taken of my disorder, yet when I came alone, I spoke to myself passionate words, which though no other did hear, yet, O Lord, Thou didst. Presently after, my heart smote me for the amazing surprise of my passion, and I could have no quiet in my mind until I had begged God's pardon and with tears bewailed this sin. Lord, humble me more still for it.

A great danger was narrowly escaped at the end of March, when the house at Chelsea was found to be on fire in the laundry. 'The maids that lay there were asleep. They were waked with the smoke and found the fire under their beds ready to flame out, through a fault in the place where they heated the water.'

Warwick himself was too great an invalid to appear at Court, but distasteful as much of the society must have been to his wife, she recognised the obligations of her rank and presented herself at Whitehall on frequent occasions. It is, perhaps, not too much to suppose that the presence of one such woman among the unshameable gallants and rowdy beauties of Charles's witty and licentious circle must have given a moral support to the poor, plain, neglected Queen. Mary's first appearance at Court after her arrival at Chelsea was on February 16, when she
1667 dined at the Lord Chamberlain's (Earl of Manchester), kissed

the King's and Queen's hands, and stayed at Court 'till pretty late.' On March 19 the visit was repeated:

Dined at my Lord Chamberlain's, and after to wait on the King and Queen, and Duchess. Was by them all civilly received. Came home without having my heart at all affected with the splendour of the Court, and was much more inclined to pity their lives than to envy them.

A month later, April 18, she was at the christening of Mrs. Chicheley's child, at the Lord Chamberlain's, the King and Lord Warwick being its godfathers.

On St. George's Day (April 23) she writes:

Went to Whitehall; dined at my Lord Chamberlain's and went to see the celebration of St. George's feast, which was a very glorious sight. Whilst I was sitting in the banquetting house, hearing the trumpets sound, in the midst of all that great sight, God was pleased to put very mortifying thoughts into my mind and to make me consider what if the trump of God should sound. Which thought did strike me with some seriousness and made me consider what glory I had, in that very place, seen the last King in, and yet out of that very place was he brought to have his head cut off; and I had also many thoughts how soon all that glory might be laid in the dust; and I did, too, in the midst of that glory consider how much greater glory was provided for a poor sincere child of God in heaven, who should sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God. I said, blessed be God that my heart was not at all taken with anything I saw, but I truly counted it but vanity and not worth the being taken with.

'There is more happiness in retirement,' she writes after one visit. And again, another time when she had been to wait on the Queen and the Duchess of York, she remembers that 'a child of God should outshine the Queen and all her ladies.'

This month began a series of interesting visits to the Duchess of York. A family connection was now established between Clarendon's daughter and herself. Laurence Hyde, Anne's second brother, had married, a year or two previously, Henrietta Boyle, 'brother Burlington's' fifth daughter.

Henrietta was a gentle, frail, affectionate creature, much loved by her aunt and a frequent visitor at Lees. According to Mrs. Jameson, she was a beauty; her husband says he had for her 'all the tenderness imaginable.'

After dining with her sister Katherine one day, Mary went on to St. James's Palace in the evening, to see the Duchess. Several of her sickly children were ill, and the Diary confirms the dates of their deaths, as well as their identities, which have sometimes been confused. This is hardly surprising, since two of them were named Charles, and three were created Duke of Cambridge. Only two daughters, Mary and Anne, both afterwards Queens of England, survived beyond a very precarious childhood.

May 8, 1667 — The Duchess of York being resolved to invite herself to come and sup at my house within two or three days, I was full of care how to entertain her, and could not compose my thoughts as I desired. In prayer, too, my mind was wandering.

It was quite unusual for Mary to be so perturbed. Perhaps it was also on account of her husband, for next day she writes: 'My lord being very ill, I was fain to get the Duchess of York to put off her coming.'

On the 14th, after driving down to Roehampton with the Lord Chamberlain (as she carefully calls Lord Manchester), to dine with Lady Devonshire, she went in the evening to see the Duchess, 'who had two sons ill.' Her visit to the children was repeated on the next evening, and again on the 17th, when she adds she had 'good discourse' with their mother.

By the 22nd the second boy, Charles, Duke of Kendal, an infant of ten months, was very near his end. The King and the child's father were with him when Mary went, having probably wandered in from their favourite occupation of feeding the tame ducks in St. James's Park. This visit calls for some pious comments:

Seeing both the King and Duke, and four doctors standing by him, and the women about him crying to the doctors to give him something to ease him, and yet they not being able to do it, made me think they were all physicians of no value and that they must all answer 'Unless the Lord help thee, how can I help thee?' It pleased God by the sight of the dying child to affect my heart to pray for a sanctified improvement of this affliction for the parents.

That night the baby died. Two or three more visits to 'compassionate the Duchess' on the illness of her next boy, who was equally unlikely to grow up, remind us of Andrew Marvell's satirical lines :

> Kendal is dead, and Cambridge riding post,
> What fitter sacrifice for Denham's ghost?

Evidently these visits proved acceptable :

June 8 After dinner, went to see the Duchess of York, who sent to me to have the Duke of Cambridge, that was dangerous ill, come to my house to change the air. I stayed with her a great while, had good discourse with her. At last it was determined the Duke of Cambridge should not come to my house, but to the Bishop of Winchester's. I returned not home till evening, being well pleased that the Duke came not, because I feared he would die there.

On the 20th this child, too, expired, but whether he had then arrived at Bishop Morley's house or not, we do not learn. 'Heard of the death of the Duke of Cambridge, who died that morning. My heart was affected with much compassion for the Duke and Duchess, and I did heartily with tears pray to God for patience for them and a sanctified use of this great affliction.'

Two months later, afflictions again began to fall on the house of Hyde. The death of Lady Clarendon was the occasion for another consolatory visit to her daughter.

Aug. 26, 1667 Having heard the night before that the king had sent to the Chancellor to advise him to deliver up the seals, my meditations ran much upon the vanity and uncertainty of all the greatness in

the world, and how much better it was to put confidence in God than to put confidence in princes.

Aug. 30 Went with my sister to Clarendon House to dinner, to see my niece Hyde, having heard that the night before the King had sent to demand the seals from the Chancellor, which were that night sent the King. Whilst I was there, I had many thoughts of the uncertainty of all worldly greatness, with which my heart was affected. After dinner I went to see the Duchess of York. Returned not home till late.

A few months after (November 5), Mary speaks of going to call on 'Lord Clarington' himself, 'which was a loud sermon to me not to put confidence in princes or in all the greatness of this world, to see him that was so great a favourite left as he was.'

How Lord Clarendon employed his retirement in writing his 'History of the Rebellion,' and how he died an exile in France, need not be repeated here.

Another wedding was to be celebrated soon after. Niece Hyde's sister, Anne Boyle, was married in the chapel at Clarendon House, Piccadilly, on January 13, 1668. The wedding party had only to go from next door. Burlington House, built by Sir John Denham, but then recently acquired by the bride's father and renamed after himself, stood next to Clarendon House. The bridegroom was Lord Hinchingbrook, son of the Earl of Sandwich, and the ceremony was performed by George Morley, Bishop of Winchester. It was after this wedding festivity that Pepys, while calling at the house, set his periwig on fire. He has left us a pleasant impression of Lady Burlington, our old friend Elizabeth Clifford: 'She is a very fine-speaking lady and a good woman, but old and not handsome, but a brave woman.'

The Bishop officiated again at Burlington House a fortnight later, when 'niece Hyde's girl' was christened, to whom Mary stood godmother. He was a frequent visitor to the house at Chelsea during the year that Mary lived there. He purchased for and annexed to his see, Winchester House, on the river front.

But the affairs of the Hydes have led us to anticipate, and we must return to June 1667.

The 9th of that month was a Sunday, and Mary spared time between the lengthy sermons to go 'to my sister's to see my Lady Thanet.' This was another niece, Elizabeth, second daughter of 'brother Burlington,' who had married Nicholas Tufton, Earl of Thanet, in 1664. It was very unusual to make a Sunday visit, even to 'sister.' The general panic caused by the proximity of the Dutch fleet is not mentioned till a few days later.

June 12, 1667 — After family prayers were over, came to me the dismal news of the Dutch having come as far as Chatham and set afire some of our great ships. I was much surprised and grieved at that sad news, and presently retired and prayed to God, and did confess that He was just and the poor nation was justly punished, for He had punished us far less than we deserved, but did with great store of tears beg that He would yet find out a way to save us from utter destruction, and that He would not let the French set up Popery in this kingdom. I did send up strong cries to Heaven for mercy for England.

On the 9th, a squadron under Van Ghent entered the Thames, and took Sheerness Fort. On the 12th, De Ruijter sailed up the Medway, captured two ships and set on fire three others. Albemarle's precaution of sinking vessels in the river, added to the activity of the forts, prevented their further advance, and on the 14th the invaders sailed north to attack Landguard Fort. A month later their attempts to blockade the Thames were again unsuccessful, although some sharp fighting took place off Tilbury Fort.

A long afternoon spent with Richard Baxter, at Acton, afforded our heroine indescribable pleasure. Two or three visits made with Lady Ranelagh to the Queen and to the Duchess of York, are mentioned with less warmth. On the last day of June, she writes: 'This day my dear brother Robin took leave of me to go to Oxford, which troubled me.'

The weather was unbearably hot, and Warwick, after a five

days' hurried visit to Lees, became very ill. Night and day he needed tending, and want of sleep had its usual effect on his ever-watchful wife :

July 16, 1667 By reason of my lord's illness keeping me from sleeping in the night, was something dull, but after I had read some of Mr. Rutherford's Letters, I was enabled to have my soul follow hard after God, to make strong sallies and egresses after him. I was enabled to love my sweet Saviour and to pant after him.

July 17 After dinner, my lord being violently ill of the stone, I stirred not from him. Towards evening he growing much worse, and being for want of sleep exceedingly discomposed, I did with great earnestness beg, with many tears, rest for him ; which petition of mine God was pleased to grant, and he suddenly fell asleep and slept two hours together and waked after it much refreshed. In that time of his taking his rest, I had by him sweet communion with God, and two sweet refreshing hours.

July 19 My lord would not suffer me to be long from my attendance upon him.

By the beginning of August, the invalid was well enough to go down to the Durdans, to stay with Lord Berkeley upon the breezy downs of Epsom. Thither his wife and the Robartes followed on the 5th, to spend a long day. Isabella Robartes was now one of Mary's chief friends. Every other day, while at Chelsea, she dined either with her or 'sister Ranelagh.' The former was Isabella Rich's daughter by her marriage with Sir John Smyth, of Sutton, Kent, and had, according to all contemporary accounts, inherited a large share of the beauty of her notorious grandmother, Penelope.

The close confinement in a sick room, and the sultry heat, had brought on an illness of her own, which Mary describes curiously as 'a fit of the spleen and mother together.'[1] The symptoms were violent fits of sighing and weeping—obviously hysterical. So she preferred remaining quietly at Chelsea to

[1] Mother = hysterica passio. Cf. *Lear*, II. iv. 56. 'O, how this mother swells up towards my heart !'

going with her husband to the Durdans. Another visitor upon the day spent there is mentioned:

Went with Lady Robartes and her lord to Durdans, to see my lord who was there. At dinner that day dined Sir Henry Sedley,[1] which was much trouble to me to see him there, for fear he should be profane. But it pleased God to restrain him; yet the knowledge I had how profane a person he was much troubled me to be in his company. I returned not home till very late that evening. Aug. 5, 1667

Unconsciously, she gives in this remark an insight into the absolutely indifferent attitude which the women of Sedley's set maintained as to the conversation which passed in their presence. No doubt her own tact, afterwards so quaintly described by her chaplain (p. 346), was to be thanked for restraining Sedley's customary licence. He was in this case the 'barbarian' whom she converted to good manners, to quote Lord Berkeley's Letter.

Two days after this visit, a messenger came up from Lord Warwick to bid his wife 'come presently away to him.' The short journey from Chelsea to Epsom was so serious an undertaking that she is constrained to add: 'I met no misfortune by the way, and arrived safe thither.' Safe arrival anywhere always seemed to call for surprise and comment. No doubt it was because he was himself deriving so much benefit from the Surrey air, that Warwick sent for his wife to inhale it also. She began a course of Epsom waters, and continued to drink them daily for eleven days. Each morning, as soon as she had risen, she went

[1] Sir Henry Sedley died in 1656. Doubtless this is a slip of the pen for Sir Charles, the well-known wit, poet, and gallant, who, though his 'skull was broke' by the fall of the tennis-court roof in the Haymarket, January 14, 1680, lived until 1701 (*Hatton Correspondence*, i. 15, 216). He would now be about thirty. His escapades, only some of which could be related even by the scarcely fastidious Pepys, excited the indignation of Chief Justice Foster, before whom he was brought in connection with one in 1663. Mary may well have feared that even Berkeley's presence would not keep him within decent bounds. The connection of his daughter Catherine with James II., who created her Countess of Dorchester, is well known.

out to the Durdans woods to meditate. Wandering around the gardens, she found an inspiration for one of her short compositions called 'Occasional Meditations,' discussed in a later chapter. The title is 'Upon looking into a glass bee-hive and expecting to see in it a great deal of honey, and finding nothing but black dry cones [combs].'

Sunday the 11th was the anniversary of Lord Berkeley's wedding, which he 'constantly kept.' Or, at any rate, it was celebrated that day by a special sermon from his chaplain, Mr. Wood. Five years later 1673, John Evelyn dates it on the 13th, his note for that date recording that he 'rode to Durdans, where I dined at my Lord Berkeley's, of Berkeley Castle, my old and noble friend, it being his wedding anniversary.'

A drive to Beddington was one of the amusements of the visit to Durdans. Mary had been so happy there with her father-in-law in years gone by that she always loved to revisit the place. Now, 'in the retired walks of the garden,' she mused, she tells us, on the intervening nineteen years.

After another Sunday spent on the Surrey hills, another sermon from Mr. Wood, and more pleasant inspiring talks with her friend and host, the guests departed for their Chelsea home and the distractions of the town.

# CHAPTER XI

## PURITAN MINISTERS IN ESSEX

'Give me the Priest these graces shall possess:
Of an ambassador the just address,
A father's tenderness, a shepherd's care,
A leader's courage, which the cross can bear,
A ruler's awe, a watchman's wakeful eye,
A pilot's skill, the helm in storms to ply,
A fisher's patience, and a lab'rer's toil,
A guide's dexterity to disembroil,
A prophet's inspiration from above,
A teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's Love.

Give me the Priest a light upon a hill,
Whose rays his whole circumference can fill;
In God's own word, and sacred learning versed,
Deep in the study of the heart immersed;
Who in sick souls can the disease descry,
And wisely fit restoratives apply.
Who is all that he would have others be
From wilful sin, though not from frailty, free.'

KEN'S *Edmund.*

BEFORE resuming the Diary, it is necessary to turn aside for a short examination of the individuals composing a certain section of the visitors who frequented Lees. During the early years, at any rate, divines and ministers formed a very important element of the society to be found there. Many of them had been recently ejected from their livings by the Act of Uniformity. For the soil of Essex seemed peculiarly fitted for Nonconformity to thrive in, and in few other counties had so many of the clergy refused to subscribe on that fatal St. Bartholomew's Day (August 24, 1662).

The Rich family owned perhaps more church livings than any in England. Its founder, Richard Rich, had not been appointed Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations, at the suppression of the monasteries, in vain. He acquired large increment of Church lands, and no fewer than thirty advowsons are named in the *inquisitio post mortem* issued at his death (11 June, 1567).[1]

Mary's Diary for the year 1666 gives some idea of the frequency with which all the Puritan preachers in the county repaired to the hospitable mansion at Lees. Many of them, no doubt, owned Warwick as their patron, but all were by this time sure of a welcome from his daughter-in-law, whom nothing pleased so well as to listen to 'edifying discourse' whether in or out of the pulpit, but especially the former. Of sermons she appears never to weary, and certainly never needed to have recourse to the antidote prescribed by Charles II. Writing one Lent to his sister Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, in Paris, he says sympathetically: 'We have the same disease of sermons that you complain of there, but I hope you have the same convenience that the rest of the family has, of sleeping out most of the time, which is a great ease.'

In her autobiography, Mary describes how, after her conversion, she sought the company and conversation of the ministers as gladly as previously she had ignored their existence:

> All my before vain companions which were so pleasant to me, were burthens to me, and I began to be acquainted with holy and strict divines, who much frequented the house, but were before by me not much regarded. I did often converse with them alone, and found their company so much more advantageously pleasant to me than my idle sensual companions had been that, for all I was sometimes much laughed at and reproached for leaving great company for them, yet I could never be drawn from these holy and excellent companions, choosing much rather good than great, company.

There was always a household chaplain at Lees, but Mary's attendance at church was by no means confined to his ministra-

[1] *Essex Review*, vol. vi. p. 115. Cf. *ibid.* vol. x. pp. 51–55.

tions. Within a ten mile radius from the Priory, the extraordinary number of fifty-seven small village churches are to be found, and in her selection of these she was quite impartial. With very few exceptions, they or their incumbents are all named in her papers, and more than half of the number certainly welcomed her among their congregations on occasional Sundays. A glance at the list of persons who compose this clerical coterie reveals a few names of general and historical note, as well as those known only in their own county.

First there was John Argor. Born at Layer Breton, in Essex, he was educated at Cambridge, where he graduated M.A., and, taking holy orders, was licensed in 1634 to the curacy of the neighbouring parish of Layer-de-la-Haye. From thence he passed, five years later, to Leigh in the south of the county, which rectory was in the gift of Lord Warwick. Afterwards Argor moved to Braintree, five miles from Lees, and presided over the Grammar School in that town, preaching diligently on the Sabbath until the Five Mile Act forced him to leave. He then retired to the village of Little Leighs, where, on September 4, 1666, according to the Diary, our heroine busied herself in seeing about a house for him. Whilst he remained in the neighbourhood, she frequently went to see him. But, after a few years, he removed to Wyvenhoe, near Colchester. He died at Copford, aged seventy-seven, in December 1679, and was there buried.

Then there was William Alshorne, who had been vicar of Broomfield for a year and a half, of Mashbury for one, and had succeeded John Lavender at High Ongar in 1662. He occasionally came over on Sundays to officiate and administer the Sacrament in the private chapel at Lees.

Robert Billio, another Essex man, was born at Sible Hedingham and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. On leaving the university, he acted as assistant to Gregory Holland, rector of West Bergholt, near Colchester. He was appointed about

1658 to Wickham Bishop, from whence he was ejected on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662. By December 1664, perhaps earlier, he was living at Felsted, one of the many distressed parsons who were assisted by the charity of the Lady of Lees. Constantly in her Diary occurs some carefully veiled phrase recording her good deeds in such a manner that even her own right hand should scarcely know what the left was doing. 'This day I was enabled to do a good work towards a worthy minister' is all the clue the reader finds. One day in 1669, she writes: 'I had Dr. Walker, Mr. Lavender, and Mr. Alshorne with me, who had put a business of difference between them to me, so as I was most of this day taken up in this lawful and charitable employment, in which I was so happy as to bring it to a good conclusion.' Young Woodrooffe, into whose hands the Diary came after his father the chaplain's death, has added here one of his sometimes useful annotations. 'I suppose,' he writes in his neat scholarly hand (such a contrast to the other legible yet very scrawling and ungainly writing)—'I suppose Dr. Walker and Mr. Alshorne were to allow something out of their livings to Lavender, ejected out of Ongar.'

John Lavender was for nearly thirty years rector of High Ongar. He frequently came to preach at Lees. One Good Friday he is mentioned as making a very long prayer. At another time he delivered a 'heavenly sermon.' It is evident that he was one of the favourite preachers. Once Mary took him to see Joyce Ceeley, the still-house woman, when she was ill, and she adds 'he was very heavenly in that prayer.' During the year spent at Chelsea, Lavender preached the Good Friday sermon. He died at High Ongar, and was buried there on April 23, 1670. Two or three months after, his son, 'young Mr. Lavender, then middle or senior Bachelor of Arts,' was at Lees, receiving 'good counsel' from his father's kind friend and patroness.

Old John Beadel, whom she drove occasionally to see, had been rector of Little Leighs ten years before Mary's marriage.

Now he was rector of Barnston, across the valley. To further his appointment there, a curious letter had been written to Archbishop Laud, by his remarkable kinsman, Samuel Collins, of Braintree. In it, the vicar intimates that it will be for the young man's good that the Archbishop, when both come before him in person, charge Collins roundly to be vigilant in suppressing conventicles and to keep his flock diligently to conformity in receiving the Sacrament. If he would also give Beadel to understand that nothing can be spoken or done in Braintree that does not come to his (the Archbishop's) ears, it would be well. The episcopal admonition apparently did not have the desired effect, for, a year later, in Laud's account of his province, there is this entry :

> I did convent Mr. John Beadle, rector of Barnstone, Essex, for omitting some part of the divine service, and refusing conformity. But upon his submission and promise of reformation, I dismissed him with a canonical admonition.

Beadel's 'Diary of a Thankful Christian' (London, 1656), dedicated to the Earl of Warwick and Eleanor (Wortley) his third wife, was one of Mary's favourite books. It is written in a lighter vein than most of the pious works of the day, and is distinguished here and there by apt illustrations. For instance, when the author is talking of the vanity of things sublunary—a favourite theme, and one much insisted on by divines of the day, who, one cannot help thinking, would have done better to have made themselves cheerful with the good things of this world as the most useful preparation for the next, which they expected to find so much better—he says :

> They are so vain that suddenly, when we least think of it, they are gone. Good news from them is like the sound of bells in a storm; sometimes that pleasant ring is very near, and suddenly it cannot be heard. I have seen a man compassed about with plenty and variety of all earthly comforts that can be imagined, in a short time come to nothing; his honor, wealth,

friends, peace, liberty, health, beauty, posterity, attendants, like a great flock of birds, with one shout, scared quite away and return no more—pluckt all from him and never any more recovered.

Abraham Cayley, another frequent guest at Lees, had been appointed a preacher at Gray's Inn 'if he pleased to accept it.' It seems, however, that he did not please. From Rayleigh, to which the Earl of Manchester had presented him, he was ejected with the two thousand on St. Bartholomew's Day. Afterwards he lived with his successor, Samuel Bull (who was also his nephew), and preached in a private room in the town. When staying at Lees, he was one of the select few who were admitted to private devotions in the closet, so it is with quite a sense of shock that his attached patroness sets down in her Diary, in July 1672, that he was found dead in his study. Cayley's book, 'A Glimpse of Eternity' was very often to be found in her hands. It must have been popular once, for it ran into a fourth edition. Its title-page offers a quaint criticism on its contents, which are there described as 'Profitable to be Read in Families, and given at Funeralls.' One would judge from the literature left us by some of these melancholy divines that the only pleasure in living was to be extracted out of meditation upon dying!

Christopher Glascock, first an upper master and afterwards headmaster at Felsted School, walked across the park not infrequently to preach in the private chapel. He, too, came of an old Essex family, owners of many estates in the county, and chiefly of Dyves Hall, Chignal Smealy. He took up his residence at Felsted about Lady Day 1650, coming from Ipswich, where also he had presided over a school. As a boy, he had been one of Martin Holbech's pupils at Felsted, and soon after the resignation of that excellent schoolmaster, Glascock succeeded him. By his two wives, Judith and Margaret, the latter married to him before 1660, Glascock owned

a numerous progeny, as the Baptismal Register Book of Felsted parish can duly testify.

After twenty-two years of school teaching on a salary first of 30*l.* and then of 50*l.* a year, Martin Holbech must have been glad to find a quiet resting-place in the rectory of High Easter. This rural parish, now of some 700 inhabitants, lies buried in the half-depopulated district of stiff clay soil well known to hunting men and to few beside, as the 'Roothings' (i.e. Rodings) of Essex. Thence Holbech was ejected in 1662, and returned to end his days in Felsted. According to some accounts, Holbech and his anti-ritualistic teaching stirred up strife in the village. But his unpopularity in his declining years cannot detract from his well-deserved academic fame. During his mastership, the school rose in numbers, until between 100 and 120 urchins performed their daily drudgery of Latin prose in the long barn-like upper room of Rich's old School House, where, upon the oak beams and rafters, the names of three centuries of scholars are closely scored. At his own cost, Holbech repaired the building, and for the first time since the foundation of the school departed from the Founder's intention by admitting boys from outside the county of Essex.[1]

Holbech still continued to have business transactions with his former parishioners at High Easter, as we see by the following letter written in his neat scholarly hand:[2]

For my honored friend Mr. Kendall at his house in Hatfield, these present.

Sir,—I was at Hatfield last week to wait upon you about my brother Walt's land. He is now minded to sell it; and I promised to let you have the first offer of it. Though I lost my journey last week, yet I will again meet you half way. I have occasion next Thursday, June 2nd, to come to High Easter, 4 miles from you. If your occasions give you leave to meet me there about two o'clock

[1] For its famous Alumni, see an article by 'An Old Felstedian' (Mr. Thomas Seccombe), *Essex Review*, vol. vii. 1898, p. 81.

[2] Egerton MSS. 2649, fo. 100.

in the afternoon, you shall hear of me at ye Cock near ye church, or at one George Burrs, a tenant of mine, a little way off, and then I shall give you a further account. . . . Pray present my loving respects to Mr. Warren, thanking him for giving me notice of your return home, with all due respects to yourselfe. I am your friend & servant,

MARTIN HOLBECH.

Felsted: May 31, 1664.

In the Diary, at the end of September 1670, the death of 'Mr. Houlebridge' is mentioned. It occurred at Dunmow, but he was brought to Felsted to be buried, although no monument remains to preserve his name.

Henry Havers, too, was an Essex man, and of St. Catharine Hall, Cambridge. For a time he had been chaplain to the old Earl. He held in succession the Rich livings of Ongar, Fyfield, and Stambourne. A hale old man, he was still preaching at eighty.

John Oakes, the ejected minister of Barnston, was sometimes at Lees, and much appreciated there. But perhaps the most favoured of all the divines frequenting the place was Nathaniel Ranew, who was instituted by a parliamentary order to the vicarage of Felsted on February 29, 1647. He wrote, for the especial use of his pious patroness, a book of devotions entitled 'Solitude improved by Divine Meditation, or a Treatise proving the Duty, and demonstrating the Necessity, Excellency, Usefulness, Nature, Kinds and Requisites of Divine Meditation. First intended for a Person of honour, and now published for general use' (London, 1670). This was inspired by Mary's constant daily practice of private retirement, or, as he puts it in his dedication, 'the breathings of your soul up this hill of holy meditation.' If at Lees, it was, as we have seen, in the Wilderness, just beyond the garden wall, that she spent her morning hours. If the weather was good, winter mornings close up to Christmas found her in this favourite haunt. At Chelsea she spent this 'usual time of two hours' in the Gardens when possible; or

her closet, where her most intimate spiritual friends and advisers were admitted, was the substitute. To Mrs. Ranew, too, Mary was much attached, and when, after his ejection, Ranew departed to Billericay, where he set up an Independent Meeting House, both must have been much missed. Occasionally they revisited Lees, in order that the former vicar might preach in the private chapel. One son at least, Jonathan, was born and baptised at Felsted.

Five months or more after St. Bartholomew's Day and its wide sweeping changes in the provincial clergy of Essex, John Idle was appointed vicar of Felsted, by Charles Rich, who had then succeeded as 4th Earl of Warwick. Idle was a constant visitor at Lees, and was one of the three ministers who witnessed Lady Warwick's will. He was buried at Felsted a year later than his kind patroness.

Idle was succeeded as vicar by the elder son of Thomas Woodrooffe, the domestic chaplain. Born at Chartham, in Kent, young Thomas Woodrooffe lived in the house at Lees for two years before going, in 1675, to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated and took holy orders. In 1679 he came to Felsted. There he remained 'a bright ornament to the place' until his death thirty-three years after. He never married, so by his will he became a considerable benefactor to the parishes of Felsted and Little Leighs.

The rectory of Little Leighs, in which parish the greater part of the Priory mansion stood, and the church which, outside her own chapel, Mary most frequently attended, was tenanted during the same period by many successive rectors. Old John Beadel, as we have seen, was the incumbent up to May 1632, when he was preferred to Barnston. From thence he came across to preach at Leighs on July 21, 1644, and inspired Arthur Wilson to commence his autobiography :

> Mr. Beedle, of Barnstone, preached at Lees. His text was Numb. xxiii. 1, insisting upon this that every Christian ought to

keep a record of his own actions and ways. This made me run back to the beginning of my life, assisted by my memories and some small notes, wherein I have given a true though a mere delineation of eight-and-forty years' progress in the world.

To Beadel there succeeded at Little Leighs, from 1632 to 1646, John Clarke, who at the latter date was presented by the old Earl of Warwick to Leigh, beside the Thames. There, in 1661, he died. He was followed at Little Leighs by Ambrose Wethered, of whom little is known save that, as he was recommended by the Committee of Parliament, assisted by two of the Westminster divines, Edmund Calamy and Obadiah Sidgewick, he was probably of Puritan views. The succeeding rector, John Benson, was appointed, Newcourt says, on February 13, 1663. From the Diary it appears that he kept a curate, his son, 'young Mr. Benson,' whom Mary says she went to hear on August 17, 1666, and again later at Chelsea. He was afterwards licensed to preach and hold meetings at Writtle and Great Baddow.

On Benson's resignation, Samuel Ferris who, three years previously, had been appointed to Good Easter adjoining the Rodings, was chosen rector. The church was but a pleasant stroll of a mile through the park, and inmates and visitors at Lees frequently went to hear him. He outlived the lady who set in motion all the clerical machinery of the district by a few months. The record of his burial is the first in the existing Register Book, entered there upon December 15, 1679. His wife's burial follows on the succeeding January 5.

In the parish of Great Leighs fewer changes took place. Geoffrey Watts, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, B.D. of Oxford, son of John Watts, Lord Mayor of London, and nominated vicar of Clavering, Essex, by the Governors of Christ's Hospital in 1615, was appointed on December 14, 1619. There he remained until his death early in 1663, when he was followed by Walter Adamson, who occupied the

rectory until 1703. Under Adamson's preaching Mary often sat on Sundays.

Christopher Wragge, of Jesus College, Cambridge, had been admitted rector of Great Baddow on September 14, 1642; when ejected thence, he settled at Little Waltham, the next parish to Little Leighs, where Mary often speaks of going to hear him. It is probable that he sometimes occupied the pulpit at Little Leighs. He was well-to-do, and after the indulgence in 1673, took out licenses for his own house to be a Presbyterian meeting house, as well as for another house at Margaretting.

John Warren, when ejected from Hatfield Broad Oak, took up his abode at Little Leighs, where he also took his turn in the pulpit. Isaac Grandorge, M.A. and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, was ejected from Birdbrook in 1660, and settled at Black Notley, which village, justly celebrated as the birthplace of John Ray, most illustrious of all Essex worthies, lies but a couple or three miles from Lees.

To Great and Little Canfield, also, Mary sometimes went on a Sabbath. At the former, Francis Bridge had been rector until his death some time in 1662; to the latter, Thomas Marriott, the vicar of St. Margaret Pattens, London, was presented on July 6, 1665, shortly before the date at which the Diary commences.

With three vicars of Prittlewell (a living in the south of Essex acquired by Lord Rich with Leigh and Rochford) this long list is nearly completed. These were Thomas Peck; Samuel Peck, his son, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford; and, after eight years, the latter's successor, Samuel Phillibrown. There must, however, be added the names of Charles Adams, rector of Great Baddow and of Chadwell St. Mary, a parish in the south of the county, near Grays Thurrock; and of another notable man, the future Bishop of Bath and Wells.

Richard Kidder was for ten years rector of Rayne, a parish adjoining Little Leighs. At his arrival in the county, his impressions of Puritan Essex were, as he relates, not encouraging:

I came, about the year 1664, into Essex and settled at Raine. At my first coming there, I found the deceased minister's widow with a very great number of children, and many of them very small. Her husband died before or at the beginning of harvest, and though I could ill bear it, yet I did readily consent to give her the whole harvest. [He refers, of course, to the produce of the glebe.] I soon discerned that the country I was come into was very different from that which I had left [Huntingdonshire]. The country indeed was more agreeable to my health, but in other things the difference was great. I had lived among a people who were modest and teachable, very comformable to the orders of the church, and that showed great respect to the clergy; that paid their tithes and offerings exactly. I came to a people that were factious to the greatest degree; that endeavoured to defraud the minister of his dues; that were very censorious and given to separation; and great inveighers against the innocent rites and ceremonies of the Church. I do not say they were all such, but there was too much of this leaven, and it had infected a very great part of that side of the country.

The worthy rector continues in the same strain, lamenting the small congregations he was able to gather, and those only to hear his sermons, adding: 'I lived in that place about ten years, and have been used to call it the lost part of my life.' Farther on, he says he met with 'great afflictions in that place,' 1667 which perhaps helped to colour his recollections. Chief among them were the ravages of the plague, which, a year after it visited London, swept over Essex, and carried off, as Kidder tells us, 'very many hundreds in the two neighbouring parishes of Braintree and Bocking. I lived about a mile from these places, in a house at a considerable distance from any other house.' He had a pupil at the time, a youth of 'great hopes and considerable fortune,' who fell sick of the prevailing epidemic on Whit Sunday morning, and died a day or two later. Next, Kidder's wife fell ill, and none of the neighbours daring to come near, provisions were brought and left at a distance from their gate, on the Green before the house. He adds:

# THE WEST VIEW OF LEEZ-PRIORY, IN THE COUNTY OF ESSEX.

To Charles Sheffield Esq.r
This Prospect is most humbly Inscribed by
his Obligd. Servants
Sam.l & Nath.l Buck.

THIS Priory was founded by S.r Ralph Gernon in the Reign of King Henry III. Ralph de Baldock Bishop of London visited this Priory in 1309. and made several Injunctions to be observed by the Prior and Convent. — The present Possessor is Charles Sheffield Esq.r An. Val. £442 1 4 Dug. 441 16 8 Sp.

Sam.l & Nath.l Buck del.t et Sculp. Published according to Act of Parliam.t March 25.th 1738

No tongue can express the dismal calamity which that part of Essex lay under at that time, and for myself, I was in perpetual danger. I conversed daily with those who came from infected houses, and it was unavoidable. The provisions sent into the neighbouring infected town were left at the village where I was and near my house. Thither the Earl of Warwick sent his fat bullocks, which he did every week give to the poor at Braintree. The servants were not willing to carry them further. This occasioned frequent coming from that most infected place to my village, and indeed to my very door. My parish clerk had it when he put on my surplice, and went from me to his house and died. Another neighbour had three children, and they all died in three nights immediately succeeding each other, and he was forced to carry them all to the church yard and bury them.

After the plague had raged a whole summer and Kidder's family had most miraculously escaped, all three of his children succumbed to small-pox, two of them within a fortnight. These private afflictions, together with his dislike of his flock, are almost sufficient to explain Kidder's description of his life in the Essex parish as 'lost time.' But the Rayne folk, who were largely Nonconformists, were not likely to approve a man who, it seemed to them, had conformed for worldly reasons. Although he had been ejected with the Nonconforming clergy on St. Bartholomew's Day, the reason Kidder gave was that he had not seen the provisions of the Act to which he was required to subscribe. Two years later, in 1664, he did subscribe and was presented by the patron, Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, to Rayne. He continues:

I kept close to my own house and charge. I was near the Earl of Warwick's, but lived in the country several years before I went to that noble family; perhaps had never gone, had I not been sent for over and desired to preach, the chaplain of the family being then sick. There I was received with far greater respect than I could deserve or expect. I was wont, afterwards, to be frequently in that noble family; and besides the great kindness I received from my Lord and Lady and the noble branches of that

family, I always thought it a great happiness that there I became known to the honourable Robert Boyle and to his excellent sister Lady Ranelagh.

From 1668 to 1673 Kidder's name is occasionally mentioned in the Diary. Sometimes he was preaching at Lees, sometimes Mary went over to Rayne to hear him, and occasionally they met at Lyons, the house of her great friend Lady Dawes, at Great Leighs. In the crisis of affairs to which James II. and his openly avowed Romanism brought England and the Church, Kidder was one of the seven Bishops who stood fast to their allegiance and their oath, refusing to allow that those powers of dispensation committed to the Church could ever become vested in the King.

A very different man from Kidder was Thomas Ken, into whose see of Bath and Wells the former rector of Rayne was afterwards thrust. Ken, whose boyhood had been passed at Winchester School, and his holidays under the benign influence of his venerable brother-in-law, Izaak Walton (his senior by forty-four years) was also among the guests at Lees during this period. Left, by his mother's death when he was but four years old, under the care of an elder half-sister, Ken, upon her marriage with the famous Angler, was accustomed to make their house his home during his college vacations. She was the Kenna of 'The Complete Angler,' and it was from her that Ken derived much of that taste for music and song which will make his name immortal even if his other qualities should be forgotton. To have inspired those famous hymns, 'Morning' and 'Evening,' must be the lasting glory of Ann Walton. From Izaak Walton Ken imbibed the love of nature and of retirement which stamped his after life. Walton is the Sophronio of his poem 'Edmund,' the pattern of the saintly life:

> Three volumes he assiduously perused,
> Which heavenly wisdom and delight infused,
> God's works, his conscience and the Book Inspired.

Only a year after leaving Oxford, where he had been ordained, Ken was appointed to the rectory of Little Easton, near Dunmow. Here he was free to carry out his pastoral ideals as they find voice in 'Edmund,' his longest poetical effort, a quotation from which heads this chapter. Ken's patron, Lord Maynard, a widower with two children, had just married his second wife, Margaret Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dysart. The friendship that soon sprang up between this saintly young woman of twenty-one, and her spiritual adviser—the priest who had chosen celibacy—has been likened by Dean Plumptre to the immortal friendship of Dante and Beatrice. Certain it is that the subtle essence of her gracious womanhood remained with the future Bishop all his life. In his poem before mentioned, written long afterwards, he draws obviously on memories of these two early friends, Margaret Maynard and Mary Rich, women alike conspicuous for having preserved purity of soul amid the Court of the second Charles.

Ken left Easton before the beginning of Mary's Diary, but she records there how powerfully she had been moved by his sermons, preached at Chelsea in 1667 and 1668. To Ken's memory a story is always closely attached that illustrates his firm persistence in his ideal of conduct. He had left Essex and was residing at Winchester, where he was in possession of a canon's stall, when Charles II., thinking to build himself in King Alfred's town a palace, arrived on a visit of inspection. Lodgings were sought in all quarters for his courtiers, friends, servants and followers. Ken was requested to find a harbour in his house for Nell Gwyn, the former orange girl, now a King's mistress. He refused, saying that he would not so dishonour his sacred calling. The Dean, it seems, was less particular, and the spoilt beauty was accommodated at the Deanery. The King had always entertained a respect for Ken, and was wont to say 'I must go and hear little Ken tell me of my faults.' After this he appointed him chaplain to his daughter, Princess Mary, at the Hague, and

presented him to the see of Bath and Wells. 'The little black fellow who refused poor Nell a lodging,' as he used to call him, attended the King upon his death-bed until the moment when the bishops were excluded from the chamber, and the Roman Catholic confessor, for whom he had all along sighed, was admitted to afford him the consolations of his real faith.

The domestic chaplains at Lees during Mary's time were both notable men. When she arrived in 1641, a gay and thoughtless girl of less than sixteen years, this post was occupied by Dr. Anthony Walker. His devotion to the family in whose household he dwelt is set out in the obituary sermons he preached over them, and with his flowery oratory we have already made some acquaintance. Mary calls him her spiritual father, 'a very good natured, civil, and ingenuous person whom I took much delight in conversing with.' The bequest made to him in her will shows her life-long gratitude to the person whom she ever regarded as the author of her conversion.

Mrs. Walker was a woman of unusual education for the time, a Londoner, born in 1623 in the parish of Bucklersbury, where her father, John Sadler, was a druggist. Upon coming home from school at Stratford-upon-Avon, perhaps because she was an only child and missed companions, she 'fell into a melancholy,' and was despatched to Barnston in the country, to live in the family of the rector, John Beadel, whose daughter, Mrs. Watson, was wife of the minister of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, in which parish the Sadlers then lived. At Barnston she met her future husband, who sometimes exchanged for a Sunday with Beadel. They were married on July 23, 1650. Walker, on resigning the chaplaincy, settled first at Croydon, and afterwards at St. Mary Aldermanbury, in the City of London. The changes effected by the operation of the Act of Uniformity again brought them to Essex, and to close connection once more with the family at Lees. Walker was presented by Charles Rich on September 26, 1662, to the valuable rectory of

Fyfield, a village situated not far from Ongar, in the Rodings of Essex. There he remained until his death about September 1692.

Thomas Woodrooffe, the domestic chaplain who succeeded when Walker removed to Fyfield, had been rector of Chartham in Kent from 1646. At the Restoration he was compelled to give place to the better title of John Reading, and about midsummer 1660 he betook himself to the house and service of the Earl of Warwick at Lees. Apparently he, or at any rate his wife and family, were living at Springfield in 1663, for there, on October 16 of that year, is registered the birth of his third daughter, named, like so many members of the houses of Cheeke and Rich, by the sweet sounding title of their native county. Essex Woodrooffe married George Andrews, of Felsted Bury, a picturesque farmhouse, whose fine cedars and chestnuts overhang the churchyard wall on the north side. A mural tablet on the north wall of the aisle in Felsted church records the deaths of George and Essex Andrews and their two children, Margaret and George. Woodrooffe's next child was born at Lees, his two youngest at Felsted. Mrs. Woodrooffe was Mary's household companion whether at Lees or in London. We shall see them starting at short notice on the long expedition to Castle Lydiard; and we shall find her present when her 'dear Lady' passed so suddenly away. She was Ann, daughter of William Robinson, of Denston in Suffolk, and survived her husband for many years. The parish register of Felsted records his burial 'in woollen,' on October 29, 1689. She was buried by her son, the vicar, at Felsted, on November 12, 1704.

The list of preachers patronised by the pious Countess is not nearly completed. To the above the names must be added of Dr. Parr; Dr. Pindar, vicar of Springfield, near Chelmsford; Dr. Hodges, of Kensington; Mr. Overall; Mr. Hall, of Good Easter; Mr. Saker; Mr. Hicks; Mr. Watson, of Barnston; Mr. Knightsbridge, of Writtle; Mr. Blore; Mr. Shelton; Mr. Thorp, a Fellow

of Caius College, Cambridge ; Mr. Bridge ; John Cardell, a son of Mr. Cardell, of Felsted Bury ; Mr. Burford and Mr. Littleton, beside Mr. Jessop[1] who was appointed a trustee under Lord Warwick's will and whose death before his affairs were settled, caused some hindrance in Mary's executing the same.

[1] A Constantine Jessop was vicar of Coggeshall for a short time in 1648, and a Thomas was presented to the vicarage there by Charles Rich in October 1662. The latter, however, lived until January 31, 1680, so cannot be the trustee whose death Mary first speaks of in 1675.

## CHAPTER XII

### DOMESTIC JOYS AND SORROWS.

'I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience.'
*Second Part of King Henry VI.*

During the year spent at Chelsea, Warwick House, which after the death of the old Earl's widow became the property of her stepson Charles, was undergoing alterations and repairs. Its new mistress paid several visits to inspect the progress made :

Aug. 26, 1667

Went to London to dine at Newport House,[1] and from thence to see Warwick House, which I had not before seen since my lord began to make alterations. Whilst I was there, the working men not having done what they should, put my lord into passion, and made him swear very much, which was so great a trouble to me that I took no joy in seeing the house tho' it was very fine. But I got into a private room, and begged God to forgive my poor husband his swearing and to give him patience, that the house might be perfumed with prayers and not made terrible by those oaths.

No one with experience of house building or repairing, but will sympathise with Lord Warwick in this matter of the workmen. But there is no doubt that his temper was becoming more and more ungovernable, and the fits of anger and the flowers of language in which he indulged were now not infrequently directed against his wife. It is not difficult to conceive that her very patience and long-suffering became in themselves an occasional irritant.

[1] Newport House, the residence of Mountjoy, first Earl of Newport, eldest of the three illegitimate sons of Charles Blount, Baron Mountjoy, and Penelope, wife of the first Earl of Warwick, was in Longacre.

Nov. 26, 1667 I did with great store of tears bemoan my poor husband's passion, being the day before at dinner grieved to the heart at seeing him so violently passionate, and in his passion grievously cursing and swearing. When I this morning considered that at the table where God was feeding us, and therefore He should be blest, He was blasphemed, it did exceedingly affect my heart and made me exceedingly weep over his sins, and mightily cry to God for power from heaven for him, against them.

At dinner and till towards evening had my sister Scarsdale with me.[1]

Then went to see Lady Robartes. When I returned, my lord fell without any occasion given by me into great passion with me, which troubled me so much that I fell into a dispute with him, wherein I was passionately affected and wept much, and spake unadvisedly with my lips, telling him that I was with his unkindness to me so much troubled that I was weary of my life, and that my life was a burden to me.

After this most unaccustomed outburst, there followed a period of wild and bitter self-reproach that anything save her own sins could so distress her. There was also redoubled care and devotion to her husband as the practical proof of her penitence. 'My lord keeping his bed and being in great pain, I stirred not Dec. 6 from him, but he between whiles sleeping, I read in a good book.' A week later, 'My lord when he was abed, not being able to get any rest, bid me pray to God to give him some, which I did, and it pleased God to give him some, and he woke much better.'

In the early days of January a visit or two was paid to Lady Devonshire, at Roehampton, to see her son's widow, 'daughter Rich, newly come to town.'

Warwick was now up, though still a cripple from gout:

Jan. 28, 1668 Before dinner, as I was walking in the parlour, my lord being set by a great fire, and having laid his crutches by him, I looking another way, stumbled at his crutches, and with doing so had my

[1] Frances Rich married Sir Nicholas Leake, 2nd Earl of Scarsdale.

head so near the fire that my lord thought it impossible for me to escape being burned, but I recovered myself and got no hurt.

Leave-taking now began, for, after more than a year's residence at Chelsea, the household was about to return to Essex. How welcome the prospect was may be guessed by the lines: 'Great many friends came to take leave. Though they were very dear and very kind, I was content to part with them all to go down to Lees.' After dining with Lord Chamberlain Manchester, Mary took leave of the Queen and the Duchess of York, confiding to her Diary next day that 'there was more happiness in retirement than in all the glory of the Court.' She bade adieu to all her relations and, on March 19,

with joy took coach to go from Chelsea to Lees. Some ten miles before I came home, I met Sir Richard Everard, who told me the ill news that the day before one of our postilions had gone out into Lees Park and in a little pond there drowned himself, without any body being able to tell what made him do so wicked a deed. I was extremely stroke and troubled to hear that any that was under our care should so wickedly destroy himself. I entered my house with much sadness because that one that belonged to it had perished.

Here is a glimpse of the fast-lessening idea of the duties owed by the master and mistress of a household to their servants.—'One that was under our care.' It may be a relic from feudal days, and one to which the modern democratic notions of equality are opposed. And yet under such conditions domestic servitude becomes something more than services rendered by menials to their lord and lady.

Innumerable entries in the Diary show how faithfully the mistress of Lees performed the functions of protector, adviser, and friend to her household. A few only need be given:

'Having heard of some disorder amongst some of my servants, I was forced to spend most of the morning in reproving and counselling them.' 'Spent some time with my servant

Henry Smith, who was ill.' A day or two later he died, and his wife is visited. Tom Sherman, the under-butler, is sick soon after; then 'one of the men cookes' has fits, and, though it is 'a ghastly mortifying sight,' the mistress goes herself to see what should be done for him. 'Fit' seems a general, if vague, term, for when her 'dear brother Robin' is at Lees, one of his men is similarly afflicted, and him also she personally inspects. When Lawrence, the footman, is to receive the Sacrament, a long time is spent in talking to and preparing him. Later there is the entry: 'Gave counsel to Leonard the coachman.' Several afternoons are spent in 'catechizing my maids.' Another entry runs: 'Spent a good deal of time giving good counsel to Boeke [Burke], who was going from my lord's service.' A note by Mr. Woodrooffe adds that he was 'gentleman of the horse and sewer.'

The tragedy of the postillion deeply affected his mistress, and, amid all the delight of being back at Lees, she recurs several times to the distressing event.

Easter Eve and Easter Day were celebrated in the usual way, by service in the private chapel. George Berkeley and his daughter Theophila arrived soon after on a visit; also young Lord Clifford, Burlington's son. Warwick was now enjoying a temporary improvement in health. He was able to accompany his wife to New Hall, to call on the Duchess of Albemarle. This fine Essex mansion had passed from Queen Elizabeth to the Earls of Sussex, and to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and had narrowly escaped being chosen as the Protector's residence. Now, having been beautified and enlarged by many opulent successors, it had been accepted by Monck from a grateful King and an effusive people as a recognition of his share in restoring the monarchy they had erstwhile found so intolerable.

Its mistress, Ann Clarges, the farrier's daughter of the Savoy, ruled her husband with a rod of iron. It is unfortunate that Mary had so little talent for drawing character, or

we might have had a sketch of the 'plain homely dowdy' of Pepys, or the 'least wit and less beauty' of Clarendon, from quite a different standpoint.

The Everards of Great Waltham, too, were again visited. They were the nearest neighbours and most intimate friends the Warwicks had in Essex. Sir Richard Everard had served as High Sheriff of the county, and had sat in Cromwell's House of Commons from 1654 to 1656. He and his son, 'young Sir Richard,' lived, together with their respective families, at Langleys, surrounded by the fine old deer park. The two were unfortunately not always on the best of terms. Just now they were in sore trouble. When the visitors from Leighs arrived, they found that Joan Desborough, one of the elder Sir Richard's married daughters, lay dead in the house. Warwick considerately interfered to prevent his wife from seeing the poor young lady's corpse, lest it should 'upset her.' But she was much affected, and on the way home in the coach she improved the occasion by urging him to prepare for his own dissolution, an event which, considering his enfeebled state and his wife's frequent reminders, must have been often present to his mind. He 'listened and seemed much affected.'

Later in the year Lady Everard stayed a day or two at Lees. The two friends drove together to Markshall to see 'my good Lady Honywood, dined and stayed till night; learnt good from her.'

Hester Honywood, 'one of the remarkable personages of her time for piety, charity, and wisdom,' came of an old Huguenot family. Her father, John Lamotte, was a London merchant. Her husband, Sir Thomas, had now been about two years dead. John Lamotte Honywood, her son, afterwards represented Essex in three Parliaments.[1]

[1] For an account of the fortunes of the Essex Honywoods, see 'Markshall and the Honywoods,' by the present writer, *Essex Review*, vol. vii. (1898), pp. 156–175.

Lady Everard was a daughter of Sir Francis Barrington, and so doubly connected by marriage as well as by friendship with Mary. When the time came to draw up her will, and dispose of all her outward affairs, we shall see that both 'old Sir Richard' and 'young Sir Richard' were witnesses to it. Certainly the three Sir Richards owed her a debt of gratitude :

Aug. 20, 1667 After dinner went to Langleys to endeavour to make peace between old Sir Richard, and his son, and grandson. I spent most of my afternoon in persuading them to lay down all their unhappy disputes and a law suit ; and it pleased God so far to prosper my endeavours as I then prevailed with old Sir Richard to yield to what I proposed to him to do, in order to the composing the differences that were between them. I returned not home till late in the evening.

The next day, after Sir Gobert and Lady Barrington, of Tofts, Little Baddow, had left, the peacemaker again

went to Langleys to endeavour the long by me pursued work of reconciliation in that family. It pleased God at last to crown my endeavours with good success, and to enable me to reconcile all the many differences that were between them, and to make an agreement between the father and son and the grandson, which gave me much satisfaction. Returned not home till late in the evening.

Somewhere about this time the first visit to Lady Mordaunt is noticed in the Diary. Afterwards her name recurs more than once.

The points of resemblance between Elizabeth Mordaunt—'that blessed creature,' as Evelyn calls her—and Mary Rich, were only equalled by those of contrast of another kind. Both were women of saintly piety, who lived virtuous and even holy lives at a period when to do so was a task of immense difficulty for those brought into contact with the Court of the gayest, wittiest, yet most corrupt period of modern times. Each came of a great and notable stock ; both married into families which were prominent

factors in the times. Whilst one was for liberty and the Parliament, the other house cast in its lot for the King and constitution. Each of the two women was content, although loving best the retirement of a country life, to lend herself at intervals to the social life of London and the Court. How much in this they, unconsciously, were rendering to all posterity the highest service, it is hard to say. Such women as these, such a woman as Margaret Godolphin, must have helped to keep alive in the minds of their contemporaries the traditions of feminine purity, modesty, and virtue, when shameless licence and heartless mockery were the usual accompaniments of beauty. Each of the two friends had made a marriage of real love, and was devoted to her husband. One centred her existence around him and her children; the other was a bereaved and childless mother, who not only saw the sole remaining member of her family decline, day by day, towards his end, but was continually haunted with the dread of his future ill-being.

Both recorded in a secret diary their aspirations to the devout life. The existence of these records, in each case, apparently, was unknown to any single person until long after they were penned.

Perhaps their occasional meetings were but formal and commonplace, and they never really bridged the gulf between soul and soul. Complete, or even partial, perception, intuition, or self-access, lies somewhere between a talent and an accident, even when kindred spirits may have exchanged in passing a signal of recognition. In Lady Mordaunt's pages there are no names of friends and acquaintances, and in Lady Warwick's a simple record of their visits is entered one by one. The only comments she makes are either 'had with her good discourse' or, occasionally, 'vain frothy discourse.' On her meetings with this friend, there is neither favourable nor unfavourable comment.

James Hamilton and his rejected suit have, perhaps, not

been forgotten. Lady Mordaunt was a first cousin of the wife who consoled him when Mary Boyle would have none of his addresses.

Ann and Elizabeth Cary were daughters of two brothers, the sons of the first Earl of Monmouth. Ann married Mary's rejected suitor, and, strangely enough, it was Elizabeth's daughter, another Ann, who, after the death of James Hamilton's two young sons, married a second of his name and house and became the mother of a third James Hamilton, for whom the title Earl of Clanbrassil was revived in 1757.

Both the cousins were beautiful, Hamilton's wife in a less degree.

> Betty Carey's lips and eyes
> Make all hearts their sacrifice,

sang one of the poets of the day. Indeed her beauty, wit, and wealth brought her many suitors. The fortunate one, John Mordaunt, second son of the Earl of Peterborough, we have already met as an Eton schoolboy, a contemporary of Francis and Robert Boyle.

Betty's lot with him was a troublous one, for he was a zealous loyalist, and, during the Commonwealth, was engaged in more than one conspiracy or insurrection in favour of his absent King. In 1658 he was arrested, charged with high treason, and thrown into the Tower. Before he was brought upon his trial, his intrepid wife had interviewed most of the forty judges before whom he was to be arraigned in the Painted Chamber at Westminster, and who combined the functions of judge and jury, and had 'procured some to be very propitious to her husband.' The judges were very willing to help a distressed woman, and were not above making an excellent suggestion, acting upon which, she contrived that the principal witness—one Colonel Mallory—should escape from the court and nowhere be found when he was called. As Mordaunt was being removed from the room, she also succeeded in passing to his hand a scrap

of paper on which was written 'For God's sake, plead, plead for my sake, and stand disputing it no longer.' For Mordaunt had refused to acknowledge the legal status and jurisdiction of the Protector's court. He yielded, however, to his wife's petition and pleaded his innocence. But he narrowly escaped with his life, as she shall tell in her own words :

> In the year of our Lord 1658, on the first of June, my dear husband was tried for his life by a court called the high Court of Justice, and on the second day of June was cleared by one voice only, nineteen condemning of him, and twenty saving of him; and those twenty had not prevailed but by God's immediate hand, by striking one of the court with an illness which forced him to go out, so that his return no way prejudiced Mr. Mordaunt, though in his thoughts he resolved it. [Pride was the person.] He was the first example that pleaded not guilty that was cleared before these courts.

When Charles II. landed at Dover in May 1660, Mordaunt, who had already received from him the title of Baron Mordaunt and Viscount Avalon, met him at the head of a troop of soldiers raised by himself. He was appointed Constable of Windsor Castle, but during the last years of his life was impeached for arbitrary acts and became involved in lawsuits with his eldest brother about their mother's estates. At John Mordaunt's death in June 1675, he left his wife with nine little children and the expectation of a tenth.

Lady Mordaunt's private diary, consisting largely of invocations for providential aid in all the circumstances of her life, was discovered by her descendant, the Earl of Roden, in the library at Dundalk House, two centuries after it was written. It was by him printed (for private circulation only) in 1856, with all its defects of spelling and without either punctuation or editorial comment. It is in fact so irksome to the general reader to peruse, as well as so inaccessible, that but slight apology can be needed for here dipping into its almost sacred

pages, to reproduce a passage or two of rarest tenderness. The public taste is, it appears, reverting from the ephemeral influence of a certain distorted and unwholesome school of fiction, which for a time clamoured for and obtained a hearing. The abnormal and artificial views of this school upon a subject (its votaries would call it a 'question') which may perhaps be characterised as the oldest subject in the world—maternity—seem of vast insignificance when compared with the truer and holier instincts displayed in this piece of fact.

She writes first of one of her elder infants, secondly of the posthumous child, George. Afterwards, she allows us a glimpse of her ideal of pure conduct, cherished, it is to be remembered, amidst a generation of her countrymen and women more abandoned to sensual pleasure than history has ever seen.

O Father of mercies, in thy mercy accept of my thanksgiving, though so late performed, for my recovery from my great illness, and not only for thy mercy, but I must humbly acknowledge that the occasion of my illness is an unspeakable blessing, for it hath pleased thee to hear my request by granting me a happy recovery so far. O deny me not a safe deliverance, and bless the child with exact shape, and preserve it from all kind of deformity. The great blessing of baptism let it live to receive, and if it be thy blessed will let it be a boy, and give both my dear husband and me the comfort of living to see it educated in thy fear and acceptable in thy sight.

O Lord, do thou assist me in the condition I am now in. Preserve the child within me, the time it has to stay, from every ill accident, and when my hour of travail comes, let thy holy angels be assisting. Grant me a safe delivery; support me in my greatest extremity; and bless my child with perfect shapes; make it beautiful in body and mind; and receive both that and me, and all mine, into thy Almighty protection, now and for ever more.

My dearest Lord, do thou take into thy arms of mercy my dear son George. Be his father, that was born without father, brought into the world by an afflicted mother.

. . . . . .

Let me not with those of old content myself with barely refrain-

ing from the act of adultery, but give to me thy humble servant, so strict a modesty that I may not offend in my thoughts or looks, but let the chastity of my conversation and behaviour prevent others from offending in their hearts. . . . And let my conversation be always conformable to thy instructions. Let it be without violence or passion. Let yea and nay be my most earnest assertions, and let truth so constantly appear in all my ways as that there may need no greater to convince the truth of what I say. Let all swearing be unknown to me in my conversation and abhorred by me in that of others.

Dearest Lord, grant me this happiness, if it be thy will, that I may pass my days without great quarrels or disputes, and that I may enjoy my right without being obliged to sue for it; but if for my children's defence, I am forced to make use of the law of the nation, suffer me not to abuse of it by undertaking any unlawful suits, but let me rather suffer than oppress, and receive injuries than do them.

Among a number of similar passages, Elizabeth Mordaunt's Diary contains a quaint spiritual debtor and creditor column for the year 1657. It is, in fact, a kind of banking account kept with Providence. Upon one side is a list of things for which she desires to return thanks: on the other appear the failures for which she entreats a pardon. One is inclined to think the balance is in favour of Providence. Her conscience was a truly inexorable judge. It accuses her of being too sensitive to the slights passed upon her by her mother-in-law; of being pleased with the follies of others; of making other peoples' indiscretion her diversion; of having 'told a thing to one that might incense her against another, which was ill, though the thing were true'; of deferring business to play at cards; and of 'the vain desire of being considered handsome.' The most entertaining crime to which she pleads guilty is that of keeping her husband up until his sleepiness made him neglect his prayers. Who could not easily outvie this record of foibles?

Such passages as these are valuable as showing the ideal of purity which these two women held before themselves, and

were able to maintain, even amid the open vice of the time. In how insinuating a form the prevailing license masqueraded itself, seems suggested by the need the younger woman, at any rate, seems to feel to be continually fortifying herself against temptations which one would have supposed offered no allurements for her. Swearing, for instance, and going to law. It would almost appear that both Mary and her friend needed to remind themselves continually, by writing down such resolutions and by continually reading them over, that they need not adopt the loose moral tone prevalent around them.

Meanwhile we have left Mary at Lees, surrounding herself with the clergy of the neighbourhood. Dr. Spearman, Dr. Pindar, Mr. Benson, Carr of Braintree, and Kidder of Rayne preach by turns in the private chapel. On Christmas Day the famous Commentator, William Burkitt, of Dedham, made a great impression by his sermon.

Warwick was now downstairs again after a month in bed, during which time his gouty pains received some alleviation by the reading aloud of his wife. French history seems again to have been his favourite subject.

Sir Henry Appleton, of South Benfleet (who had married, for his second wife, Mary, widow of Sir Thomas Wiseman, of Rivenhall), Sir Richard Brett, and Mr. Attwood, of Broomfield Parsonage, all came to dinner one day. Mary is very unhappy because her husband pressed them to drink beyond what seemed a rational amount.

The Duke of Albemarle and Gilbert Burnet, now Bishop of Salisbury, were guests upon another occasion. Lord Maynard, Mistress Attwood, and Lady Luckin, another of the Everard married daughters, are all named as frequent visitors.

Mar. 16, 1669 After dinner, read to my lord history; toward evening went with him to take the air. Endeavoured, on viewing the pleasant park, to stir up my own heart to thankfulness, and to persuade my lord of the need of thankfulness for many great and good mercies that

many better than we would be glad of the tithe of. I got then an opportunity of telling my lord how much we ought to study gratitude for that at our table He did so plentifully provide for us such variety of all His good creatures, and did tell him how unfit it was for him to be passionate and provoke God there, when He was so plentifully feasting us, and begged him with much earnestness to watch himself at his table.

During April, Warwick, poor man, was again very ill. His wife still pathetically clings to the idea that his physical sufferings are to work for his spiritual good. April 10

As soon as up, I retired into the Wilderness, and being very melancholy because my lord had one of the saddest nights of pain that I remember him ever to have had—no sleep at all, but continually roaring out—I was much affected to consider his misery and danger, not thinking it did him as much good as I desired. It pleased God in a much more than ordinary manner, to affect my heart with his sad condition and to make me pour out my soul before Him, to spare his life and to give him true repentance.

I did with very great plenty of tears, groans, and sighs, beg his conversion. I did endeavour to rastle with God for his salvation and a happy improvement of his dreadful pains, and for patience for him that he might not repine at God's afflicting hand. Afterwards prayed, and begged I might be the better for all my afflictions. After dinner, my lord still continuing very ill, I stayed with him. and whilst he slept, I read in a book of eternity.

Next day, in the afternoon, he growing so exceedingly ill that he was let blood, and after I could hardly keep him from fainting away, I was exceedingly frighted, but often went to God for him, and whilst he slept (which he did towards evening) God was pleased to comfort the soul of his afflicted servant, and to come in with a great deal of comfort to my soul, and to carry me as it were into Mount Hebron, and to let me on this side Jordan taste some drops of that river the stream whereof makes glad the city of God. I had sweet joys and comforts upon the thoughts of Heaven. The consideration that I should enjoy God for ever in a pure, intimate, and everlasting friendship did much transport me, and the joyful thoughts of that day did make abundance of tears flow from my eyes, and comfort me in my outward troubles. After I had

begged of God sleep for my lord, to restore his very weak body I went to rest.

Perhaps there is no passage in the whole of the Diary which illustrates better the absolutely tangible and visible connection felt by our heroine with the unseen. She seems to consider this sleep as much the effect of her intercession as if she had simply directed an anodyne to be brought by an attendant from the next room. Next day she writes again:

My heart was lifted up in the way of God, and I had a sweet enjoyment of Him this happy morning, for some two hours together whilst my lord slept. After he waked, I found him, for all he had slept, so very weak that I was much discouraged, and wept much for trouble for him, and went again to God for him. All that day he was so ill that I stirred not from him.

So, with constant alternations between sickness and comparative health, the uneventful months at Lees pass away.

Between March 5 and November 15 a Diary book is missing. When the journal was recommenced in November, Mary was at Chelsea, but on the point of returning to the country:

Nov. 15, 1669 Blessed God for preservation at London, and begged His protection over me in my journey. Then took coach to go to Lees. I had in the way good meditations and heavenly ejaculations, and, by God's good providence over me, got by 3 o'clock in the afternoon home to Lees, where I found all my family well, for which when I got alone I heartily blessed God, and after supper before bed time, I commended my soul to God by prayer.

Nov. 16 My heart was much drawn out to praise God for bringing me safe back again to my quiet and retirement at Lees.

This day I heard the news that my brother Orrery was accused in the House of Commons of speaking treasonable words, but knowing his innocence, was not frighted.

Broghill had been created Earl of Orrery at the Restoration, and now, after a long and honourable career as military commander in Ireland, as President of the Council in Scotland, and

as member of more than one Parliament, he was impeached on November 25 for defrauding the King's subjects of their estates, and other apparently invented resolutions.

The King interfered, on December 11, by proroguing both Houses until February, but the news of Orrery's acquittal reached his sister at Lees some days earlier. On December 2 she writes: 'This day I heard the good news that after my brother Orrery had answered for himself, he was cleared.' Some weeks later, on December 27, she notes: 'After dinner expecting the company of my brother Orrery, who came not.'

Mr. Progers came, however, and several other visitors, who helped to make the house livelier for poor gouty Lord Warwick. Apparently they brought with them more than a suggestion of the distinguishing flavour of the times. At any rate, about this date Mary is constrained to pen in her Diary the grateful reflection that in Heaven she will never have to listen to 'loose and profane jests.'

She notes the death of her illustrious neighbour Monck at 1670
New Hall, on January 3, but is really more concerned at the loss of her 'good and pious friend Mrs. Smith, mother of Mr. Smith, the minister of Barnston, who departed the same night.' 'Old Sir Gilbert Gerard,' of Harrow, father of Mrs. Carew Mildmay, died about the 12th. Mary's brother-in-law, Lord Ranelagh, died in Dublin on the 7th, but news of the event did not reach her until the 22nd. On the same day Progers returned to Lees, having in the meantime been to Bury.

Sir John Bramston's daughter, Lady Jenoure, from Bigods, near Dunmow, Mrs. Cuttes of Arkesden, an Everard by birth, and mother of Lord Cuttes (created 1690), Lady Seymour, who was sister to Lady Everard of Langleys, and other neighbours now visited Lees. Sometimes their visits were particularly welcome: at others poor Mary is much cast down with a

nervous system quite out of repair. 'My lord spoke to me passionately, at which I was of a sudden so foolishly affected that I retired and wept most bitterly.'

Soon after:

> My lord having been full of passionate expressions to me, I found myself troubled, and when I was retired before going to bed, I wept exceedingly, but afterwards was troubled that I shed so many tears for anything but my sins.

The depression does not pass, and not long after she writes that she is 'convinced that death is best for me, and begged I might have life in patience, death in desire.' She even forgets, for once, to bemoan the enormity of her husband's swearing, and merely jots down abruptly: 'My lord very bad with the gout. I hearing the sad and usual effects of it.'

Another book of Diary filled between March 25 and August 19, 1670, is missing. When the narrative is resumed, Lees is still the scene. On the anniversary of the Great Fire Mary keeps, as usual, a special fast for her own and the nation's sins. This year it is her own that weigh heavily upon her spirit. To the ever present reproach that she does not grieve as she should over her husband's one indulgence, or counsel him to abandon it with sufficient pertinacity, another is now added. Thirty years had almost elapsed since she had thrown in her lot with Charles Rich, the younger son, but from now till her dying day continual reference is made to the 'undutiful and disobedient' way in which she had forced her father's consent to her marriage. 'The sin which God inabled me in an especial manner to grieve for was my disobedience to my father. For this I judged my self exceedingly, and wept much, and found myself much condemned.'

Mr. Woodrooffe here interposes, with a naïve touch of worldliness, that 'her lord was then only Mr. Rich, with several persons betwixt him and the earldom.' He goes on to add:

'But she paid dear for it, as appears by these papers, for he was very cross.'

Generally it was before or when recovering from fits of gout that he was most exacting—a consideration that should give cause for reflection whether any increase of equanimity has accrued with increased medical science.

Sept. 7, 1670

At dinner, my lord, without any just cause given by me, spoke very bitterly and provokingly to me; at which though I held my tongue, yet I found myself more than ordinarily troubled. After my Lady Luckin, Mrs. Cuttes, and Mrs. Paulet were gone, with whom I had good discourse, I told him of his unkindness. Whilst I was doing so, though I said nothing to him that was unfit for me to say, yet when I was reckoning up some things he had done to trouble me, I found myself so much overcome with the unkindness of it, I wept exceedingly, and found my mind much disquieted.

One thing that Warwick had 'done to trouble' her was to order the cutting down of all the trees in the Wilderness, thereby destroying the secluded nature of this, her favourite place of retirement. It was, no doubt, good for the shrubbery, but is an evidence of the want of perception of the little sentiments that play so large a part in female existence. Small daily pleasures that add so much to a woman's life are so often ruthlessly brushed aside by the supreme authority. And because of the tenacity with which a woman clings to the trifles, she is too often considered to have set all her soul upon them.

The irritation still continued, and it was evident another attack of the gout was impending. Ten days later it came:

Sept. 17

In the morning, had but little time for my devotions, only prayed, and that with dulness, too, my lord having been so ill that I had seldom seen him worse in all respects, and he continued so ill all that day, with fainting fits, that I could not stir from him. I found myself much frighted and extraordinarily troubled for him; and, as I constantly tended him, I sent up many ejaculatory prayers to God, with tears, for ease and comfort for him; and

mightily did I cry to God for to spare his life, and to sanctify His afflicting hand to him.

Oct. 25 At dinner, and till evening, had with me Lady Dawes. Towards evening retired, meditated upon death, and prayed to be fitted for it. Afterwards my lord, without any just cause given by me, fell into a most violent passion with me, wherein he was in an extraordinary manner bitter and provoking, which made me suddenly be surprised into a dispute with him, wherein though I was by God's mercy kept from returning railing for railing; yet, seeing him in so great a heat, I was afterwards troubled that I had at all carried on the discourse, though I was much in the right; and I did, before going to bed, humble myself before God for it, and beg his pardon that I had, by not holding my tongue, carried his passion higher than may be it would otherwise have been.

Oct. 26 In the morning as soon as up, I retired to meditate, but found a very great and unordinary discomposure of mind upon me. The unkindness I had the night before met with did extraordinary grieve and affect me, and made me (do what I could) shed a great abundance of tears, and I could find no rest in my mind, till I had poured out my complaint before the Lord and showed Him all my trouble, and I did with great self-abhorrence confess my sins were the just cause of His afflicting me in what I loved best.

We have seen already what a strong believer in the theory of rewards and punishments our heroine is. Another entry of a few months later must be read with this:

In the morning as soon as up, I retired into the wildernes to meditate. It pleased God to make me call to my remembrance many of the several conditions of life through which His Providence had carried me, and I did then consider that in every change of my life where I still promised myself satisfaction, I still met dissatisfaction: I did then from my own experience, conclude with Solomon that all was but vanity and vexation of spirit, and I then found my soul follow hard after God to set my affections upon things above, and that I might take up with Him alone for my felicity, and this I begged with many groans, sighs, and tears. I did bemoan my ever having expected too much from the world, or any creature in it. O Lord, I bless thee for the great and more than

usual contempt thou wast pleased to give me this happy morning for all the glittering pageantry and tinsel glories of this deluding world, and for the high prizeings I found in my heart, of Thee, my chiefest good. Afterwards had many of my neighbours. . . Had with my Lady Everard and Mistress Sorell some good profitable discourse.

The same strain is continued in another passage later on.

Meditated of the great vanity I had experienced in all things under the sun, and of the great dissatisfactoriness I had found in all things that I had set my heart upon and expected happiness from; my bitterest crosses still coming from those creatures that I did expect my sweetest comforts from; so that in my deliberate thoughts I did then conclude that it was not safe to let my heart ever again too freely go out unto any person or things of this world.

By this time we know enough of Mary's ardent nature to be sure that whatever her deliberate intentions might be, she would never be able to stop her warm loving heart from going out freely to every person and thing around her. However much she might think she ought to cultivate a 'contempt for the glittering pageantry, and tinsel glories of this deluding world,' there was an inexhaustible well of affection within for all the common things by which she was surrounded. Her servants, the village poor, the ministers, her little dog, the birds, the very trees and shrubs in the gardens at Lees, the blue sky of an April morning, the late roses wet with an autumn storm, she was quick and sensitive to respond to each.

Another Duke and Duchess were now installed at New Hall. 'Went by my lord's command with him to dinner to the Duchess of Albemarle's. Nothing extraordinary happened.' The last remark, it may be explained, occurs frequently in the Diary. It merely conveys that nothing peculiarly worth recording took place. It does not necessarily imply that extraordinary things were expected to happen at New Hall, although the new mistress there, Elizabeth Cavendish, was, it is true, known for her eccentricities as 'the mad Duchess.'

1670 At this time 'cousin Boteler,' who was the Keeper of Pond Park, and lived in the fine manor house, part of which remains, was very ill. Mary was extremely attached to him, and went twice a day to see him, for, as she says, he was 'like to die.' But a note by Woodrooffe and a tablet in Felsted church inform us that he lived for eighteen years after. He married Sidney Humphreys, of Caernarvon, at whose death, in 1690, several bequests to the poor of Felsted, and clothing and education for six boys and girls, became his legacy to the parish.

Not far from the Botelers' house a decoy had been made in Pond Park. Although long unused for sport and frequently dry, it still remains in much the same condition as when first dug.

From a small upper loft in the roof of the keeper's cottage standing close by the end of one of the pipes, the decoy birds were let fly, and doubtless soon attracted others from the wide stretch of water that lay just below.

As Mary passed up and down between the Priory and Pond Park, on the firm causeway raised well above the bed of the fish ponds, in full view of the decoy, she found here the subject of one of her Meditations: 'Upon coy ducks bringing in many with them.'

ROGER BOYLE, LORD BROGHILL, FIRST EARL OF ORRERY.

## CHAPTER XIII

### SOME ESSEX FRIENDS

'He is a marvellous good neighbour.'
*Love's Labour's Lost.*

Two personages who enter the scene at this juncture are Colonel Nathaniel Rich and his wife, Lady Elizabeth. Distantly connected with the house of Warwick, the former is, in the Diary, generally styled 'Cousin Rich,' although once or twice he is 'old Colonel Rich.' As he is described as being under age in 1636, when he inherited the manor of Stondon, in Essex, from Sir Nathaniel Rich, his uncle, he could not at this time be much over fifty. But he did become distinctly old before his death, which occurred in 1701. 1670

Bred to the law, and a member of Gray's Inn, Rich, so soon as the Civil War broke out, entered the Life-guards of the Earl of Essex, and received a commission as captain. He raised a troop of horse in the county of Essex, and quickly attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He fought at Newark and Naseby, in Cornwall, and in Kent, and recaptured for the Parliament the Castles of Dover, Deal, and Sandwich, which had fallen into the hands of the Royalists. He sat in Parliament for three or four years. When friction arose between the army and Parliament, Rich, who had obtained very great personal influence over his regiment, was suspected of stirring up disaffection among them and was thrown into prison. The Long Parliament, however, restored him to his command, but at the Restoration he was once more deprived of his liberty.

Rich's first wife, John Hampden's sister, had died long before this. His second, to whom he had been married about six years, was Elizabeth Kerr, daughter of that Sir Robert Kerr of Newbattle Abbey, Midlothian, who at the belated Scottish Coronation of Charles I. at Holyrood, on June 18, 1633, exchanged his ancient title for that of Earl of Ancrum. Among the many faithful and ruined servants of the Stuarts scarcely a sadder story is to be found than that of this pathetic old man, who had occupied the closest offices about the person of Prince Henry and King Charles, and had poured out his fortune in their service, now exiled from his country and separated from the wife and daughters to whom he was devotedly attached. Outlawed and impoverished, he writes from Amsterdam, in the days of Cromwell's high tide of fortune, that his one 'desire is but to make a quiet end among them I am bound to, and then be laid in any Christian burial, without pomp or ceremony.' In peace perhaps, although far from any he was bound to, he died; but the Christian burial was denied him. No sooner was the breath out of his body than it was arrested by his creditors for debt, and four months later appeared to be still unburied. It was only owing to the efforts of Cromwell's private secretary, William Malyn, that at last the old man's corpse was given 'a little earth for charity.'

Whilst he had solaced his last years of exile by composing a metrical version of the dour Scots Psalms, to the tunes he heard in the Low Countries, his wife, who had been Governess to the three Princesses, and was now spoken of as 'the most afflicted Countess of Ancram,' with her daughters, was in London, endeavouring by what means she could to repair their broken fortunes. It was not long before the elder sister, Lady Vere Kerr, found for herself a wealthy husband, who was moreover in high favour with the Parliament. The younger sister was not so fortunate. A clever, capable Scotswoman, Elizabeth was entrusted by her second brother, William Earl of

Lothian, with the transaction of many business matters for him in London during the Protectorate, whilst he was absent in the North. One of these was the purchase from the Royal collection, of a number of paintings which Lothian desired to possess, and which his sister obtained for him through the painter William Geldorp, who had been keeper of the King's pictures. After describing these art treasures somewhat naïvely in a letter to him, she goes on to hint at the friends already made at Court.[1]

I have got some of your pictures from Mr. Geldorp and am in daily expectation of the rest. What I have is two old men and a great picture (I think of Venus and Adonis) with two little pictures; one of two women (which one of them Geldorp called St. Catherine) another of two men (one I think is St. Christopher) and another of a king sitting by a sea-side, &c., with three other pictures with strange antique creatures in them. They hang up in a room in our new house at Queen Street, where I am at the present, and where all our family will be within a fortnight, and I hope my Father also. I shall have a great care of them, and dare promise you they shall suffer no ill usage while I have them. . . . Mr. Oxenbridge bid me desire you to drive your order to the height suddenly, and not be put off for any second reinforcement, because the Parliament being near, it will be a question whether the Protector will meddle with any such things more. Mr. Maylin, my Lord Protector's secretary, is a very civil person to me, and the more he is obliged the better. I believe he will befriend you in your publique faith business.

The brother's approval seems to have been all the world to this sister, who writes later to announce her proposed marriage to Colonel Rich. She has chosen a somewhat unpropitious moment, for the bridegroom is in prison, although, as she explains, 'for no crime, but only because he is a man of parts'—of such parts, indeed, that, as an eligible and well-connected widower, he seems to have been rather in demand. So that Elizabeth in explaining who he is, adopts an unnecessarily

[1] *Ancram-Lothian Correspondence.* Privately printed. Edinburgh, 1875.

apologetic tone. She implies, guilelessly, that she is only taking him because she is getting on in years and thinks so fair a chance should not be let slip. At the same time, she does not disguise the fact that her eyes have been upon this identical husband for quite a long time.

Oct. 29, 1661.

I presume 'tis well known to you how long I have had an unsettled being in this world, and yet when I have found little regard among my relations, yet God has not left me destitute of necessaries. 'Tis now near 18 months since the King's return, whereby some hopes were administered to repair the fortunes of our decaying family, wherein my brother Ancram, pretending that undertaking, hath been hitherto unwilling that my sisters should be assisted by any other hand but his own, and that his long forbearance has given opportunity to so many of forestalling the King's favour, that notwithstanding the King's readiness to comply with any proposal on our behalf, aught of that kind is hardly to be found out, and in truth I fear my brother's delay has rendered it almost unseizable. This being premised, the visible hopes of an outward fortune to further my dispose to a better settlement in the world seems very remote. My age is well known to you, and it is seasonable for me to think of altering my condition, and I have waited for a suitableness in the esteem of God rather than my own, and if anything of that nature present itself at present, I suppose the love you have for me would prompt you to a furtherance of it. I confess it has been my desire not to come altogether empty-handed to him whom God appoints as a companion for me, but as yet I am to seek for a probability of doing otherwise.

The person on whom my thoughts have been for some years has of late addressed himself to my brother Ancram; nor was it proper for me to mention it to my friends before he had owned it. His name is Colonel Rich, who that title [alone] has not made a gentleman, but is an alliance of my Lord Warwick's family; but what is more considerable to me is his nearer relation to the Lord, who has so well accomplished him with the best qualifications that I have reason to think myself unworthy of him; besides my obligation is the greater to him for preferring me before many that were offered him with great fortunes and might now be more acceptable

to him, having lost 800*l.* a year by this change. What he has left is but small, yet such a competency may very well content me, though I confess, if it were God's will, I would not expose myself to be slighted by his wife's friends (for he is a widower and has 3 children, which are well bred and but young), which my bringing him nothing at present, nor any hopes of something for the future, might render me less acceptable to them. I shall not trouble you further with particulars about him, but refer it to my brother Ancram, who gave him his consent and a very kind reception, and has since received me into his house at Kew, which is all he can do for me at present. Colonel Rich has also taken a house hard by his, where his family now are. I will add no more but this assurance that I value your favour more than any of my relations, you being the best and dearest to me; therefore I desire I may obtain your consent in this matter, and am ascertained when you are acquainted with the person (as I hope Providence will offer an opportunity), you will think him as worthy your esteem as of my choice. I beg your pardon for this tedious letter, and desire I may hear you have received it, which will be a great satisfaction to her that is particularly, dear Brother, your most affectionate sister and servant E. Carr.

Six months later, on May 1, 1662, Elizabeth writes again to her brother, to send him 'two little vessels full of waters, aqua mirabilis and aniseed. If the journey it takes to you hurt it not, I think you will find it very good.' She has been at 'the gates of death,' indeed it is her illness that has 'taken her off' sending the precious waters sooner; also it has prevented her from giving him the important news that she has at last 'got a customer for her baronet.' Of this strangely unsaleable commodity she writes much as if it were a rare cockatoo or jewel some traveller had brought her from over seas: 'He offers me but 200*l.*, which I must be forced to accept of, they are so fallen in their price; and I was kept in hand all this time by a gentleman who engaged me to keep it till he came to town, and he would come up to my price. But he has deceived me, therefore I must take this or nothing.' After the more

important matters of the physic and the baronet are disposed of comes a cautious allusion to the courtship which, with brothers to satisfy and a bridegroom in bonds, was more protracted than the rather elderly couple desired: 'As for the person I mentioned in my last letter, he is a prisoner yet. He was also a prisoner long under Cromwell's Government for opposing his treachery, but is so resolved upon his duty to his Majesty that I am assured if it were in his power it would never be in his heart ever to act against him, directly or indirectly. This is why I have proceeded no further.' Her anxiety to make Rich out a thorough loyalist is quite pathetic, considering all that he had suffered for the cause. The next letter tells its own tale:

August 13, 1663.

Dear Brother,—I was in hope your son Sir William Carr would have given me notice of his going hence, by whom I intended to have written at large, but that opportunity failing me, I have waited for another, whereby I might give you a more particular account of myself than yet I have done, which my inclination (as well as my obligation) make incumbent upon me. And therefore by this paper you will know that the business I first acquainted you with between me and Colonel Rich is now finished to the satisfaction of my brother Ancram and the rest of my relations and friends here at London and Clapham; though I assure you, dear brother, your approbation is most necessary to my content, and therefore I beg the renewed assurance of your favour in my new condition. My brother Ancram and some others have contributed their assistance to my husband's release, at least for a season, and I trust his innocency and the conviction of those under whose inspection he has been while a prisoner will obtain him longer enlargement. He presents his humble service to you, and is very desirous to acquit himself as becomes him towards you, and had sent you a few lines with mine now but that he was engaged to meet my brother Ancram, at Whitehall, about his business; but when he has any certainty of his stay in these parts as free from confinement, he intends by your permission, to present his service to you himself.

It was not long before Rich was once more a prisoner at Portsmouth, where his wife also shared his not very close

captivity. In January 1665 she writes to her brother, still rather grudgingly and with very tempered praise of her essay at matrimony, of being

well and contented though a prisoner, because I find that most places are alike (were it not for my own mind and the company that best suits me), which now I have a husband I find the difference for the better in some respects, though the place is not desirable.

She adds that her husband does not write a letter in the same packet as her own, because he thinks it most proper 'to wait till he is at liberty, as best suitable to the nature of his free respects towards you.' The same sentiment Colonel Rich expresses in his reply, after many months, to his brother-in-law's letter.

November 9th, 1665.

My Lord,—It was not long after I had the favour of your Lordship's letter, some months past, that I was again debarred my liberty by a comitment to the Tower of London, as the fruit of jealousy, rather than any real accusation; where, though I had not so long and inconvenient a lot of restraint as elsewhere, yet it was my desire to suspend returning my due sense of those obliging expressions in your Lordship's afore mentioned, till I was in some better capacity than as a prisoner; which I hope will not seem any neglect, or omission to pay that just tribute of acknowledgement which your Lordship may on this occasion challenge from me. I am now removed from Richmond to a house of my Lord Ancram's, near Cliffden, where my residence, as 'tis private and solitary, so is suitable to my present condition, freed from those outward observations which might tend at least to cumber the inner man, if not confine the outward; the liberty of both which, in the sun's freedom, may, I hope, enlarge in due season beyond the sense of any yoke or burden but that which being in its own nature light and easy becomes delightful. My wife giving your Lordship under her own hand this like trouble, 'tis not my mind to add at present further; the intent hereof being only to signify that I still live under a just resentment of your Lordship's last respects and condescension, and should be glad to testify my obligation in

any other way more acceptable to your Lordship, as that which would no less satisfy my Lord, your Lordship's most affectionate humble servant

NATH. RICH.

White Place, in Cookam, near Maydenhead, in Berkshire.

A year later, the long-suffering couple were still in the peaceful seclusion of this riverside retreat. Elizabeth writes again to her brother on August 11, 1666:

I thank you for your concern for my husband and self. We are still at White Place, which God has made a very good place to us by the quiet we find in it; though our remove hither raised a great storm against us by my 2 sisters, who, when we were at a nearer distance to London were with us for a season, till it was thought convenient by the wiser that my husband should live a little more retired, which solitude, though it suits us, yet was more remote from their genius.

It is not only letters from a person which show what manner of man he is: those written to him reveal, in a certain way also, his character. That Colonel Rich should be the recipient of such an epistle as the following, written by the brother-in-law to whom he was known only by correspondence and repute, when he was suffering a heavy loss, is an unconscious tribute to the man who was Mary Rich's intimate friend, no less than to the writer, who too modestly disparages his communications.

Sir,—Your letter of the 4th of the last month I have eight days since received, and not any other from you, nor my sister, since the first of November last, and I sent the returns of both your last letters according as my sister gave the address. There hath been a miscarriage of letters on both sides. I am sorry for the miss of yours, for these I receive are very much contentment to me. Mine to you can signify little: they are only the declarations of the satisfaction I have of your remembrance of me, and the desire I have to be in any measure worthy of your esteem and friendship. Your last was very seasonable in the affliction I lie under, it is so full of Christian consolation and love and good will to me, that I have received it as

a providential mercy to me. I have had indeed a great loss, as much (as to the world) as could befall me. I have lost an excellent and virtuous wife, and it lieth the heavier upon me (which other ways in corporal burdens would make it easier) that my children have so much share in it; for they have the want of a very very good mother; but, to them and me, our Parent, our Father, our God liveth for ever. I kiss the rod. I stoop and lay myself low under His mighty hand who doth everything well, and cannot do but what is just and good and right, in weight and measure. I do see from the place I write this, and out at the window, within two hundred paces, the place where her earth rests until the resurrection. I bless God for her glory and happiness and that she is free from the calamities and troubles of this miserable life in this evil and worst age of the world. Sir, I again thank you for your Christian affectionate letter. I wish and pray that, in all the days of my life and many years after, none may have the cause to write to you a consolatory letter on the like subject. It would be much contentment to me to see and converse with you personally, but I fear that good be denied me; but still to see your letters and hear of your welfare will be very great contentment to, Sir, your most affectionate and humble servant, LOTHIAN.[1]

Newbattle the 18th July, 1667.

The efforts of his wife's friends, added to those of his own, had procured Rich's final release in 1665, when he took up his abode in Essex, perhaps on his property at Stondon, distant about fifteen miles from Felsted. The frequency of his visits might, however, suggest a nearer residence. Elizabeth's sister-in-law, Lady Ancrum and her niece, Lady Loudoun, were often brought over to see Mary when they were visiting the Riches. How close was the tie may be seen from the fact that, between the years 1670 and 1672, this pair of much appreciated friends were at Lees every week or two, and there was inevitably 'good discourse' with them.

The elder of the Kerr sisters, Lady Vere (named after her grandmother, Elizabeth de Vere, daughter of the seventeenth

[1] Sir William Kerr had been created Earl of Lothian upon his marriage in 1631 with Ann Kerr, sole representative of the 2nd Earl.

Earl of Oxford), had married Henry Wilkinson, a learned divine appointed by the Long Parliament Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. Although a man of substance, the support of his wife's distressed relations was a considerable drain upon him. A letter written a few months before her father's death, about 'the case of the most afflicted Countess of Ancram and her family,' says: '"Tis true that the Lady Vere is married, but her husband's estate most engaged for her father's and mother's supply, far beyond their abilities.' Wilkinson was chosen Margaret Professor of Divinity at Oxford and became a highly admired preacher. He was, of course, as a nominee of the Parliament, ejected at the Restoration. On leaving Oxford he resided at Clapham until the Five Mile Act drove him still farther afield. Wherever he removed, it was apparently not to a healthy place. Elizabeth's letters speak of much sickness in the Wilkinson family in April 1662, by which Vere has only 'Robin and Watt left of five.' A year later she goes on to say:

> As for my sister Vere, I saw her at London lately. Her husband and she are both well. He is retired a little way furder off London, Clapham being a prohibited place, it being not 5 mile off London and he is not one of those that have taken the oath; such appear in London, or any market town out of a disguise, by which they cannot be distinguished from courtiers, but he does not think fit to change his habit.

During the year spent by Mary at Chelsea, she probably encountered Lady Vere Wilkinson and her husband; but the rector of old Chelsea at the time, whose ministrations she frequently patronised, was of the same surname, one Samuel Wilkinson. Another namesake, and moreover an Oxford contemporary, was 'Dean Harry,' so called to distinguish him from 'Long Harry,' as the Canon was irreverently called. 'Dean Harry' vacated his post as Principal of Magdalen Hall when he declined to subscribe to the Act of Uniformity, and settled at

Gosfield in Essex. After 1673 he moved to the next parish of Sible Hedingham, famous as the birthplace of the celebrated *condottiere*, Sir John Hawkwood. Both were within a short drive of Lees; and this last Wilkinson, during the final years of Mary's life, was frequently there.

Besides the Barringtons, Everards, Maynards, Mildmays, Honywoods, Lumleys, and other neighbours, of whom some short account has already been given, a few more of our heroine's Essex friends may be briefly enumerated.

At Bigods, near Dunmow, were Sir Andrew and Lady Jenoure, with whom frequent visits were interchanged. At this secluded spot, half buried in woods, a descendant of Lady Maynard, and Mary's successor in title, the present Countess of Warwick, has set on foot some of her interesting experiments for the revival of agriculture. To educate boys and girls in such a way as to fit them for intelligent participation in those rural industries which have woefully declined in the county of Essex, is one of many kindred schemes prompted by Lady Warwick's interest in her native county.

The Mashams of Oates, in High Laver parish, will always be invested with a special interest from the connection they had with John Locke. He himself was a great friend of Robert Boyle and fulfilled towards him the last test of friendship as his executor. The Lady Masham mentioned by Mary in her diary was Winifred Barrington, one of the Hatfield family with which the Riches were so closely connected.

With Lady Maynard from Easton, Lady Anne Murray, her sister, and Lady Bovey, her aunt, came on several occasions to Lees. And among other neighbours in the county were Lady Moseley, Mrs. Middleton, Mrs. Cuttes, of the fine old mansion of Horham Hall, near Thaxted, Lady Pym, a daughter of Sir Gilbert Gerard, and Lord and Lady Fitzwalter of Moulsham Hall. Lady Franklin, Lady Seymour, sister of Lady Everard, and Lady Ducie were all at Lees just before Lord Warwick's

death. During our heroine's own last years, she speaks of Mistress Elliot, Mistress Simmonds, 'good Mistress Morion' (? Maryon), and Mistress Webb. Possibly the future historian of Essex may discover in which of the numerous and substantial manor-houses these good people lived—a quest which has so far been in vain.

## CHAPTER XIV

### DUKE OF MONMOUTH'S ESSEX ESCAPADE

'The idle pleasures of these days.'

*Richard III.*

All her friends turned to the Lady of Lees when they were in trouble. Not only were they sure of ready sympathy and help, but they must have had also confidence in her discretion and silence as regards their family affairs. So far as the Diary is concerned, this confidence is abundantly justified. From beginning to end of it, there is never a word to reveal that she was the repository of other people's secrets or private matters.

Were it not for Woodrooffe's neatly inserted comments, we should have remained ignorant of the little romance enacted at Lees in the spring of 1671.

On March 14, there arrived the Berkeleys with their daughter Mary, whom they proposed to deposit in the seclusion of Lees for some months, under the watchful eye of their trusted friend. She had incurred their displeasure by attracting the notice of a most unwelcome lover, and complete banishment to the country was no doubt the wisest cure to apply.

This suitor was no other than the eldest born, and favourite, of the King's large and irregular family. Lucy Walters's ill-fated son, the Duke of Monmouth, was now twenty-two. His personal appearance, by the common consent of many writers, no less than by his portraits, was remarkable enough to attract any young girl's fancy. Dryden, we remember, in his polished

satire of 'Achitophel,' apostrophises him as 'Absalom, thou piece of misplaced beauty!' Count Hamilton, than whom perhaps no one was a better judge, familiar as he was with the courts of Europe, remarked that 'nature perhaps never formed anything so perfect as the external graces of his person.' With even fuller detail, his biographer, Roberts, describes him 'as tall, well shaped, of a good air, of a civil behaviour, none danced better, and with all this he was very brave, which made him much courted by both sexes.' Bishop Burnet gives us a glimpse of him about this time as engaged in a 'mad ramble after pleasure.'

Possessed of all the Stuart daring and high courage, Monmouth's love of escapade was undoubtedly fostered by his perilous position, always hovering on the border line between royal bounty and royal displeasure. All his life, he was either a King's acknowledged elder son, and claimant to a throne, or a penniless adventurer with nothing save his beauty and his sword. Married at fourteen to the Countess of Buccleuch, for the sake of her wealth and position (invaluable endowments for a bastard's wife), his romantic love for Henrietta Wentworth had not yet been born. Mary's diary seems effectually to dispose of the accusation that 'at one and the same time, he was carrying on two guilty intrigues, with Lady Wentworth and Lady Grey.' The episode at Lees had doubtless not been forgotten by his enemies, although it happened at least ten years before. To clear his memory thus far is a wholesome task. Mary Berkeley became, not long after, Lady Grey, and there is no suggestion that Monmouth's passing infatuation for her survived her marriage. Perhaps his pursuit of her was never more than a romantic episode; but, at any rate, it was carried out with all the dramatic instinct that dogged his footsteps through life and conducted him at last to the scaffold on Tower Hill.

The young lady's father and mother remained a week at

Lees, during which time the Diary was but hurriedly written: 'I was much troubled and taken up.' On April 21 they 1671
returned to London, but that day week, the 28th, they again came down to Lees. The 30th was Sunday, and the Diary runs:

> Spent the rest of the day after afternoon service in giving good counsel to Mistress Mary Berkeley, and in making peace for her with her father and mother, who were very angry with her. I had at last the satisfaction to reconcile her parents to her.

Parents and hostess alike were in ignorance of much that transpired, whether with or without Mistress Mary's knowledge. In all probability Monmouth's secret visit to the neighbourhood where the object of his fleeting affections was safely established, was entirely without her connivance. It is hard to say. Disguised as a travelling pedlar, and accompanied by a servant in a similar character, he spent a day or two lurking about the lanes, and among the shadows of the great thorn trees in the park at Lees, hoping to catch sight of his lady's face. Under the pretence of selling rich and perfumed gloves, he endeavoured to pass in to her a letter concealed in one of them. This intention was frustrated, it would seem, by the faithful steward, Zachary Gee, who was the first to see the Duke and his companion and to penetrate their disguise. They had been in all probability some time in the neighbourhood. It was on July 4, as Mary was returning on foot from Pond Park, where she had spent the day with cousin Boteler, that Mr. Gee 'discovered the affair' to her. It can hardly be supposed that the steward would have thought it consistent with his duty to keep such an affair long from his mistress, so the Duke's Essex escapade must be placed somewhere about the end of June. Mary Berkeley had been in town herself on May 3 for a short time, when it is possible she may have seen her gallant. She returned to Lees within a day or two and remained there until July 17, when her father and

mother came to fetch her home at the conclusion of her four months' rural seclusion. Of the end of this little romance, where and for what length of time Monmouth delayed in the vicinity of Lees, whether he achieved his end, and how he took his departure, not a clue remains.

Mary Berkeley soon after became the wife of Ford, Lord Grey of Werke. Her fate was anything but happy. A few years after the marriage, her husband was tried and found guilty of abducting from her home Henrietta Berkeley, her younger sister, a girl of seventeen. The career thus despicably entered upon was a strangely unworthy one. Grey was arrested for being concerned in the Rye House Plot and consigned to the Tower. A fantastic turn of Fortune's wheel afterwards drew him to join Monmouth in his forlorn rebellion. He was placed in command of troops in the rebel army, and it is said that his incapacity as an officer conduced largely to the rout of Sedgemoor.

His fate was in striking contrast to that of the unhappy fugitive, his leader.

Monmouth was captured on Cranbourn Chase, and, a week later (July 15, 1685), expiated upon the scaffold his own ambitions and his father's error. He could be faithful in love for all his gallantry, and his affection for Henrietta Wentworth was the one thing he would never repudiate. He died without shrift or sacrament, refused him by the bishops at the last moment, when he stubbornly refused to acknowledge any sin in his connection with her.

It was quite otherwise with Grey, who lived to have honours showered upon him by Dutch William. He was created Earl of Tankerville in 1695, and when he died aged only forty-seven in 1701, in the odour of respectability, he had enjoyed as unenviable a career as any man in England. But George Berkeley's daughter did not live to see his later rehabilitation.

In pursuit of Mary Berkeley's story, Lees has been left far behind, and thither we must now return.

On April 1 Mary heard of the death of the Duchess of York at St. James's Palace. Clarendon's daughter was at last released from her most anomalous position. She died an avowed Catholic, but to this the Diary contains no allusion.

The day of her son Charles's death was kept by Mary as usual this year. On this occasion she retired to her 'Stand' in the park and there 'meditated for two hours.' In one of the old pollard trees, which had perhaps been standing long before the time when Lord Rich came into possession of the monastery and its surroundings, she had had fixed a wooden gallery, ascended by steps. Here her love of solitude and her keen enjoyment of all the sights and sounds of outdoor life, often led her.

One of her oldest associates had lately been taken away. 'I heard the ill news of the death of my good Lord Chamberlain, he being one of the best and constantest friends I ever had.' Manchester's son, Robert, now became 3rd Earl of Manchester. He was heir to the Warwick estates, being the son of Lord Warwick's eldest sister. Soon after his accession to his father's title, he came down to Lees on a visit, as we shall see.

Another of Mary's Essex friends is here introduced into the story. On July 26 she relates that she 'went with my sister to visit pious Lady Vere, going and coming in the coach. Found much comfort in hearing that good old disciple converse.' The 'good old disciple' is again mentioned five months later: 'Heard of the death on Christmas day of that eminently pious Lady Vere, [she] being above four score and eleven. She was an extraordinary kind friend to me.'

This wonderful old lady was the widow of one who ranked among the first generals even of that military age. Younger son of Geoffrey de Vere, a younger brother of the fifteenth Earl of Oxford (that Earl who had entertained Queen Elizabeth at Hedingham Castle), Sir Horace de Vere was born at Kirby Hall, in the parish of Castle Hedingham, in 1565. When only twenty, he was serving in the wars in Holland, and in that

country and the Netherlands he afterwards gained his great military reputation. He became General of the Forces there, and upon the death of his equally distinguished brother, Sir Francis de Vere, succeeded him as Governor of Brill. In the Palatinate also he successfully led the British army; and upon his return to England, in 1624, was created Baron Vere of Tilbury (Juxta-Clare), and some years after appointed Master of the Ordnance.

More than five and twenty years before this date, the veteran warrior had died suddenly, while peacefully dining with Sir Henry Vane, at Whitehall. The two martial brothers, of whom old Thomas Fuller says they 'both lived in war much honoured and died in peace much lamented,' were buried in Westminster Abbey, where a splendid monument was erected to Sir Francis.

The widow who had so long survived Sir Horace, was Mary, daughter of Sir John Tracy, of Toddington, in Gloucestershire. Of her five daughters, one became the wife of Thomas, Lord Fairfax, the great Parliamentary General. She had, however, no son, and the title Vere of Tilbury therefore expired with the commander for whom it had been created.

Another welcome visitor was 'sister Burlington,' with whom Mary says she had 'heavenly conference.' Soon after she left in July, 'sister Ranelagh' came, and with her 'brother Robin.' 'He having been at death's door and in God's mercy recovered, I found myself much pleased to see him well again.' His illness of the previous summer may be thus summarized from the Diary:

1670\
July 14 I had not so much life in my meditations as usual, being very sad for fear of the loss of my dear brother Robin, who was very sick.

July 22 This night I had the news that my brother Robin was better.

Aug. 3 Took coach to go to London to visit my dear and sick brother Robin. Dined at Dr. Walker's [1] by the way, and was by God's good

[1] At Fyfield, twenty-five miles from London.

providence over me, brought safe to London without meeting any sad accident. I found my dear brother in a very weak and languishing condition, yet had great satisfaction to see him again, which was a mercy I feared I should not have enjoyed.

Went to my sick brother, where I spent my whole day and had good discourse. Aug. 4

Spent all the day with my weak brother; had with him much good discourse. Aug. 5

In the morning begged God's protection over me in my journey; then, when I had spent the morning with my brother, which I did in good discourse, I took coach to return home to Leez, having the satisfaction, by God's goodness to me, of leaving my brother in a more hopeful way of recovery, in the opinion of his doctors, than when I came to town; and by God's good providence over me came safe home, where I found my Lord Gerard.[1] Aug. 6

Robert Boyle's health was always fragile. At the best of times, it was, says Evelyn, 'so delicate that I have frequently compared him to a crystal or Venice glass, which, though wrought never so thin and fine, being carefully set up, would outlast the hardier metals of daily use.'

It was no doubt largely owing to his sister Katherine's watchful care and cheerfulness that he lived to be near sixty-five. In the years spent alone at Stalbridge before settling down at Oxford and afterwards with her in Pall Mall, both his health and spirits suffered from a natural depression with which many town lovers can sympathise. In the intervals of pruning his apple trees, studying books on agriculture, and 'enduring country visits or visitations rather, which as you know supply with their length what they want in goodness,' he found time to write charming letters to his sister, in which are constant references to his precarious health. In one he says: 'Weakness

[1] If, as seems indisputable, this was Lord Gerard (cr. 1646), a famous General in the King's army, and afterwards outlawed from England for his espousal of the Duke of Monmouth's cause, it is another instance of the welcome both Royalists and Parliamentarians found at Lees.

and the doctor's prescription have cast my pen into the fire, though in spite of their menaces I sometimes presume to snatch it out awhile and blot some paper with it.' Either his doctor's prescriptions or his own nostrums were extremely curious, for in this same illness, we find him writing to Katherine that the 'dried flesh of vipers is the usefullest cordial' tried.

1671 But to return to Mary's diary. Upon August 4 she writes: 'Brother Robin left, at parting with whom I was much troubled.' 'Sister Ranelagh' remained until the end of August. How much she was missed may be read between the lines of the entry made the day after her departure, when her sister complains that 'a great airiness and vanity is upon me.'

Some of the visitors that autumn were Sir Gobert and Lady Barrington from Little Baddow, the Manchesters, and Berkeleys, Lady Middlesex, Lady Moseley, Colonel Rich and his wife, the favourite niece, Lady Frances Shaen, Lady Maynard and Lady Anne Murray, with the 'mad' Duchess of Albemarle from New Hall.

Allusion has before been made to the extensive area of water that formerly surrounded Lees. The fish ponds left by the old monks had been even added to by Rich when he laid out the grounds around his new mansion. In flood time, the situation must have been extraordinarily unhealthy. And that floods were of very frequent occurrence there, seems to be implied by a remark entered in the Diary upon September 13. 'This day was the greatest flood I ever saw at Lees, the water coming into the drawing room and the parlour.' September seems unusually early in the year for so great a rain, and perhaps this note, which is in blacker ink than the remainder of the page, was inserted afterwards from memory. The date ascribed to the great flood by Dr. Walker in his sermon, 'Lees Lachrymans,' is about December 1672.

The death of a near neighbour is the absorbing topic of the autumn months:

1671 Nov. 30 After dinner, I heard the news of the death of my neighbour Sir John Dawes, who died the night before, at which I was much struck, for he was as likely a young man to live as I had seen, and hearing that of a sudden he had lost the use of his reason and of his speech, and continued so for three days, I was much affected and awakened by it to consider of my own latter end. And finding my Lord much struck with that sudden news, I did much discourse with him, and endeavoured to stir him up to make his peace with God before his great change came. I spent most of the afternoon in good discourse with him and my cousin Robartes.

Three days later she went to see the young widow and her little children, and 'to endeavour to comfort her,' brought them away from their sad house to Lees. Jane Dawes was the daughter and heiress of Richard Hawkins of Bocking. Lyons, where she and her family were now living in desolation, was a portion of her own property, and is still one of the most substantial manor houses in this part of the county. The baby William, then only two months old, had before him a distinguished career. He became Dean of Bocking, Master of St. Catharine|Hall, Cambridge, Bishop of Chester, and finally Archbishop of York. He soon inherited his father's title, his two elder brothers, Robert and John, dying young. He married Frances, daughter of Sir Thomas Darcy, of Braxted Park, Witham, and was succeeded at his death (April 30, 1724) by his son, Sir Darcy Dawes.

For about six weeks, Lady Dawes and her children remained guests at Lees. Day after day in the Diary mention is made of reading or praying with her, as of other efforts for her consolation. During part of this time, Mary had also her irascible husband to attend to: 'My lord broke out at me before a great number of servants.' This must have been particularly ill-timed just at Christmas, and when a large party of guests were assembled. Two days before Christmas she writes: 'At the evening, was hindered from retiring by my Lord

Scarsdale, my Lord Fitz-Hardinge, and Mr. Progers coming from London together, with much more company.'

1672 At the New Year, Warwick had been 'ill five weeks, well two.' George Berkeley and Sir Kingsmill Lucy (not yet married to Theophila Berkeley) came to see him for four or five days. His nephew Manchester came in the middle of January, accompanied by 'Cousin Spencer.' One wonders if this was a son or daughter of Mary's relative, Peregrine Spenser, son of the poet. In February Warwick was still very unwell, suffering from 'a defluction of rheum and a tough phlegm that had almost choked him.' On the 12th he left his chamber after nine weeks' confinement there. On March 4 he first went 'abroad' again.

The visits of other relations must have come as a welcome relief. Lord Burlington came for four days. The Scarsdales and their son Dainecourt arrived at the beginning of March, but the damp situation of Lees was evidently bad for the latter, who fell ill almost directly he reached that place. Mary writes: 'By reason of my sister Scarsdale's going from here to London with my Lord Daincourt, he falling ill of an ague, I had only time to pray. After dinner had so much company as I got no retiring time.' Another break in the family circle now occurred. 'In the afternoon heard of the death of my dearly beloved niece Frances Jones, she being a good person, and one that I had a particular kindness for.'

Anxiety about this niece's mother decided a visit to London, in the hope that Katherine might be induced to return with her to Lees. Accompanied by the Rich girls, Mary went for a fortnight to Warwick House, where, besides spending a part of every day with her sister and brother, she seized the opportunity to repair ravages in her own and the young ladies' wardrobes. One can fancy from the tone of her remark that even she enjoyed
April 3 this ever fascinating occupation: 'After I had dined with her [Sister Ranelagh], went with the young ladies and my sister Burlington to buy things. Was all that day at shops.'

On Easter Sunday she went to hear Dr. Stillingfleet at St. Andrew's, Holborn. On the Tuesday following took coach to return to Lees. The 'hurry' of London is again contrasted with the quiet there. Perhaps the difference was almost as marked then as now :

> I found my heart broken for the strange, dull, and distracted temper I was in, as to spiritual things, that week I was so hurried at London. . . . The consideration how much my mind by that strange hurry was discomposed and drawn from attendance upon God, and how much my mind roved from duties, was a very humbling consideration to me, and made me with great self abhorrence consider how frail I was.

Again in the Wilderness next morning, she discovers what 'a distracted temper' she was in.

From June 18 to July 16, 'brother Robin' was with her. 'Sister' remained longer, and participated in drives to Graces at Little Baddow, to visit Mistress Mildmay, and to call on Lady Fitzwalter, who was then living at the Mildmays' other house, Moulsham Hall, Chelmsford, an historic mansion now, alas ! destroyed. In August young Ranelagh joined his mother. 'Nephew [Lawrence] Hyde' also came, accompanied by Edward Progers. The Duke of Albemarle also arrived from New Hall to join in convivialities to which he now frequently had recourse from his domestic clouds. His marriage to Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter of the second Duke of Newcastle, had been a favourite project of his father. The lady was a great heiress, and her alliance with his son, which was solemnised at his bedside only four days before his death, afforded to Monck much satisfaction in dying. To that son, in life, the same cannot be said, indolent person though he was. The heiress's peculiarities gradually developed into a form of insanity which became more pronounced after Albemarle's death, when, to humour one of her whims, Ralph Lord Montagu courted her, in the character

of Emperor of China. Despite her eccentricities and the hordes of other suitors for her wealth, she eventually became his wife, and lived to be ninety-three.

Perhaps the company was too much for the gout-ridden host. Anyhow, a week later, his wife was hurriedly called out of the chapel while Mr. Woodrooffe was preaching, for 'he was like to faint away.' This was the beginning of the end, although for the Christmas season he again revived. The advice of the famous London surgeon, Mr. Wiseman, who came down in November, was apparently followed with some success.

During his last illness Warwick was full of increased tenderness for the wife who had borne with all his petulance so long. Twice he begged her pardon and 'wept much' for angry words and for a most ungentle act, swearing at her before the servants, which, a fortnight after, he acknowledged had troubled him ever since. She, poor soul, again begs his pardon for no fault—unless meekness be one—and afresh on her knees bemoans her sins. Chief among these are: disobeying her father in her marriage, loving her husband too much, taking more care to please him than God, not mourning sufficiently over her husband's sins, and not remonstrating with him with sufficient faithfulness about them. Of this last omission, it will hardly be conceded that she was guilty.

With all her now deeply rooted theories of a Deity jealous of any human affections, she records most mournfully that because she had set her heart upon a creature and expected all her happiness from him, she was therefore most righteously and deservedly disappointed in that creature, that she might be forced to turn to someone higher.

Besides her own private troubles, Mary is by no means careless or ignorant of the public maladies. About this time that she writes: 'My thoughts were upon what I had seen and heard of the bold and crying sins of the nation. I was large in

confessing the bold sins of the King and Kingdom, and my husband's, and my own.'

The Christmas visitors this year brought down with them to the pure country side exhalations from the hot-bed of the Court, and a bewildering miasma of perverted ideals. To be witty and amusing was far more desired there than to be truthful and honourable. To possess beauty was enough to supersede all virtue, since to be both beautiful and virtuous in the publicity of the Court was practically unknown. There is a passage where this sweet saint devoutly prays that she 'may not go down merrily to hell.' Is this an unspoken comment on the flippant jests she must often have been compelled to hear? Distressed as she was by the devotion of her visitors to cards ('a vast parcel' of which Mr. Woodrooffe says, with horror, he saw sent down from London), it was nothing to the indignation caused by the gentlemen's conversation. Probably the doings at Whitehall had come under discussion to evoke the following reference to a sliding scale of morality adapted to all ranks of society, the dividing lines of which, in that day, must have been almost as strongly marked as, at the present time, they are elastic:

> This day, while I was entertaining the company, some of them made a mock of sin, and said that great ones were no sinners. I was mightily grieved and offended to hear such wicked discourse; showed openly my dislike of it, and my disbelief of those wicked opinions, and begged to hear no more of that discourse; by which, much to my satisfaction, I made them cease from it.

Next day the feeling has sunk almost to boredom: 'Had with some of them much vain and idle discourse, which was a trouble to me. I did not join with them in it, but showed my dislike.' 1673

With the opening of the new year, the visitors are still to be found at Lees and still a reproach to their unwilling hostess:

Jan. 4, 1673 God was pleased to give me the sacrifice of a broken heart, and to enable me with very many tears to bemoan my own and my husband's sins, and to mourn exceedingly for the dishonour was brought to God by some of the vain men's company that was now in my house, by their playing and their swearing and their wicked conversation, some of them disputing openly for the sins they lived in. I did with more than usual loathing judge myself, really confessing I deserved greater damnation. (O Lord I do most humbly bless thee for enabling me from my soul to grieve for the dishonour which in my house is brought to thee, which I cannot help.) After dinner I got some good proportion of time from the company to meditate upon death.

Here is a strange contrast, almost dramatic in its intensity. In one room, a sick man, hovering on the brink of the grave, surrounded by hilarious guests, amusing himself, perhaps harmlesssly enough, with games of skill and chance: in another, a robust woman who had scarcely known a day's illness in her life, pondering over and preparing for death. At all times and in all seasons, she seems to find intense fascination in this topic.

This lively house-party was made up of Lord Manchester, Edward Progers, Sir John Moreton, the Scarsdales and their family, and the Fitz-Hardinges,[1] with others whom, after such strictures upon their conduct, their hostess considerately does not name. It began to break up on January 13. Then there was more time for writing in the Diary, although there was nothing very new to record. Mary's efforts after a mind fixed and unruffled by outward events, her distress at its disorder and discomposure, afford another glimpse of the cherished ideal which, in the midst of her full social and domestic life, she was constantly striving after and often attained:

Jan. 18 In the morning, by reason of my Lady Essexes being ill in the night, was tending her, which hindred me from having so much time for my devotions as usual. Read and prayed, but my abominable wicked heart continued still dull and distracted in good

[1] Sir Maurice Berkeley, 3rd Viscount Fitz-Hardinge, and his wife, 'Nan Lee,' the daughter of Eleanor (Wortley) and Sir Harry Lee.

duties, and I found in myself a great drawing back to good duties. In the afternoon, had with me some company. Had with Dr. Walker good discourse. At supper, openly before all my servants and strangers, my lord, without any occasion given by me, fell into a passion with me, in which he was provokingly bitter; to which cruelty of his I made not one word of answer, but passed it by, and afterwards returned good for ill (O Lord from my soul I bless thee for giving me power to refrain from answering again when I was both tempted and provoked to do it). Afterwards when I came alone, I found my mind much oppressed with the great unkindness I had met with, and wept.

Jan. 19, Sunday morning.

I did at large confess my sins to God. The sins which in an especial manner my heart was broken for was my dullness and indisposition in spiritual duties for some days, and that strange, stupid, and lazy frame I had been in, being for some days guilty of much spiritual sloth. I did with very much self-abhorrence judge and condemn myself before the Lord, and with sighs and many tears bemoan my wickedness. After I had begged a blessing upon the public ordinances, I went to hear Mr. Woodrooffe.

Before going to bed, receiving from my lord by Dr. W. a very angry and provoking message; as soon as he that brought it was gone from me and I was alone, I found very sudden and instant eruptions of my passions, which made me speak unadvisedly with my lips passionate words to myself, and I found my wicked self so much by passion disordered that I could not bring my mind into a composed frame to pray before going to bed as usual, but went to rest without committing myself to God (for which violent and passionate discomposure of my mind, I humbly beseech thee, O Lord, to humble me exceedingly).

Jan. 20

. . . After dinner, my lord sending me word by Dr. Walker that he was much offended with me, though my conscience cleared me from having done any thing to deserve his being so, yet I resolving to obey God who had bid me overcome evil with good, before Dr. W., did tell him how troubled I was that he was displeased with me, and begged his pardon for what he thought I had done amiss, and promised to endeavour to avoid doing anything to offend him for the future, and then Dr. Walker prayed with us two, and made us friends. (O Lord, from my soul I bless Thee for enabling me to overcome myself by begging his pardon when I had done no fault.) Afterwards I still continued to find an oppressing melancholy.

Jan. 25 I retired to meditate, and finding still upon my self a great and a very oppressing burden of melancholy, having not yet been able to get off the grief that my h[usband's] unkindness 4 or 5 days ago had given me, I resolved this morning to take more than ordinary pains with my own heart in self-examination, to find out wherefore God was pleased to contend with me, and those places of Scripture were with great power upon my mind, that 'in the day of adversity, I was to consider,' and that 'affliction did not rise out of the dust nor trouble spring out of the ground,' and that I was to 'bear the rod and him who had appointed it.' . . . I did, too, extremely justify God's proceedings with me, acknowledging that He was most righteous in punishing me for my overloving a creature, and for letting my bitterest crosses come where I expected my greatest comforts. I did exceedingly beg He would now be all in all unto me.

## CHAPTER XV

### DEATH, THE FINAL REMEDY

'What is our Life? The play of passion.
Our Mirth? The music of division;
Our mothers' wombs the tiring-houses be,
Where we are dressed for life's short comedy.
The Earth the stage: Heaven the spectator is,
Who sits and views whoe'er doth act amiss.
The graves which hide us from the scorching sun
Are like drawn curtains when the play is done.
Thus playing, post we to our latest rest,
And then we die in earnest, not in jest.'

SIR WALTER RALEGH.

IN March, shadows of coming death and separation began to loom large over the house at Leighs. A new symptom, which Dr. Coxe, who was summoned from London, feared was a growth of some kind, appeared in Lord Warwick's throat or mouth. 1673

There were two or three well-known physicians of this name at the time, but the one consulted was no doubt Thomas Coxe, afterwards Treasurer and President of the Royal College of Physicians. He was a friend of Robert Boyle, and one of the original Fellows of his 'invisible College'—the Royal Society founded by him, and the chief monument to his fame. The Parliamentary Army had made large use of Coxe's services in connection with their sick and wounded many years before, so he must now have been a veteran of large experience. There seems, then, a double reason for the Warwick family to turn to him; and he was, we know, one of the eight medical

men employed to conduct the autopsy on young Robert Rich in February 1658.

Coxe's opinion caused the most prominent surgeon of the time to be again summoned from London. Richard Wiseman who, some year or more earlier, had been appointed principal surgeon to the King, was now a man of close upon fifty. He had a more varied experience than, perhaps, any doctor of the time; for in his younger days he had practised alike in the English, Dutch, and Spanish navies, and had been through wars and battles without end. After some years of attendance on Prince Charles abroad, he had returned with him at the Restoration, and was now settled down in London, near the Old Bailey, to apply the results of his many-sided knowledge to practice. Wiseman made a careful examination, and decided that the physician's fears were groundless. If we may judge from the account given by his wife in one of her 'Meditations' (see p. 337), the course resorted to with the unlucky patient was every whit as painful as if a serious operation had taken place.

The relief of mind caused by the surgeon's visit was the more welcome, as Mary had now to throw herself into the matrimonial prospects of her two young nieces. Almost simultaneously, two suitors appeared to make their addresses to Mary and Essex; and throughout April and a part of May, their aunt's mind was 'much occupied with the business of the two young ladies.'

Towards the end of May, her husband was so much improved in health that she was able to take the girls to town for ten days. And although most of the time was occupied with shopping and visiting the parents of the proposed husbands, Mary found opportunities to see, and be seen by, some of her brothers, and her sister Ranelagh.

All through June and July, Warwick became increasingly ill. The visits to Lees of 'brother Robin,' 'sister Ranelagh' and her son, Lord Devonshire, the Burlingtons, Berkeleys, and Sir

Walter and Lady St. John were a welcome distraction from Mary's daily attendance on him. Another matter was also weighing on her mind. Perhaps it was the marriage of the girls; perhaps it had relation to their fortunes, for which their uncle had been appointed a trustee; or, possibly it was, the disposition of her own will, which we shall see she executed two or three months later:

July 29, 1673

After dinner, finding myself still in a more than usual manner cast down under the burden of affliction, I did desire my friends' advice how to behave myself in a difficult business of great concernment. I spent much of my afternoon in discoursing with them [sister Ranelagh, brother Robin, cousin Boteler] and received much good advice from them.

On August 4, the Burlingtons, who had arrived on July 26, left, Robert Boyle accompanying them to London. For several successive days, reference is made in the Diary to the 'continual drooping' (*i.e.* of spirit) that she feels. Woodrooffe has misread the word for 'dropping,' and seeks to explain it by a reference to 'her lord's continual scolding and chiding, swearing at and cursing her.' But her own shortcomings were the principal cause of this heaviness of soul, especially her disobedience to her father in her youth, caused by 'my having over loved that indeared relation from which I now met with so much unkindness.' Outbursts before her visitors, nephews, and nieces, were harder than ever to bear, and the word 'jade,' applied in the heat of passion induced by suffering, seems to rankle in her mind as the most outrageous epithet that could possibly be applied. However the end was not far distant.

Aug. 12

In the evening, I retired and meditated upon my death, and prayed to be fitted for it. Whilst I was doing so, I was of a sudden sent for to come to my lord. When I came to him, I was extraordinarily disordered and frighted, finding him not able to speak, nor did he know anybody. He was, as I was afterwards informed, of a sudden, as he was drawn about in his chair in the

garden, heard to rattle in his throat, and when his servant Lawrence that drew him looked upon him, they found he was fallen into a swoon; upon which my sister Ranelagh being called (who was near), and bringing some quick spirits, and holding them to his nose, and pouring down some cordial waters, he was, just when I came, brought to life again; but after I came and that we had laid him in to his bed, yet he continued for a long time not to know anybody, nor to be heard to speak that we could understand him, though he strove to do so. I was much disordered at this grievous sight, and wept much, and with much earnestness besought the Lord to restore him to the use of his reason, and to spare his life that he might recover strength before he goes from hence and shall be no more seen. Afterwards God was pleased to hear my prayer and, by giving him some rest, to restore him to the use of his reason again, though his memory was not yet right.

To this account, Woodrooffe appends a note stating that he, too, saw Lord Warwick at the stables, in the chair, and that he 'looked like death.' He never rose from his bed again. But the record of these last days must be in Mary's own words:

Aug. 14 In the afternoon, I was constant in tending my sick lord, but seeing him in that very weak and dangerous condition, I was by it, in a more than usual manner, excited to have a frequent return to God for his immortal soul's salvation, and for his life too; in order to which I had the day before sent for Dr. Micklethwaite to London, to join with Dr. Swallow. When he came, he found my lord very weak, and thought his condition to be dangerous, in case another fit should come, fearing that he might die in one, which did much trouble me.

Aug. 15 My poor husband, about noon, as Dr. Micklethwaite and I were sitting by his bed, in one moment, without giving us the least warning, fell into a sad fit again of convulsions,[1] wherein his face was so drawn that it was very terrible to me to behold it. He continued long in it, though all things the doctor directed were done to bring him to life again, in which I assisted, but seeing him not come round in so long time, I was more frighted and troubled

[1] 'Fit of convulsions' was a very favourite term at this time, it meaning everything or nothing. All the described symptoms seem to point to a slight paralytic stroke.

than I remember ever to have been in my life, but at last I retired and in a short but fervent prayer poured out my heart to God to bring him out of that terrible fit, and to restore him to the use of his reason, that he might not die senseless, but be prepared for death before he was snatched away by it. I had many tears in the duty, and it pleased God that at last he came to himself pretty well. I was all day constant in my attendance upon him, and often as I could get an opportunity, called upon him and minded him of looking to make his peace with God, till he forbad my doing so, which was a trouble to me. But Dr. Walker coming (which I had purposely sent for to assist him in his soul concernments), I spake to him, giving him much good counsel, which he could not neither with patience bear. The hearing that it made him break out again with great violence by c[ursing] and s[wearing] did to a very high degree afflict me, and made me in an extraordinary awakened manner wrastle with God with many tears again for him.

In the morning, my lord having had a very ill night of it, and Aug. 16
not being as I perceived very well yet composed in his head after his fit, and still going on, much to my trouble, to vent much passion, I found myself exceedingly oppressed with melancholy. I retired and considered of my husband's sad condition for soul and body, and when I had alone prayed for him, I got Dr. Walker to pray for him with me, and for some good Christian friends to join with me. . . . All the afternoon I spent in attendance upon my sick lord, who still continued very ill, and in a very dangerous condition, and was still much disturbed in his head, not coming unto the right use of his understanding, which did extraordinary afflict and fright me.

The 17th was Sunday, and two sermons from Dr. Walker form the sole subject of the Diary. Next day she continues :

In the morning, I waked very ill, with a high disturbing fit of Aug. 18
the spleen, the fright I was in when I saw my poor husband so ill having very much disordered me ever since that time. Blessed God for bringing my husband again to the use of his reason. All this day I was constant in attendance upon my sick lord, but got some short time whilst he slept for returns to God by short ejaculations.

All the afternoon I was constantly employed in attending my Aug. 19
sick husband, who still continued in a very weak condition.

Aug. 20 I got an opportunity to speak to my lord about his soul's concernement, and did with much plainness tell him of the great danger he had been in, and how loud a call it was from God to prepare for death, by making his peace with him, and did with much humility beseech him that he would repent, and never more offend God by swearing and cursing, who had been so gracious as to give him a new life. It pleased God, much to my comfort, to make him hear me patiently (which that he might do, I had by prayer begged of God) and to make him extremely affected with what I said, and startled to hear what sad fits he had had, which he did not at all remember anything of what had past, till I now informed him of it. In the afternoon was tending my lord. This day my lord said many kind things to me, and said he would make me amends for his unkindness formerly.

Aug. 21 All the forenoon, my lord was so very ill that he was ready to be choked with the phlegm, which made me constant in watching him, and I durst not stir from his bedside, but had there some short returns to God.

Aug. 22 I was constant in my attendance upon my sick lord. He had, upon his own desire, this day, both Doctor Walker and Mr. Argor pray with him by his bedside. I joined with them at both those prayers and found my heart go mightily out to God at them, for mercy for my husband's soul and body.

Aug. 23 This day of a sudden my poor lord fell again into one of his sad fits of convulsions, at which I was in an extraordinary manner frighted, and sent away instantly for Dr. Micklethwaite to London, to join with Dr. Swallow, who was to my great comfort with him, coming just as he fell into his fit. All that art could do was used to bring him to again, but the fit had to so high a degree weakened his poor weak body, before wasted to a mere skeleton, that the doctor and all of us about him thought he would instantly have died. I was, at that sad spectacle, so affected as I cannot express. . . . At last it pleased God by those cordials that were given him to bring him to life again, but yet he continued much disturbed in his head. I sat up that night with him, in which he slept, yet he did not come to the perfect use of his reason, which was great grief to me.

Aug. 24 Towards evening, my lord grew much worse, and when Dr. Micklethwaite came that night from London, he judged him in a very dangerous condition. . . . When I saw him come at any time to himself, I did earnestly beseech him that, though he could not

speak without difficulty, he would lift up his heart to God for mercy, and once when I did so, he answered me in a very serious and wakened frame, 'So I do, so I do,' and called upon me to pray for him, which was a great comfort to me. After the doctor came, he and Dr. Swallow used a great many unsuccessful remedies, for my poor husband still continued weak, and being so very weak he found himself unable to bring up the phlegm that did even choke him. Thus he continued till about ten or eleven o'clock at night, and then was taken with another violent convulsion fit, out of which, though all possible remedies were by both the doctors tried, he never came well out; but, with that and the phlegm together, died about twelve o'clock that night. I was not in the room when he did so, having by God's mercy to me a sudden notion put in to my mind to be out of the room; which I did; afterwards being kept by my sister Ranelagh's care from going in when he was dying. This sad news was first told me by Doctor Micklethwaite. I received it with inexpressible grief and found myself more sadly afflicted than ever in all my life I was, but did sincerely strive with my passion, and so endeavour to submit to God's will, now it was determined, and prayed to Him to enable me to do so. But this night with grief I found myself very ill (O Lord make up the loss to me by being all in all unto me).

This morning, having not slept, I found myself very ill and in a very sadly afflicted condition, but yet found much inward comfort that I had done my duty to him and had neglected nothing for either his soul or body. This day, I was forced, in order to his funeral, to hear my dear husband's will read, which whilst I was hearing, did in an extraordinary manner afflict me, though by hearing I was informed he had, for my life, given me all his estate; yet the loss of his person was to me so very grievous that all was as nothing to me now he was gone. I spent this whole day in a very stoned and astonished condition, not being yet enough recollected to do any spiritual duty I ought to do or as formerly I use to do. Aug. 25

The report of each succeeding day is of 'a strange disorder in my body and stupefying dulness in my mind,' or 'terrible tremblings of heart,' or 'great discomposure in my head.' On Sunday, August 31, the day week of her husband's death, she was, however, able to go and sit in the 'upper chapel,' which

perhaps means in the chapel gallery, to hear Mr. Woodrooffe preach on 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait until my change comes.' On Monday afternoon, she had read to her 'a good book called Heart's Ease.' This would be 'The Hearts Ease, or a Remedy against all Troubles,' by Simon Patrick (London, 1660), minister of Battersea, dedicated to Mary's friends, Sir Walter and Lady St. John, of that place.

Sep. 9, 1673 In the morning, found myself in an extraordinary manner grieved and oppressed with melancholy, this being the day my dear husband's body was to be buried at Felsted. I wept exceedingly, and found it very hard to bear up this day, being often passionately affected to think he was gone to his cold bed of dust. But at last I was able, with some tolerable composure of mind, to think upon my own death, and then retired to God and prayed with some fervency that now he had brought death into my own bed, and taken by it from me my dear husband, I might more than ever think upon and prepare for my own end. . . . I found the consideration that my afflictions were but momentary, and my happiness hereafter would be eternal, did in some weak measure revive my weak body, and made me to rejoice in hopes of future glory, even upon this saddest day that I ever yet saw; in which I buried my husband decently and honorably, and gave very considerably to the poor of the two parishes in which Lees stands. O Lord! though thou hast now separated me from my dear husband, with whom I lived more than 32 years, yet I beseech thee make up this dear relation and all I have before parted with, in thy self, by being unto me all in all, infinitely above all, and better than all.

And here the reader's indulgence must be craved while a few quotations from that most unprofitable form of literature—the funeral sermon—are given in Anthony Walker's own words. The very extravagance of his language, no less than the appalling character of some of his invented words, gives a quaint interest to his remarks. He is certainly not exaggerating when he comments on the patience with which Charles's noble wife had endeavoured to mitigate his long sufferings.

Your honour [he says] had a dear and loving husband; but

that husband had his great, his heavy, and his long afflictions; and that gout, which was so severe to him, was sometimes less kind to you and others than his natural temper, so that you felt its pain not only by sympathy, as you did always, but sometimes in other effects. But oh! the admirable meekness, the inconquerable patience, the indefatigable diligence, the unwearied attendance that you gave him, whilst he lived! And that kind profession which your Ladyship made when he was dead, that you could most willingly have undergone ten times as much, to have prolonged or saved his life.'

Walker lays great stress on the practical proof of Warwick's 'love and value' for his wife, as shown by his disposal of his property. 'Especially,' as he adds, 'in an age wherein excess of conjugal affection is none of the fashionable or reigning errors.' That this trust is abundantly justified he considers himself bound to show, not only for his lord's sake, but 'to give the world a convictive instance that this age hath virtues as stupendious as its vices.' And while confessing himself quite unable to set forth how many youths she had assisted to educate at the University; how many children, or scores of children, she had caused to be taught to read, had clothed, and provided with books; and how many necessitous persons had lived almost or altogether of her bounty—his one delight is that now 'the dimensions of your fortune approach nearer those of your noble heart, which is large like that of Solomon.'

From the Preface, addressed chiefly to his patroness, we pass on to the sermon itself.

A prince and a great man is fallen. 'Tis true he has been long a falling, this princely cedar; the spreading oak hath been long falling, but now the last blow, the finish stroke, hath reached him. Here's a great tree cut down and not a stump of its root left in the earth. No strong rod to make a white staff. No slip or tender sprig to bud or spring and revive our dying hopes. No expectation of a phoenix from these ashes. This is the doleful circumflex which accents our present sorrows. Stub'd up, fallen root and branch. Though you have had a thin and mournful harvest, yet have you

seed to spare in hopes of another, of a better in the following year. But here's the field cleared and not a grain or kernel for a following crop. Families as well as persons have their periods. The crown is not, nor is the coronet, to all generations. The greatest, the best, the most useful families must fail.

And, though the name of Warwick is not quite expired, yet alas, by breach upon breach, by six sad funerals in less than sixteen years, this line, this direct and primary line, which hath so long been the ornament of Essex, the sun of this horizon, the sanctuary of religion, the standard of grandeur, and the methods of living nobly, the great exemplar of best household discipline, the centre of hospitality, the storehouse of charity, the delight of the gentry, the patron of the clergy, the darling of the commonalty, and the refreshment of the poor man's bowels, whose noble greatness and obliging kindness and bounty had almost engrossed the epithet of the good Earl, my good Lord of Warwick.

This line, I say, which for well near an hundred and fifty years, by the right honourable styles and titles of Baron Rich of Leez, and Earl of Warwick, etc., have been the blessing and glory of his neighbourhood. And being honoured by God with much riches and plenty have honoured him again, and done much good by their bounty, and have watered and made fat and glad the valleys round about them, by shedding down that dew and rain which the divine benignity poured on the heads of these elevated mountains. And have built their own monument in this place, which will be coevous with sun and moon, in the famous Free-school and Almshouse, or Hospital, which they founded, in this town.

This line, I say, is now extinct, and gone! 'Tis fallen, 'tis fallen. And we may write Ichabod, the glory is departed. Lift up your voices and weep; open the flood gates of your eyes; pull up the sluices; give your sorrows vent; drain the fountain of your tears.

And when your stroke is spent, sit down, and sigh and sob, and wish that your very heads were waters and your eyes rivers of tears, to pay a just tribute on so sad occasion.

O Leez! resume thy name; melt into waters, turn into a Bochim; be overflowed with a deeper flood than what might seem to presage this which covered all thy lower floors not nine months since without example. Let all thy walls be black as thy tennis court, thy beauteous wilderness become an howling one, thy princely gardens put on weeds to mourn in; let all thy laurels turn

into cypress, and thy goodly trees prevent the autumn and strip themselves of bravery and verdure.

After these, and even more exuberant, flights of fancy, Walker turns to consideration of the man, and with real charity and affection, now that he is laid in the dust, sums up his noble and lovable and best qualities, while not ignoring the obvious shortcomings which it would have been idle for him to deny.

Death consecrates the urns and ashes of all men : 'tis sacrilege to use them rudely in our very thoughts. Although, therefore, after first allowance made for his infirmities, and those things which I make it not my business to excuse, much might be spoken to his praise as to his personal accomplishments.

For in his health he had an active and comely body, a most graceful mien and fashion, a winning aspect, and whatever might command love and admiration in beholders.

We seem to see again the young Charles Rich for whom Mary had dared the anger and opposition of her father, protesting she would live with him in poverty and insignificance, rather than with the richest man in the world.

And so we take our leave of him. With all his defects, he had many virtues. Generous and open-hearted, he was always ready to acknowledge his shortcomings and to condemn his own faults. He submitted often meekly to reproof and counsel ; and, considering his long twenty years of physical suffering and his abandonment to the barbarous doses and rude surgery of the day, his patience was indeed marvellous.

His public charities are touched upon by Walker. Every week, doles were given at his gate : every year, to the neighbouring towns. When the plague was raging in Braintree, he sent two oxen a week to feed the poor and paid a 'chirurgion' for attending the sick. He lived in the most hospitable manner, having always, Walker says, 'five tables covered twice every day in the week, fit to receive as great men as himself, with suitable attendance, come they when they would.' Somewhere else he

says you might see 'fifty fresh, brave, gallant teams bringing in provisions day after day.' As to Warwick's household: 'He was served by well-born and well-accomplished civil gentlemen, and had a singular art and care in governing his family well.' Finally the chaplain adds:

> He had a great man's mind: not a little, sneaking, servile, narrow soul in a great man's body, but a person of a generous and noble heart, a 'fort esprit' in the best sense. . . . He was a good old English gentleman, loyal to his Prince, and a lover of his country. And he despised not the old English way of living in the country, amongst his neighbours, friends, and tenants, but as the clouds of Heaven which water the same ground with their dew and fatness, which sends up the vapours whence they are condensed, so he refreshed the country, his neighbours, friends, and tenants by expending among them and upon them, what was raised by their industry.

It is no exaggeration when this liveliest of sermonisers claims in conclusion that he 'has escaped splitting upon that rock of flattery which is the hazard and reproach of Funeral Sermons.' For, in his laudable efforts to speak the truth, Walker is perhaps something too candid in the opposite direction when he says 'it is allowable by best authority, God's own example, to single out the good and draw a veil of silence and charity over the rest, *which in this sense must cover a multitude of faults.*'

The only thing it is impossible to doubt all through Warwick's chequered and disappointed life is the estimation in which he held his pious and most devoted wife, although it is true that he took, at times, a strange way of showing it. The disposition of his estate was a practical proof of this, and other intimations lie scattered up and down the Diary, or hidden among Walker's fine sentences, as we have already seen. Without making any pretence whatever to being religious himself, Warwick was well content with, nay even took a sort of personal pride in, his

wife's reputation for piety. Two or three times he bade her pray for him, although certainly this was when he was in desperate need of sleep or some material good. Once, he conducted an appreciative minister to the door of her closet, in order to listen to her prayers. And whatever may be thought of this act, which distinctly savours of eaves-dropping and was quite unwarrantable, it is interesting because it proves what another passage suggests, viz. that Mary did indulge in audible extempore prayer, both in her private devotions, and sometimes at the nightly assembling of the servants after supper.

The fourth Earl of Warwick having been laid with his fathers at Felsted, the common life of every day had to be taken up once more. But with how great a change! Unremitting attentions to one who for twelve or fifteen years had been, with little variety, a helpless invalid, must have left the hours now strangely empty and blank.

Katherine Ranelagh returned to London on September 12, having been with her sister at Lees since June 3. The first of the neighbours to call after Lord Warwick's death were Lady Everard and her sister Lady Seymour. Later, Mrs. Cuttes, Mrs. Grey, and Mrs. Masham came.

The younger William Woodrooffe was now taken into the house at Lees to live, until the time that he went to Cambridge, April 23, 1674, to enter at Queen's College. Later on, his younger brother Charles took his place and became Mary's page. By September 15, the daily visits to the Wilderness were resumed and life began to go on much as usual. The ministers frequented the house more than ever. In October, Lord Berkeley, Sir Walter St. John, and Sir Kingsmill Lucy came. That month also saw the execution of a will:

Oct. 27, 1673

I was this afternoon employed in finishing my will, which I this day signed and sealed; and I found that, after I had settled my estate, my mind was much more quiet and composed than before.

But the matters which chiefly occupied Mary at this time

were the marriages of her two nieces and the fulfilment of her duties as sole executrix of her husband's will. The hopes and fears she entertained about the girls' future are set out in another chapter. The other business deserves a few words here :

Nov. 1 My thoughts were much distracted with so much business of the world that at this time, in order to the discharging of the trust of being my lord's executrix, lay upon me.

We have seen that the knowledge of being left in possession for life of her husband's entire estate came upon her, with the opening of his will, as a complete surprise. It seems to have touched her deeply, as a fresh proof of his absolute confidence in the wife who had so often had to endure the brunt of his uncertain temper, aggravated as it was by a racking complaint. Now she sketched out for herself a plan of expenditure appropriate to her new position. She decided to abate in no way the style and 'splendour' of her living; for, as she said, 'her lord gave her the estate to keep up the honour of the name and family in a place where it had flourished and been famous for its hospitalities so many years.' So, although only a life tenant, she maintained the outlay upon repairs to both the mansion at Lees and the outlying farms most liberally, and with considerable disregard of her own personal interests. For, 'whatever she lost herself, she would never give occasion to them that came after her to say that she had damnified the estate or wronged her trust or them.' Indeed her exactitude in all business concerns suggests that she had inherited from her father some of his extraordinary capacity for affairs.

Lord Warwick, at his death, was aged only fifty-seven. But, for many years, he had been incapable of taking any active oversight of his estates, which were left to the management of the excellent Zachary Gee. From public life, too, he had long withdrawn. The monotony of his crippled existence was broken only by the frequent visitors from both

town and country. It was a sad change from his early years, and the saddest part of all was having no son to follow him where his father and his father's father had dwelt. A nephew, bearing another name and springing from another stock, was to succeed at Lees, and the place was henceforth alienated from the title.

The fifth, and next, holder of that title—Robert Rich, son of the Admiral's younger brother, Henry, Earl of Holland —inherited no single acre of the fine estates which the Lord Chancellor had accumulated and bequeathed to his posterity. Warwick House, in Holborn, was all that was to pass with the earldom to the Hollands, and even in that Mary was to hold a life tenancy.

## CHAPTER XVI

### NIECES AND LAWYERS

'Of all men living,
You lawyers I account the only men
To confirm patience in us: your delays
Would make three parts of this little Christian world
Run out of their wits else.' JOHN WEBSTER.

WHEN Robert Rich, the 3rd Earl of Warwick, died in May 1659, he left his three little girls, the Ladies Ann, Mary, and Essex Rich, to the charge of his sister-in-law Mary. She relates how

Upon his deathbed, I promised to have, while I lived, as great a care of (them) as if they had been my own, and that promise I can truly say I have performed, for I have, from the time of their father's death that I took them home to me, with the same care bred those three ladies who were all left to my care young, as I could have done if they had been my own children, studying and endeavouring to bring them up religiously, that they might be good and do good afterwards in their generation.

We have already seen, in part, how she fulfilled this undertaking. For the five years that they were altogether at Lees, she was careful that they lost no opportunity of hearing good sermons and associating with godly people. They were, indeed, over young for such long hours of dull discourses. However, they all married early. Of the first match their aunt writes:

I was advised to go and drink the waters of Epsom and Tonbridge, to remove that great pain I had got constantly at my heart after my son's death. . . . Then we returned back to our own house at Lees, where we had a match preferred us for my Lady

Ann Rich. It was Sir John Barrington's son, and he being a very civil gentleman and of a very good family, and having a good estate, it was accepted by my lord and the young lady, and she was married to Mr. Thomas Barrington in Lees chapel, November the 8th, 1664. And after they had continued to live with me for nearly two years, she went from me to her father-in-law's, to Hatfield, in Essex, distant from Lees but ten miles. The nearness of the neighbourhood was a great motive to us to accept that match.

The Barrington family, of Hatfield Broad Oak, although now extinct in the male line, was long one of the most prominent in Essex. It can be traced back to one Adam de Barenton, who was baptised, it is said, by St. Augustine, as one of the first Christians in England. From the Norman Conquest until the time of Queen Elizabeth, a Barrington held the office of Forester, or Woodward, of Hatfield Forest, a large tract of woodland since gradually deforested, tilled, or converted into park-land. A long line of powerful knights and sheriffs produced, eventually, Francis Barrington who, knighted by King James I. on his arrival at Theobalds from Scotland, became, in 1611, one of the first baronets of that shrewd monarch's creation. Barrington married Joan Cromwell, daughter of the redoubtable Sir Henry, of Hinchingbrook.[1]

His grandson, Sir John, was the most influential man in Essex during the Civil War. He sat in the Long Parliament for Newport, Isle of Wight, and made use of, one can hardly say represented, the same constituency in the two first Parliaments of Charles II. Ann's husband, Tom, who was his eldest son, never enjoyed the title, but died before his father. Sir John's wife, Dorothy, was a daughter of Sir William Lytton, of Knebworth, and a woman of much character as well as many accomplishments, to judge from the specimens of her letters that have come to light. Nothing could be more charming than the following to her daughter-in-law. She seems to have endeavoured to make

[1] *Trans. Essex Archæol. Society*, new ser., vol. i. p. 251, 'The Barrington Family,' by G. Alan Lowndes.

up to Ann for the carping grudging spirit of her husband. It is dated, as will be observed, some thirteen or fourteen years after the young people's marriage:[1]

Hatfield, Saturday, April 13th (1678).

Dear Child,—I must make inquiry after you, especially now you are left alone. Last night my son came safe and well to us though it was near 9 o'clock. He is, you may be sure, welcome to us, and we very joyful to receive him in health; but my joy thus is incomplete, for that you are not with him. When ever that it may be convenient to you to come, in relation to a leaving my Lady Essex, you know you are as welcome to us as to him, and he as any child can be to parents. And now that your care a little wears off for Charles, I charge you, dear child, let it be the greater for your self, whom I fear you have much neglected while you were so thoughtful for him. I do, with Sir John, truly rejoice in God's goodness in continuing the hopes of his recovery, a mercy which I hope will not wear out of our thoughts and that we shall while we live endeavour to walk suitable to such a new life given in mercy; for that we must look on him as raised from the dead, considering how near that disease brings to the grave. And while I am speaking of him, it minds me of that which both Sir John and I can never do enough: that is to own you as a great instrument in his restoration, by your so carefully attending and abiding with him. Surely, had you till now never done anything to oblige us but this, this was an engagement while we live to show the highest of gratitude and kindness to you for it, but 'tis not only in this, but all your actions have been but as one by way of love and concerning yourself for us and each of ours. Mr. Hewitt tells me you are taking something of your Dr. for your better health. The Lord bless it to you, and I charge you neglect not anything that may do you good.

We last night heard from my son Will, from Marseilles April 5th. The next day he was for Genoa, and for Leghorn, and from thence for Scanderoon. I find he hastens all he can for Aleppo, for that he says for the troublesome times which are like to be. Dear child, I shall add no more, but give Sir John's and my love to you with much endearedness, and always remain

yours faithfully D. B.

[1] Egerton MSS. 2050, fo. 155.

Pray let me sometimes hear how you do, and that will much cheer us up, for that I know my son will be but in an ill humour without you, and to know how Mat and Charles doth. Excuse what is amiss, being full of company—Sir Bar. Bourchier, my nephew Gostwicke,[1] and my nephew Lytton.

Dear child, a while since, I begged of you to engage some one to make Sir John's excuse to the House when its called. We both renew that request to you, and the more for that he hath an order from the House for his personal appearance next Tuesday, which is not possible him to do without hazard to his life, for that he hath kept his chamber this 9 weeks, and this 2 or 3 days has been worse than of late with the return of his gripings. Therefore, as soon as you receive this, fail not to send either to Mr. ffinch,[2] or Sir Richard Everard to undertake excusing him, which will be a great favour. But, whatever he suffers, he had better undergo it in his purse than in his person. You are, I know, an effectual pleader, and therefore hope you will have success in this. This is nothing but the truth I write, for that surely he is far from well.

Ann had been near two years married when her aunt's diary opens. During part of the year passed by the Warwicks at Chelsea, she also was living in London. When Mary returned there late on the evening of August 26, 1668, from the visit of inspection of the alterations at Warwick House, she was met at the door with the news that Ann needed her at once. 'I went directly thither, and stayed with her all night, she being extremely ill.' In the morning, at seven, a daughter was born. The kind aunt went home very much tired and indisposed: 'I went to bed and slept till afternoon.' In the evening she went back to her charge, and was thankful to find all going well. The infant was christened at a family gathering on September 6.

The three sisters derived most of their income from land. Their joint estate in Norfolk was apparently not let, but farmed under the management of Tobias Hewitt, the Barringtons'

[1] Sir William Gostwick of Willington, Beds, represented that county in seven Parliaments. His mother was a Lytton, his grandmother a Wentworth of Gosfield Hall.

[2] Daniel Finch was member for the borough of Great Bedwin, Wilts.: Sir Richard Everard for Westminster.

steward, or at any rate he was supposed to oversee the rather shiftless person who, pending the letting or selling of the land, was put in charge. But Zachary Gee, the worthy steward at Lees, who had to make up for all the deficiencies of his crippled and helpless master, could not avoid still taking an active interest in Ann's property when he saw things going wrong.

1671 At Michaelmas, as every land owner knows, farms must be stocked with cattle for the winter, and country fairs must be visited for the purchase of the same. Gee is in London transacting business for Lord Warwick, when he writes to Hewitt:

> Michaelmas being near, I think you would do well to mind Mr. Barrington and my Lady Ann how necessary it would be that you go down to Norfolk before that time. The first of October is a very great fair for cattle at Seeche.[1]

Then he mentions what money of Ann's he has in hand at Warwick House, and suggests that Mr. Jessop may lend 100*l.* to make up the balance needed. A Scot, one MacDougall, would be willing to join Hewitt on the cattle-buying expedition. He is also a possible purchaser of some of the Norfolk property. Gee concludes with:

> My humble service to Mr. Barrington and my Lady. You see I am ready to meddle in things which do not concern me, but it is out of a true affection I have those ladies, which I shall never omit to serve.

Three days after, he writes again to warn Hewitt that the inns on the way may be full:

> If you go to Newmarket, you were not best to lie there, the Court coming there that night. I do not doubt but I may be at home on Friday, but if I do not, I wish you a good journey. If Mr. MacDougall should go, I think he will offer to pay a proportion of the expense, which you may take, being his own affairs which calls him there.

As soon as he gets back to Lees, Gee writes to Ann herself to the same effect, taking the opportunity also to

[1] Seeche, a hamlet three miles south of Lynn.

congratulate her on the birth of Charles, the boy who so nearly lost his life from small-pox, as his grandmother has related.[1]

Leeze, 17th September, 1671.

Madam,—I know it is not seasonable at this time, [in] the condition you are in, to give your Ladyship any trouble; but the affairs of Norfolk, which no one minds but myself, requires some one to be at Seeche fair the first of the next month to buy in a stock of cattle for those lands, and also to make some inspection into things there. If your Ladyship and Mr. Barrington will please to let Mr. Hewitt go down, so as to be there some two or three days before the fair, to view the grounds and take an account what cattle have been sold and what remains, it would do very well. For your sisters here, your Ladyship knows that they have no one here to send and must be wholly acted by my Lord, who takes no notice. If your Ladyship be pleased that Mr. Hewitt shall go, I have spoken to Thomas Chalke who will go with him, to assist in buying. As to money for paying for them, there is at Warwick House, between 3 and 400*l.* ready, and I presume that Fisher hath more ready in the country.

Madam, I do most heartily congratulate your Ladyship's safe delivery, and much rejoice it is a boy. God send you more of them. That there may never want one of your heirs to inherit Hatfield is the desire of, Madam, your Ladyships most obedient humble servant, Za. Gee.

With a characteristically shrewd letter of final instructions to Hewitt, this little farming episode may be concluded.

I am sorry it was not my fortune to come home time enough to see you before you went hence. The weather being so wet yesterday, I believe will discourage Mr. MacDougall from the journey, which indeed I am not sorry for, in respect I hear from some drovers that a good part of the fen at Wormegay are under water and therefore unfit to be shewn a purchaser. We are also told that Fisher hath letten Wormegay park to Capt. Burnett, till March next, for 15*l.*; and let also the going of 80 bullocks to another drover all the winter in Wallington park. I always told you I thought him a half-witted fellow, but now I believe him a knave to do these things without order.

[1] Egerton MSS. 2649, fo. 323.

When I went to London first, about three weeks since, I found by a letter of his that he had bought at Ives 7 steers. Looking on that place as unproper to buy lean cattle in, and especially so small a quantity, I write to him to forbear buying any more till further order, and also told him that at Seeche fair some [one] would be sent down to buy; that he should in the mean time sell off what cattle he could to raise money. The next day after I sent my letter, he came to London. I told him the same which I had written, but being now near upon three weeks since, have not heard one word of him, that I doubt he hath not sold one bullock since; and I believe he had not only let those grounds on purpose to prevent stocking, but keeps on the old stock a purpose; and never writes a word how the grounds in Thorpland and Wormegay have sped in the late flood. You should do well to talk roundly to him, and acquaint Mr. Ferrors of his acting. All marshland almost having been, and yet is, under water, it will much lessen the buyers at Seeche fair, in so much as I doubt not but you will find cattle reasonable. Our people bought on Saturday of one Danby, a drover at Braintree, some Scotch Runts, very good ones, cost but 38*s.* apiece. Danby was telling them he had, at Seeche, 500 more, better then those. They are a very hardy bullock, and will thrive well on those grounds Mr. Rich bought last year, 8 or 10 of that kind cost 50*s.* apiece, which Fisher sold at St. Ives for 5*l.* apiece. If you buy of him (Danby) he will give you time. As I told you, there is at London 150*l.* If Fisher had done as I directed him, he might have sold before now 60 beasts more, but if you see that money can be raised in time to pay for them, you were best lay on what cattle the ground will bear. If you buy those Scotch, they will be bought cheap; the highest will not be above 50*s.* apeice, and as much profit by them as cattle of a greater value. Thomas Chalke will be able to assist you. I am, in great haste,

Sir, your Servant

Za. Gee.

For Mr. Hewitt.

Leeze, 25th Sept. 1671.

Unfortunately, after they had lived a good many years together, disagreements arose between the Barrington pair. Bitter recrimination was freely indulged in on both sides. Tom writes to his wife in a tyrannical, dictatorial sp iri

which would provoke even a meeker consort than Ann to rebellion.

The chief grievance was, it appears, that, while the wife preferred to spend her time in the house in town, the husband's tastes were all for the country. Her serious aunt deplores in her diary Ann's frivolity. 'I did,' she adds, 'with much earnestness and homeness, tell her of the vanity of her life, though she was displeased at my doing so.' She also urges her to 'live in more humility unto her own lord.' But, without laying too much stress upon this, it is possible to conceive that the gaiety of London proved more attractive to a beautiful young woman than the solitude of Hatfield and the restraint of the older Barringtons' society, especially as her father-in-law's favourite pastime in his retirement seems to have been going to law with his relations. Law-suits against the executors of his grandfather (lasting nearly all his life), with his uncle's widow, his stepmother Judith Barrington, his sister Lady Tyrell, and his aunt Mrs. Legh were varied by actions brought against his tenants, neighbours, and the trustees of his son's wife. The allowance he made to Tom was by no means adequate, and the young couple got deeply into debt. Upon the death of her uncle Charles without surviving child, a large part of the Rich property was divided between the three sisters. All the ready money that fell to Ann's share was swallowed up in paying these debts; yet Sir John urged her at once, and with much obstinacy, to settle all her estates upon her children by Tom Barrington. This, acting upon the advice of her friends, she refused to do, on the plea that if she survived her present husband and married again, she would then have nothing to give a future family. She also declined making any settlement at all, unless Sir John would discharge such remaining debts as there might be and make a proper allowance to her husband.

From her brother-in-law's letter, she certainly seems to have acted indiscreetly, although he is inclined to condone her

foolishness, on the ground that she was vastly provoked. Perhaps this may have been the beginning of the quarrel. It was not, however, until after her good aunt's death that the breach became desperate. And, in view of our heroine's summing-up of the marriages of her three nieces to 'persons free from the reigning vices of these loose and profane times,' one is glad to feel she was spared the pain of seeing either the serious division between the elder couple, or the dissolute courses of Lady Mary's husband, Henry St. John, as he grew into an aimless and idle old age.

One extract only from the connubial wrangles of the Barringtons need be quoted here:

But for your living in London [writes Tom to his wife in 1679], I shall not, nor ever will consent thereto. This 15 years, I have submitted and conformed to your humour, lived and did where and what you pleased; the effects whereof you now see has brought dishonour to me, and shame to yourself, so now that I expect your conformity to my will, which is settling your estate, your promise (with a resolution to live a more soberer life) of a fuller amendment, and to dwell with me, your husband, as a wife ought to do, where I shall think most convenient for us both. These are the resolutions which I have taken up and am, with God Almighty's assistance, resolved to follow. So if you think you can content your self with me, your children, and convenient servants in the country, it will be very pleasing to me, if otherwise, I must content myself as I can.

Tobias Hewitt, distressed at the state of affairs, appealed to Essex's husband, Daniel Finch, to induce Ann to come down to Hatfield and pay Sir John a visit, which, he felt, would be taken in such good part that it might be the means of a reconciliation. The wisdom of the answer fully justifies the appeal.

For my worthy Friend Mr. Tobit Hewyt, at Hatfield, in Essex.

June 3, 1680.

Mr. Hewyt—I have received your letter of the 24th May and am glad to see your zeal for the composure of those disorders which have lately happened in that family in which you live. I shall tell

you my thoughts of this great affair, on which all their happiness and honour depends, with the same frankness and sincerity as I believe you have wrote to me, but with much greater trouble and grief. For you were in hopes of an accomodation and union between the parties that are now divided. I am sorry to say I do not expect it, and [am] ashamed to see those who pretend most, and with the greatest reason, to desire it, do little or nothing towards it.

I will not justify the rashness of my Lady Ann's late proceedings, but yet I must say I wish she had not had the colour of an excuse from any ill treatment of her. But I will not enter upon what is past. 'Tis best to look forward and see what may be done for the peace and satisfaction of those who can never be happy asunder. I must confess the terms that you hint are expected by Sir John to be performed by my Lady Ann are for the most part very reasonable ; at least, with some variation in some circumstances, very fit to be done. But I wonder Sir John tells you only what he expects, and not tells you also what may be expected from him. The settlement of the estate upon Sir John's grandchildren is what my Lady is ready to do, when ever Sir John pleases to give her and his son a suitable recompense for it. But does Sir John think my Lady must part with her inheritance without any consideration of present ease to herself, only because Sir John upon this occasion desires it? I must presume to tell him 'tis neither fit for him to ask, nor for my Lady to grant. 'Tis to expose them both to the censure of the world, as if my Lady had committed so great a fault as that she must pay 1000*l.* per an. to repair it. And that, how great soever that fault was, such a present nevertheless to Sir John's family would cover it all, and that upon such terms any, [even] the most guilty, person would be welcome to him.

Besides my Lady foresees that the present maintenance Sir John has given them is not suitable to the necessary expenses of her family, though managed with thrift and good economy. And she that has consented to the payment of 7000*l.* of her inheritance to discharge the debts which have been unavoidably contracted, and this without any help or assistance from Sir John, how can it be expected that, purely in a compliment to Sir John, she should settle her estate, and so deprive herself of all means hereafter of delivering not herself, but her husband, from future inconveniences when Sir John perhaps may be as thrifty towards his son as he has been heretofore, or is now.

But these matters are not proper for a letter. I shall only tell you and desire you to communicate it to Sir John (with my humble service), that there is nothing he can ask of my Lady Ann to which her friends can in justice and conscience advise her, but what she will not readily consent to. But if Sir John does not think fit forthwith to come to town, or to authorise some person for him to agree to some things on his part too, I am afraid a little longer delay will be too late. His proceeding already in this matter amazes all that wish him well, and I must say that if he did not begin, yet at this rate he will perfect and complete, the ruin of his family, which this unhappy separation most fatally portends. And God knows how soon this case may be made yet worse either by another more secret retirement of my Lady, who seems deserted by that family, or by any unkind endeavour of extorting that from Sir John by course of law which is much more honourably granted of his own accord, and much more profitably too. For it will certainly procure from my Lady a settlement of her estate to Sir John's satisfaction. I am loth to remember what you know I know: that the settlement made by Sir John upon my brother and my Lady is not at all agreeable to the articles upon which my Lord of Warwick gave him his niece. I presume Sir John is not aware of it, nor intended it amiss. But how liable it is to misconstructions as well as amendment is easily seen, and, therefore, how expedient it is to rectify these mistakes without noise, I leave him to judge.

I have but one thing more to add, that Sir John should not be afraid of any unreasonable demands on the part of my Lady. I presume to undertake she shall be contented to settle her estate upon worse terms then what were granted by me to her sister without ever asking any settlement from her.

When Sir John and my Lady have considered of these things (which I desire you therefore to impart to them), if they please to take such speedy and prudent resolution in this affair as become them in so weighty a concern, I shall be very glad to serve them and their family in contributing to the peace of it, and 'twill be a great reputation to you to have been the instrument of so great a good; but if you cannot speedily send me such an answer as I may reasonably expect in this business, I believe there are few will trouble themselves any more to importune Sir John to his own happiness. So, recommending this to your care, I remain,

Your affectionate humble servant

D. Finch.

*H. Gascar, pinx.*

LADY ANN BARRINGTON AND LADY MARY ST JOHN.

The diplomatic skill with which Finch calls Sir John 'thrifty' when he means stingy, and hints that his settlement has not been what was expected, make him an excellent go-between in the quarrel. Hewitt's reply shows how diplomatically he also has to proceed.

'Sir John is ill' [he says], 'his temper I know to be passionate, his condition is at present weak, and I fear that some passages in your letter might raise the passion higher, and do mischief instead of good. I know not what effect it might have in impairing his health.'

That Ann was really devoted to her children we have already had some proof in her mother-in-law's letter. But there is more in the Diary. When, in December 1669, one of them was very ill at Lees, Ann came post-haste from London to see it. Her aunt, in the meantime, had taken every means to combat the sickness, whatever it was. She went daily to see the child where it was put out to nurse (as the custom then and long after was), at the cottage of some people named Hammond. She despatched medicines, and once rose in the middle of the night when sent for. The childish ailment soon passed off, and, three days after she had arrived at Lees, Ann was able to return to town. Five children of Tom and Ann Barrington lived to grow up, but several others succumbed to infantile maladies.

It is satisfactory to know that Ann and her husband were reconciled before his death on January 31, 1682. He was at that time only thirty-eight. Tom Barrington was buried in Hatfield Church, under a curious epitaph, which recounts, amid much fulsome eulogy, and with a wide departure from fact, that 'his life was one continued scene of glory.' His old father outlived him by about a year.

Ann's second son, Charles, the boy whose life was saved by his mother's excellent nursing, succeeded to the baronetcy. He was seven times Member of Parliament for Essex. He left no son by either of his two wives, and, at his death, the Barrington property passed to the son of his sister Anne, wife of Charles

Shales, who took the name of Barrington in addition to his own. The title passed to his cousin John, of Dunmow Park.

With the death of the tenth baronet, Sir Fitzwilliam Barrington, in 1832, without male issue, the Barringtons of Hatfield Broad Oak were added to that long list of Essex families who have vanished from the fine old mansions erected, and long inhabited by them.

A couple of years or so after being left a widow, Ann Barrington married again, as we have seen she anticipated she might. Her second husband was Sir Richard Franklin, of Moor Park, Rickmansworth, a connection, his mother having been, like her own, a Cheeke.

Lady Mary Rich, our heroine's second niece, was not married until many years after Ann.

On April 25, 1673, 'Mr Henry St. John came to make his address to my Lady Mary,' is the formal entry in the Diary. On May 1 :—'Mr Fitz John [*sic*] obtained from my lord and myself leave to have her, if he could gain her consent.' Love-making seemed to be in the air, for, a few weeks earlier, Mr. Vane had come down to Lees to propose for Essex. He also had obtained full consent of guardians, if he could please the young lady herself. Both the lovers spent May-day at the Priory, and 'the business of the two young ladies' filled their aunt's mind to the exclusion of most other matters, and to the disadvantage of the Diary, since no spare moments were available to record more than bare facts.

St. John left on the 5th. A fortnight later the Lees ladies all went up to town on a 'shopping' expedition, and also that Mary and Essex might be formally introduced to the families of their respective suitors. Upon the next day after arriving at Warwick House, ceremonious visits were paid them by the several parents—Sir Walter and Lady St. John, and Lady Vane. Very soon after, Mary was taken by her aunt to dine with the St. Johns, and Essex was taken to the Vane's.

The St. Johns inhabited the old Manor House in the country village of Battersea. The green lawns of their pleasaunce sloped gently to the river, while a wicket-gate opened into the quiet graveyard of the church where their ancestors lie commemorated by many a noble monument. Four of Sir Walter's elder brothers had given their lives for the King, and it had fallen to him unexpectedly to succeed a nephew. By his marriage with a distant connection, the daughter of Oliver St. John, Cromwell's Lord Chief Justice and a prominent Parliament man, Sir Walter departed from the Royalist traditions of his family.

Joanna St. John was a serious minded person, after Mary's own heart. Naturally she hoped for great things from the offspring of such a mother. It was well that she did not live to witness the career of the husband she had chosen for her niece, or of their son, Lord Bolingbroke, in whose brilliant talents and many good qualities she might have found small compensation for a private life that cannot tempt inspection.

Of the marriage, she writes:

> About four months after my lord's death, my Lady Mary Rich, my lord's niece, who I had constantly bred from the time of her father's death, was married at Lees Chapel by Dr. Walker, the 11th December 1673. The match was agreed on before my lord's death, but finished by me, much to my satisfaction, because it was a very orderly and religious family, and there was a very good estate, and the young gentleman she married, Mr. Henry St. John, was very good-natured and viceless, and his good father and mother, Sir Walter St. John and my Lady St. John, were very eminent for owning and practising religion. And here, O my good God, let me return thee my praises for hearing the reiterated prayers I put up to the Divine Majesty, for her being by marriage settled in a family where thy sacred name was had in veneration.

The signing of 'writings,' about the marriage had occupied several of the dark November days previously. On December 8 the wedding guests began to arrive. After the marriage, Ann Barrington remained until the 19th, the elder

St. Johns until the 19th. The bride and bridegroom remained altogether. Wedding journeys were not then the mode.

Two months later, about the middle of February, the young wife fell seriously ill. If nursing and devotion could have cured her, she would soon have been well. 'I stirred not from her for fifteeen hours,' writes her aunt. On February 17, her mother-in-law came down from London, bringing Dr. Hinton, and on the 25th, as there was no improvement, Dr. Willis was sent for. In addition to these physicians, innumerable ghostly ministrants directed their attention to the welfare of her soul. Her aunt records with infinite satisfaction the names of four or five different ministers whom, in eight days, she 'got to pray with her.' This, in a high state of fever and exhaustion, swooning and convulsions, is far from appealing to our notion of a rational treatment of the sick. However, the patient recovered.

A year's diary (that for 1674) is missing from this date, and when the story is resumed, Mary St. John is lamenting the death of her first-born child. She and her husband were staying at Warwick House, and the bereaved young mother was taken by her aunt to visit Richard Baxter at Acton, out of consideration for her 'afflicted condition.'

On April 14, 1675, the young couple left for the Manor House, Battersea. In May they settled in Somersetshire at the St. Johns' family seat of Castle Lydiard :

May 19, 1675 — I went with my nephew and my Lady Mary St. John part of the way towards their own house at Lydiard. They this day parting from me gave me a very sensible trouble. I spent, before they went, much time in giving them good advice, and pressed them with much earnestness to improve their solitude in the country.

Lady Essex, the younger sister, had been married nearly a year to Daniel Finch, son of the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, but the marriage settlements of the three sisters had not, apparently, been yet concluded, to judge from the following passages :

Went to dinner to Battersea with Lady St. John. Had afterwards much useful discourse in order to do good by making a right understanding with some near relations that there was some little distance amongst. May 6

This day I dined at my Lord Keeper's, and here had with my Lord Manchester much discourse about a business of concernement, to bring about which I had fears of finding much difficulty; and, therefore, in the morning, my heart followed hard after God to bring it about for me, that I might have no dispute with any person by which too I should be hindered from fulfilling my lord's will. And I then found the answer of my prayers, for the business was, before my Lord Keeper, by my Lord of Manchester and me agreed on; which I looked upon as an answer of my prayers, and therefore the accomplishment of it gave me more joy, and excited me to return thanks to God. May 11

This day I was employed with Sir John Barrington about concluding a business of my trust from my lord. May 19

At my Lord Keeper's, and discoursed with him and Mr. Montagu about affairs of great concernement to me. May 24

This day I had in the afternoon some disorder in my mind because the business between Mr. St. John and me, about the sale of lands that I had stayed so long in town for, was judged by my Lord Chief Justice Hales, by Mr. Jessop's death, to be by me not able to be done at present, and my trouble for that judgment of his was because I was unable at present to perform my lord's will. I only had, when I had considered, this satisfaction that I had done my utmost to fulfil it, and was resolved some other way to try to do it. July 1

As usual, the disposition of the trusts dragged out a tedious length. Although able to retreat to the country for a time, about the middle of July, October and November saw further hurried journeys to town on the same business.

Went early in the morning to Westminster, to the Lords' House, where there was a committee of Lords sat upon a bill that I had put into both houses to enable me to sell land to fulfil my lord's will. It pleased God so to prosper my affairs there that I got my business both reported and read the 3rd time while I was there, and despatched wholly all that the Lords could do unto it. Nov. 12

O Lord, I bless thee for thy goodness to me, thy unworthy servant, in giving me beyond my own and others expectation so suddenly a despatch, notwithstanding all the objections that were raised by my Lord Privy Seal against my bill, which thou wert pleased by what was said on my behalf to satisfy him, and to make him to put an end to my business.

1675 The expedition with which this business was concluded deserves recognition. 'An Act for the better enabling Mary Dowager Countess of Warwick to perform the last Will and Testament of her husband Charles, late earl of Warwick,' was introduced into the Commons on October 26. It was conveyed on November 9 to the House of Lords[1] by Lucy Robartes' son, Francis Robartes, member for Tintagel. On the 11th it was read and committed. On the 12th it was passed; and on the 22nd it received Royal assent from Charles II., 'sitting upon His Royal Throne, adorned with his Regal Ornaments,' in the historic words—'Soit fait come il est désiré.'

The difficulties attending the settlements of the three Rich heiresses were increased by the fact of their property lying to a large extent in the West Indies, where their grandfather, the old Admiral, had 'adventured' much. What with the three fathers-in-law of the young ladies, Sir John Barrington, Sir Heneage Finch, and Sir Walter St. John, to say nothing of the presumptive heir, Manchester, in addition to the lawyers, the poor Countess's distracted condition may be easily understood. Her one friend and adviser all through was her cousin Francis Boteler. He was presumably a brother of Thomas Boteler, the Keeper of Pond Park, and a lawyer:

Went with sister to see Lady Northumberland at Sion House, then to Isleworth, to cousin Boteler's, and had with him much discourse about my business, and had from him many directions to instruct me about fulfilling my lord's will, and returned not home till late.

[1] *Lords' Journals*, xiii. pp. 14, 15, 18, 20, 25, 34.

Much taken up in sealing writings and concluding with Mr. St. John, in hope now I should, by doing so, be enabled to fulfil my lord's will. O Lord, I bless thee that thou wast pleased this day to let me see the conclusion of that business I have had so much trouble with. Dec. 9

Daniel Finch's father, the Lord Keeper, afterwards (1681) Earl of Nottingham, was appointed Lord Chancellor in December, so Mary had now an excellent friend at court. Even if he did not deserve Dryden's flattery:

> Our laws that did a boundless ocean seem,
> Were coasted all and fathomed all by him,

Finch was a most eminent authority, and a vast assistance to her in piercing through the intricacies of law. In the first fortnight of January, she 'dined and spent the whole afternoon with him.' For the next few weeks, she was each day 'mostly employed with lawyers.' One day she paid a visit to Judge Wilde, 'to be informed about my worldly business, of which I was now full.' Sir Matthew Hale was also consulted. She was

Occupied signing the writings for the last sale of my lord's debts; which, when I had done, gave me much satisfaction that God had given me my life so long as to see so much of the trust imposed on me by my dead lord fulfilled. Mar. 23, 1676

Two days after, she went down to Lees, to spend Easter Sunday, which fell on March 26. It was but a short respite.

I did, much to my dissatisfaction, leave my quiet at Lees to return to London in order to dispatching my business there. April 8

Went to brother Orrery's, where brother Burlington, brother Boyle, and sister met me, to give me their advice about my worldly affairs, by which I was unfitted for my spiritual employments. April 12

Dined at Lady Ann Barrington's, then with sister to Isleworth, to cousin Boteler, to be advised in my worldly affairs in order to the discharge of my lord's will. From thence to my Lord Chief Justice Hales about the same business. April 13

On July 14 she notes a decree, sealed by the Lord Chancellor,

by which she is finally discharged of her trust. After a few more visits to him and to cousin Boteler, she starts accompanied by Lady Ranelagh, for a long stay at Lees, full of relief that her affairs have been brought to so happy a conclusion.

It is impossible, and would be of small profit, to follow out the various points at issue between the three brothers-in-law. From Daniel Finch's letter (ante, p. 286) it may be judged that they all remained very good friends in the end. It is interesting to find that the right of presentation to the headmastership of Lord Rich's School at Felsted, once vested in all three sisters as representatives of the founder, passed by some arrangement to the youngest. A representative of Daniel Finch continued to appoint the headmaster until 1852.

Mary St. John did not long survive her aunt. Like her father and mother, she died while still young. The St. Johns were, on the contrary, a long-lived race. Old Sir Walter lived to be eighty-six. His son Henry died at ninety. After his wife's death, the unenviable notoriety which he attained in connection with the murder of Sir William Heathcote made him the common talk of the town. It was not much to his credit that, although found guilty upon his trial (December 11, 1684), he was able to purchase a pardon, through the mediation, it is said, of some of the Court ladies, at the price of 16,000*l.* It is only just to his memory to add that another account credits his mother, Joanna, with having purchased the pardon, his father declining to meddle in the matter. But there is not much ground for supposing that either Sir Walter or Lady St. John, avowed Puritans as they were, possessed the necessary influence with James II. or his *entourage*.[1]

Lady Mary St. John's distinguished son, Lord Bolingbroke, was born a few months after our heroine's death. He experienced little of his mother's care, for she died when he

[1] Harley's MSS. additions to the Peerage, printed in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd ser., vol. i. p. 326.

was about seven. Upon his vices, we need not dwell. They can be charitably forgotten in the brilliance of his public career, his writings, and his oratorical gifts. His father, after the son had become famous, was raised to the peerage as Viscount St. John.

Lady Essex Rich, the third niece, was apparently not so easy to please with a suitor as the other two. But the husband she eventually took was worth waiting for. At the time when anxiety about her husband's throat was absorbing her thoughts, Mary only hastily records in the Diary that 'Mr. Vane had begged leave from my lord to pretend to Lady Essex.' At the end of April, Vane made another appearance, and on May 2 he 'obtained our full consent if he could gain Essex'.'

Mar. 20, 1673

Mr. Vane, was, it seems, Thomas, the younger surviving son of Sir Harry Vane. The mystical tendency of that now deceased gentleman's views and writings would be no bar to the admiration of the aunt, although his unlucky end upon the scaffold proved an insuperable obstacle with the niece.

Lady Vane, his widow, was now living at Hackney. She had been at Lees only a few weeks before Warwick's death. It was perhaps well for Mary that the autumn and winter succeeding her great loss were so occupied with the question of the two marriages. But in the case of Essex, she was to experience some disappointment:

I was much occupied with my Lady Essex, who could not be persuaded to have Mr. Vane, because of his family. Oct. 2

My Lady Essex broke the intended match between Mr. Vane and her, against my advice, and much to my dissatisfaction, who did counsel her to choose so good and sober a person. She gave him a flat denial, which grieved me. Oct. 24

Three days later, Mary again expresses her chagrin:

I was much oppressed with trouble at Mr. Vane's going from hence, upon my Lady Essex absolutely breaking off the match with him; he being so good a man, I thought she would have been happy with him. Oct. 27

Evidently her heart was much set on this alliance for her youngest niece. But perhaps after events reconciled her, and the issue was not so deeply regretted. For the young man died within a year or two. It may be interesting to note that his brother Christopher was eventually rewarded for his father's devotion to the Royal cause, and as Lord Barnard became the ancestor of the Dukes of Cleveland.

Doubtless there was some stronger objection to young Vane in Essex's mind than the fact of his father's execution ten years before. But his being so 'good and sober' an individual was not perhaps the obstacle. At any rate, the suitor afterwards favoured was no contrast in this respect.

Daniel Finch, son of the eminent lawyer and judge who was in turn Attorney General, Keeper of the Great Seal, and Lord Chancellor, lived long enough to come under the lash of satire both from Swift and Horace Walpole. 'Don Dismal' was the nickname given him by his contemporaries, and the family of the 'tall black Finches,' and 'the Dismals,' is often alluded to by that entertaining gossip, Walpole. According to Swift, who calls him 'the tall black Daventry' bird,[1] he was an endless talker:

> 'When once he begins, oh! he never will flinch,
> But repeats the same note a whole day like a finch.'

Even Queen Mary speaks of his 'formal grave look.' Another portrait of him says he is in his habit and manner very formal, 'a tall, thin, very black man, like a Spaniard or Jew.' These descriptions, however, all refer to a later period of his life. Perhaps in his younger days he was more attractive, or rather perhaps Essex divined what lay below. Of the three brothers-in-law Finch was certainly the most creditable. That he was also the most business-like and capable, is shown by the part we have seen him take in endeavouring to compose the differences

[1] Baron Finch of Daventry (cr. January 10, 1673) was the title of his father before being made Earl of Nottingham, and his own afterwards.

between Ann and her husband, as well as in the settlement of Lord Warwick's will.

When and where he proposed the marriage to Essex, and how he was received, we can only surmise ; for, between the end of 1673, when the Berkeleys were pressing for a match with their son Charles, to whose attractions Essex likewise proved obdurate, and the beginning of 1675, when she was already the wife of Daniel Finch, there remains no diary. The record of events of the year 1674 is altogether missing from the series.

From our heroine's autobiography, however, an account of the marriage can be supplied :

After [Mary's] marriage was over, my Lady Essex Rich having, after my lord's death, broke off a match, which was treated of before my lord died, between Mr. Thomas Vane and her, I had several offers made me of matches for her, but they were disliked by me, because the young men were not viceless ; and I had taken a resolution that no fortune, though the greatest in the kingdom should be offered me, should be accepted where the young man was not sober, which made me instantly give flat denials to all the above named proposals. But afterwards I had from my Lord Keeper Finch, a match proposed for his son, Mr. Daniel Finch ; about which, when I had consulted with her own relations and found they approved of it, as I also did, upon the assurance I had from all the persons that knew him, that he was an extraordinary both ingenious and civil person (which upon my own knowledge of him I afterwards found to be true), I did recommend this match to the young lady, giving her, when I had laid the conveniences I believed was in it before her, her free choice to choose or not, to do as she liked or disliked ; but after some time that he had made his address to her, she consented to have him, and was by Mr. Woodrooffe married to him in Lees Chapel, June the 16th, 1674, his father, my Lord Keeper, then being by the king made Baron of Dantery, being present, with a great many more of his and her relations. And here, O Lord my God and gracious God, be pleased to receive my solemn acknowledgements of thy great goodness to me, thy most unworthy servant, for letting me have the long desired satisfaction of seeing the three

young ladies (which by thy providence, being made orphans, were left to my care to educate) married to three young persons who are free from the reigning vices of these loose and profane times; and O Lord, I do humbly implore that thou wouldst be pleased to make these three young couples not only to be civil, but inwardly to be renewed in the spirit of their minds, that they may be heirs together of the grace of life, and may as good Zacharias and Elizabeth did, walk in all the ordinances and commandments of thee their God blameless. O make them not only to be good, but to do good, that so thy poor and unworthy servant may with comfort see some fruits of her sincere endeavours to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of thee, my Lord, and that the families they are matched into may have cause to bless thee, that ever thy good hand of providence brought them amongst them. O make them to be amiable in their lives and in their deaths let them not be divided. And if it be thy blessed will let them be like fruitful vines, that they may increase the families which by thy good providence they are matched into.

Essex's next few years are only scantily mapped out by the Diary. Her first child was born rather less than a year after her marriage. On May 5 her aunt writes: 'In the evening went to my Lord Keeper's to the christening of my Lady Essex Finch's child, to which I was godmother.' This child died before it was a year old.

The pair lived at Kensington, on a spot where the Finches had owned a small mansion for some half a century, or more, and which has since become most memorable. Daniel's father, when Solicitor-General, received from Charles II. a grant of a small part of Hyde Park to add to the grounds. Possibly he also added to the house, which he purchased from his brother, Sir John Finch. After Sir Henage Finch's accession to the peerage, it was known as Nottingham House. Essex's husband, in 1691, after her death, sold the place, with the twenty-six acres of ground which were all it then owned, to King William III. When Evelyn is describing it just after the purchase, he calls it 'a patched building, but with the garden, however, it is a very sweet villa.'

The 'sweet villa' soon became a palace, and a favourite Royal residence, especially with Queen Caroline, who built considerable additions, laid out the gardens, and stole from Hyde Park three hundred acres to increase its park. At Kensington Palace, at least five kings and queens have died, besides Queen Anne's husband, Prince George of Denmark. At Kensington Palace, Queen Victoria was born, in memory of which event, this interesting mansion has now been added to the national public sights.

In September, the Finches spent a fortnight or more at Lees, when Essex was her aunt's companion in many visits to Lady Fitzwalter, and other neighbours. When she returned to London, her child fell ill and died before it was a year old. Also her mother-in-law, as we learn from the diary of January 28: 'I went to see my Lady Essex, and finding her much troubled for the great danger of death my Lady Finch was then in, I did endeavour to comfort her with good Christian conference.' 1676

Lady Finch expired—not for want of medical attention—on March 16. Tobias Hewitt writing that day to Lady Barrington, says: 'This night my Lord Chamberlain's lady died. Yesterday the whole College of Physicians were with her all the afternoon, and despaired of her recovery.' Mary's anxiety for Essex still continued:

I went to see my Lady Essex, and endeavoured both to comfort her for the loss of a kind mother-in-law, and to make a good use of God's afflicting, and by what she had seen of mortality to be more serious in preparing for her own death. Mar. 17

This was not very cheering comfort to her niece just then. It was not long before Essex again sent for her aunt. On May 11, 'In the morning, about 3 o'clock, I was called up to go to my Lady Essex Finch's labour. I did then in short lift up my heart to God and when I came to her I found her safe delivered of a girl. I was most of the day afterwards with her.'

Here is another instance of the good aunt's devotion. Rising from her bed in the chill hour before the dawn, she had hastily prepared to drive out from Holborn, the west end of London, through the wild and dangerous thickets of Hyde Park, to Kensington, then a small village in the country.

The infant now born to the Finches was christened on the evening of the 20th, and named Mary after its godmother and great aunt. This daughter, the only child of Essex who lived to grow up, afterwards became, by her second marriage, on January 1, 1708, with John Kerr, the first Duchess of Roxburghe. Her previous husband was William Savile, Marquess of Halifax.

Essex Finch died in April 1684. Her husband's grief at the event is expressed in a letter to Mr. Woodrooffe, who had married them ten years before.[1] In spite of some conventional expressions, the sorrow is very genuine.

April 30, 1684. Kensington.

Sir,—Your kind and compasionate letter was very welcome to me. Your good advice and your prayers were very seasonable, for the thing (the only thing in the world) which I greatly feared, is come upon me; and, as my happiness has been greater than almost any man's, my affliction must needs be so too. I acknowledge that I especially ought not to repine at any of God Almighty's dispensations, because I have received so many blessings, nay I could not have known this sorrow if I had not first had this gift from him. But he that wept for his friend Lazarus has by his example made my tears, too, at least lawful, if not a duty; for I have lost surely a better friend, a wife without her equal, one that I loved as myself, and that loved me more than herself, for she was willing even to die to wean me from this world (for indeed 'twas hard to part with it while she was in it), that we might meet in a better, and live together eternally. This was something more than love, an excess of Christian charity, I had almost said, more than I wished: I am sure more than I deserved. But the best retribution I can make her is to follow her good example, and then, since there is joy in Heaven

[1] *Memorials of Woodrooffe*, by Selina M. Woodrooffe (privately printed, 1878).

over one penitent, surely 'twill add to her joy as a part of the heavenly host to see her beloved treading in her steps of virtue and piety, and pursuing her to Heaven. Henceforward, I will not think she has gone from me, but that I am going to her, and follow your advice in thanking God for bestowing this blessing upon me, and I can truly say I have more satisfaction in the memory of her than most men can have in the enjoyment of what they possess ; and if you will let me add, no man can be so proud of what he has, as I am that I can say I once had the best woman in the world. I should now end but that I must entreat you to add your prayers to mine for the little reliques of her that remain with me, and if you please pray as my father used to do, that his daughter-in-law might be the mother of his family, which she loved as her own, especially pray as she used to do, and with which she ended her life, that they may be bred up in the fear of God, that they may be members of the heavenly family which shall be happy to all eternity. And if my prayers or service can be of use to you or yours, you shall always find me

Your most affectionate friend and faithful humble servant

NOTTINGHAM.

This is very sweet and affectionate, but—there was the succession to be thought of. The ' little reliques ' were all girls, and one only of them had long survived. In less than two years, Finch had espoused a second wife, and the lack of sons and daughters was thoroughly repaired. By his new partner, Finch became the father of a prodigious family of thirty children. Five sons and eight daughters, beside ten who died young, and seven infants stillborn ! It was well that Anne Hatton, when as a girl of seventeen she married her sedate husband of thirty-eight, was the sole heiress of a wealthy family.

The memory of Lady Essex was perpetuated by Daniel Finch in naming after her one of his second wife's daughters, who eventually married her second cousin, Essex's own grandson, the second Duke of Roxburgh.

## CHAPTER XVII

### END OF THE DIARY, 1675–1677

'Life that shall send
A message to its end,
And when it comes, say—"Welcome friend!"'
CRAWSHAW.

For the year 1674 the Diary is lost. The story reopens at Warwick House on March 26, 1675. The end of the heavy duties of executorship was then approaching. Mary writes:

1675 April 7 Employed in finishing a business of concernement which I had been long a treating of about the sale of land, in order to the fulfilling of my lord's will. The coming now to the conclusion of it gave me much satisfaction.

April 22 Dined at Lady Northumberland's, and in the afternoon, I went to my cousin Boteler's, and spent that afternoon in consulting with him about my lawful occasions for the fulfilling of my lord's will.

'My sick nephew Finch' received several visits. Next Mary's attention is claimed by the death of 'little neafue' Richard Boyle, Clifford's son and Burlington's grandson. Her husband's cousin and successor in the title also died in the April of this year.[1] The fifth Earl of Warwick only enjoyed his honours for one year, and at his death left a child under two years to succeed him.

Whilst preparing for the Sacrament on May 1, Mary was suddenly overcome with fresh dismay at her idle words, vain

[1] He was twice over a cousin, for he had married Ann Montagu, a daughter of Mary's friend, the Lord Chamberlain; her mother being Ann Rich, second of Manchester's four wives.

R. White. sculp.
The Right Honorable Mary Countess
Dowager of Warwick Anno Ætatis 53.
Obyt April. 12. 1678.

thoughts, pride, and unthankfulness, her want of zeal, breach of promises, heart sins, sins of daily incursion, and unknown sins.

This category seems to leave no possible channel of failure or dereliction unexplored. The same day she continues:

> This afternoon I set apart to spend in holy duties, and did so a good part of it, but I had some very unwelcome disturbance by some visits, which were then very unacceptable to me.

The principal visitors mentioned at this period, beside her own family and relations, are Lady Exeter (as her son's widow had now become), Lady Northumberland, Countess of Bedford, and the elder Finches and St. Johns. One day towards the end of June, with two of her own younger nieces, our heroine drove to Carshalton to visit Lady Hastings. From there they returned by Beddington House, a place she always loved to revisit:

> When I came to walk in the sweet walks where I had formerly had sweet converse in solitude, I found my heart much affected with the remembrance of those pleasant hours, and much humbled too, considering how much duller my heart was grown of late. I had there many returns to God by ghostly ejaculations, and returned not home till late in the evening.

A day or two after, a messenger came riding post haste from Somersetshire, where the St. Johns had now taken up their abode, at Castle Lydiard, to say Mary St. John had 'fallen very ill' and was extremely desirous to see her aunt. The summons was at once responded to: 'I did instantly resolve to go as far as I could towards her that night.' Taking with her Mrs. Woodrooffe, the chaplain's wife, she accomplished a safe journey to Reading the same day, and next morning the two ladies proceeded in her coach, arriving at Lydiard late at night, to find her niece 'something better.' Sunday followed. To her surprise, there was only a morning sermon, but at this she was 'both attentive and affected.' After four nights at Lydiard,

the kind aunt was able to take her departure, leaving 'my Lady Mary in a hopeful way of recovery.' In fact that young lady was able about a week later, to appear unexpectedly at Warwick House, having come up to town to consult a physician.

A short lull in the business worries now allowed of a visit to the country:

July 21, 1675 In the morning, my family being this day to return from Warwick House to Lees, and by chance looking out of the window to see them go, and remembering that when they came up I had seen them enter at the same place, I found my heart of a sudden exceedingly affected with God's goodness to me for the preservation of my family at London, that I had not by death lost one that came up, but all the same number of persons were going to Lees that came from thence; and, notwithstanding that the small-pox was much in town, yet I had none of my family infected with it, but had, by God's blessing, had good health myself and my family.

July 23 I begged, in the duty of prayer, God's protection over me, and then took my journey with only my Lady Lucy Montagu with me for Lees, where I came, without meeting any misfortune by the way, safe home, and found that part of my family that I had so long been absent from, all well. O Lord, I beseech thee write a law of thankfulness in my heart for thy great mercy to me, in this day bringing me safe where I so much longed to be, and for letting me find not one of my servants I had left at Lees either sick or dead.

Next morning the hours of early meditation were passed in the Wilderness, 'a place where I had for many years of my past life taken great delight to retire into.' As usual, all the Essex neighbours and friends, rich and poor, came within the next few days to express their pleasure at having the presiding genius of the place back amongst them.

Katherine Ranelagh soon arrived on a long visit. The Berkeleys, her brother Orrery, nephew Clifford, the Finches, and Manchester, all came for a shorter or longer time. The visit of the latter suggested to his aunt one of the 'Occasional Meditations':

Upon my Lord of Manchester's being at Lees and there with great delight viewing it because it is his future designed inheritance.

This Lord's enquiring with so much exactness into all things that belongs to Lees, and, with so much delight viewing his hereafter designed inheritance, and so much pleasing himself with the hopes of the possessing it, may be useful to mind me of my own fault; who having a most glorious and eternal rest, a purchased possession in reversion after this life, yet do too too seldom inquire into it and with transports think of it, or long to be possessor of it.

Manchester's half-sister, Lucy Montagu, had taken the place of the married nieces, and now spent most of her time at Lees with Mary, to whom her relationship was manifold. The younger daughter of the Lord Chamberlain's second marriage, Lucy was born on May 3, 1655, at Twickenham, where Manchester owned 'a great house assessed to a parish rate in 1661.' Her mother (upon whose monument at Kimbolton it is recorded that she nursed seven of her eight children at her own breast) died when Lucy was three years old. She was now about twenty. Her only sister, Essex Montagu, who was much her senior, had married, when Lucy was a mere child, Henry Ingram who, as one of the loyal persons favoured at the Restoration, became first Viscount Irvine. Lucy had presumably lived until this time with her two successive step-mothers, Eleanor Wortley and Margaret Russell. The latter was now in failing health and died soon after. Within a year, Lucy's last remaining near relative, her sister, also died, and Mary as we shall see, decided to adopt her young cousin as a daughter.

Lucy accompanied her in all the coach drives to visit the Bramstons at Skreens, the Barringtons at Hatfield, and many other neighbours. A hasty expedition was made by them to London, where from October 11 to 22 they were at Warwick House. Returning to spend her birthday, November 8, at Lees, Mary was recalled, three days after, to town by the complicated and harassing business of the three nieces' marriage

settlements, which had engrossed her during the whole of this year, and of which already in a preceding chapter some details have been given.

She was to be godmother to the fifth and youngest son of Manchester and his wife, Anne Yelverton (the 'only jewel' of the Northamptonshire baronet, Sir Christopher), a few days after returning:

Nov. 13, 1675 To the christening of my Lord Manchester's son, and had for my partners my Lord Keeper [Heneage Finch] and the Bishop of Durham [Nathaniel Carew].

The boy was named Heneage after his godfather, and lived to become a member of the House of Commons and Master of the Jewels. He died at Venice, aged twenty-three, during his brother's embassy there in 1698.

Whether it was one of the green Christmases that are said to fill the churchyards, our heroine does not say, but she speaks of being blessed with health in 'these sickly times.' And a day or two later she reports a very severe cold. On Christmas-day she was twice at St. Andrew's Church. Among the preachers listened to there and at other churches on this visit are named: Drs. Stillingfleet and Tillotson (both afterwards elevated to the episcopal bench, and the latter to be an archbishop), Mr. Naylor, George Gifford (rector of St. Dunstan's in the East, and a native of Maldon, Essex), 'Dean Gillson' and Dr. Burnet. Thomas Gilson, to whom no doubt she refers, was one of the East Anglian divines bred in Puritanism first at Dedham School, and afterwards at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Several had carried the traditions of their fathers to New England, but Gilson remained at Little Baddow until ejected. It is perhaps as a tribute to his learning—he was M.A. of Emmanuel and a fellow of Corpus Christi—that he is given the title of 'Dean.'

Hester Honywood was in town and ill. Several times Mary

went to see her. In February one of the rare visits to Court occurred:

In the afternoon I went to visit some of my friends that were ill and had with some of them some good Christian conference. In the evening, I went to Court to wait upon the Queen, and came from thence much more confirmed in my opinion that there was more holiness in a retired life than in a court one, the glory of which I found my heart not at all taken with. Feb. 16, 1676

Much more to her taste were visits to Richard Baxter, and to Chelsea Garden, 'a place where I had formerly used to meditate in, and where I had enjoyed many sweet refreshing hours.'

Before Easter-day (March 26) she was back at her country home; but on April 8 'I did much to my dissatisfaction leave my quiet at Lees to return to London, in order to dispatching my business there.' While in Essex, although only for ten days, she had found time to go over to Braintree, 'to see the minister about doing good to the town.' What form her charity took will be discovered later.

The affairs which just now were engrossing much of her time are hinted at in the following entries. Considering her devotion to the clergy, and the extraordinary number of livings which Lord Chancellor Rich had bequeathed to his posterity, it seems an ironical whim of Fate not to have permitted her to exercise even once the Church patronage which no doubt she would have bestowed at least as wisely as any of her predecessors. It is quite sad to have to relate that during the five years in which she enjoyed the property after her husband's death, not a single vacancy occurred, although within a few months after her death, several presentations were made by her three nieces and their respective husbands, to whom this portion of the property reverted:

To Acton, to Cousin Boteler; then with him to my Lord Chief Justice Hales for his opinion about the livings, and he giving his April 20

opinion that they were in law in me to present made me in the evening come home with my heart full of thankfulness to God that had given me hopes that I should have a prize put into my hand of being instrumental to bring glory to Him by putting in to the livings good men that should be instrumental to bring in sinners to Him.

April 22, 1676 I spent all the afternoon in hearing the accounts read to my lord of Manchester, which I was to deliver up in order to the discharge of my lord's will.

After a discreetly reticent note, made on May 10, of hearing 'many disturbing things from my lord of Manchester,' who, it must be remembered, was heir to the estate, and a visit or two to Isleworth, to be advised and fortified by cousin Boteler, a peaceful settlement seems near at hand:

May 26 In the morning I spent not so much time as usual at my devotions, being employed in business of very great concernment. I only prayed. In the afternoon I was employed in business with my L. of M., in order to make up a breach that he was like to make with me, to prevent which I offered to quit some of my just rights for peace sake. Which offer of mine he did at last close with, much to my satisfaction, in hopes that by his so doing I should be rid of many of my worldly entanglements which to my grief I found my thoughts too much taken up with. Exercised my charity to several poor folks.

June 7 I spent much time in reading in a book of devotion with which my heart was much excited to practise strictness of life. I had this afternoon, too, an opportunity of a discourse with my nephew, my Lord Clifford, wherein I was enabled in a very awakened frame to persuade him from a sin I was, much to my grief, told he lived in, and to excite him to turn from that and all others. God was pleased by that good counsel which I gave him to make him promise me reformation.

His aunt's candour and rebuke were a mark of her extreme partiality. Lord Clifford bore afterwards an excellent character. Although he was Burlington's eldest son, he enjoyed only his mother's title, as he died before both parents. He was twice married. Charles, his son by the first marriage to Lady Jane

Seymour, succeeded his grandfather as second Earl of Burlington. Clifford's second wife was George Berkeley's daughter Arethusa.

The heat of the weather of this early summer was so intense, especially on one Sunday, as to prevent even this inveterate church-goer from presenting herself at church at all. Usually, whether in London or the country, she attended three services. When it is considered that the dreariness of the long homilies found little or no relief in music or singing, it is amazing that this eternal hearing of sermons never seemed to pall. Certainly a change of preachers must have tended to edification; and between the polished eloquence of Gilbert Burnet at the Rolls Chapel, only a few hundred yards from Warwick House, and the rugged, homely, but burning sentences of Richard Baxter in Matthew Sylvester's pulpit at Christ Church, there must have been a large choice of style. On one of these Sundays, the popular Anthony Horneck came to preach at the private chapel in Warwick House, deserting the Savoy, where his enthusiastic hearers overflowed on to chairs placed beneath the windows, under the trees outside. On another Sunday, Dr. Walker came up to officiate. Woodrooffe, of course, was always there.

The heat wave relaxed about the 23rd, when Mary drove to Roehampton, to Lady Devonshire's, and next day but one to Carshalton, to see Lady Hastings, returning as before by Beddington. June 23

Went to Court to wait upon the Queen, and came from thence more confirmed in my opinion of the happiness of being out of it. I did not find my heart at all to close with or be pleased with anything I saw there. July 4

This seems a charitable way of putting it, but Mary is seldom censorious. The visits paid during the same week to her brother Orrery, to the Lord Privy Seal at Kensington, to the St. Johns at Battersea, to Mistress Montagu, to cousin Boteler, to 'nephew' Finch, and to lawyers, will show how little of a recluse

she was in town, whatever the delights of Lees made her in Essex. Thither she now repaired, overjoyed at the happy conclusion of her executorship, and with a fresh wonder at Providence, who 'brought me a stranger out of Ireland to inherit the estate I was now mistress of.' Katherine accompanied her.

The anniversary of her husband's death, August 24, is kept as a fast. Among things brought to light on that day, she chides herself for her 'sins as a wife, by sometimes disputing with my lord when he was in a passion and thereby increasing it.' The sweet soul never seems to have chided him for being in a passion.

The sisters drove to Easton, to see Lady Maynard, on the 26th; on returning they were met with the 'ill news' of young Lady Ranelagh's dangerous condition, and a request that Katherine would go to her daughter-in-law at once. 'I was much troubled to see my poor sister's grief for her danger.' The danger soon passed, for in two days Katherine was back. All the Essex friends were now visited—Lady Honywood at Marks Hall, the Barringtons, Mrs. Rotheram and Mrs. Sorell at Broomfield. Young Lady Everard was very ill, having been attacked by a deer in Langley's park. Her husband, young Sir Richard, was still at odds with his father. The old lady, his mother, had had a fit of apoplexy. She died on November 28, and Mary's first act was to call on her old friend Sir Richard.

But that is anticipating. At the end of this September, several days were devoted to 'some lawful occasions,' a phrase that seems invented to pique curiosity. In this case, curiosity is gratified, for although an artistic occupation is considered unworthy of more particular notice in a serious woman's diary, yet Mary has written the monosyllable 'pic' against the note. This serves to remind Woodrooffe that picture-hanging was the important work in hand on September 27, 28 and 30. On the great staircase at Lees were the portraits of her own and

Warwick's relations, and no doubt she was superintending the rearrangement of these to her own liking. Possibly, at the winding up of the executorship, some had been claimed by the three nieces who were representatives of the older line. Woodrooffe adds that the remainder were sold with the house in 1721. It is grievous to think they were all dispersed not many years later when the greater part of the mansion was wilfully destroyed by its later owners, the trustees of Guy's Hospital.

To set all her affairs in order before she died was now Mary's chief anxiety. She was not suffering from any illness or disease, but she had so long accustomed herself to the thought of death that it was almost the most familiar idea of her life.

On three separate days she was employed with Mr. Broad, auditor of the estate. Upon another, the conclusion of the trust for one of her nieces occupied her attention:

Oct. 16, 1676

All the day employed in signing writings with him [Sir John Barrington] for the settlement of my Lady Ann Barrington's estate and her children, in order to the trust my lord had in his will put in me to see it done. Saw to my unspeakable joy the last part of my trust fulfilled in order to the fulfilling of my lord's will as being his executor. Thou hast pleased, O Lord, to hear the prayers I have put up that I might fulfil it without having any dispute with any of his relations; write a law of thankfulness in my heart for thy goodness in letting me come to an end of my worldly entanglements that I may dedicate the remainder of my time to thee.

As Christmas approached, the season was made the occasion for another rigid examination of heart and life. There was one person exempt from the charity so lavishly bestowed by Mary upon her friends—that person was herself. In the category that follows, she seems to chide herself for all her most conspicuous virtues:

Those sins which, in an especial manner I bewailed, were my heart sins, and my breach of my baptismal vows, and my sins against

gospel light, and my unprofitableness under the excellent means of grace I had so long enjoyed, and my want of life and vigour in holy duties, and the great vanity and inconstancy of my mind, and my unequal walking with G., and my backslidings from Him, and my breach of my promises, and my too much love of the world, and my too little prizing of Christ and my want of zeal for His glory, and the great vanity of my thoughts and words, and my great unusefulness in the place G. hath set me in, and my not improving the opportunity of doing and receiving good, and my great unthankfulness, and my crimson sins against mercies.

What an abyss yawned between the loftiness of her ideal and the abasement of her humility, which was true and real and devoid of pose, we seem to realise as we read passages like this.

The entries of the succeeding days record a 'serious talk with Lord Fitzwalter, when I urged him to give up drinking;' a holy conference with 'Mademoiselle Stirrell, wife to Mr. Stirrel of Much Stambridge, a French woman;' and much 'good useful Christian conference with Colonel Rich.'

On February 7 Mary drove up to London, to see Lady Ranelagh, who was ill. Her heart was in the country, and she speaks of unwelcome visitors who hindered her from the things she loved best. She was soon back in Essex:

Feb. 29, 1677 After I had begged G.'s protection over me in my intended journey, I returned from London to Lees; which I did with great satisfaction, being much pleased to go out of the hurry of London to my sweet retirement at Lees, because I had at Lees more quiet time to serve G. and seek after eternal life. By G.'s good providence, I came safe to Lees and found all my family well.

This is the last visit to town mentioned in the Diary. Possibly she was beginning even then to fail. A curious sentence was written almost immediately after returning:—'When I had begged God's blessing upon my physic, I took it.' Medical science was still groping in the realm of superstition if the

swallowing of a dose of medicine had to be elevated into a hazardous and solemn rite upon which a special intervention of Providence need be invoked, in order that the prescription may not bring about some dire effect.

Tom Coleman 'who had served my lord twenty years,' now lay very sick. The remedy prescribed for him by his mistress was to take her chaplain to pray over him. A few days after, she is urging Ripley, her upper butler, to 'live a strictlier life.'

A great trouble had now befallen Lady Ranelagh, who came straight away to Lees, to be supported by her best 'soul-friend' under the very untoward circumstance:

> In the evening I heard confirmed the very unwelcome news that my niece Jones had left her mother, and had cast herself away by marrying a very mean person. I was much afflicted for my dear sister's grief, and did pray to God to support her under that great trial, and to sanctify that smarting affliction to her. April 24

The 'very mean person' was a footman, at least so Woodrooffe informs us. 'Niece Jones' was certainly old enough to know better, but it is satisfactory to find that the whole of her relations did not cast her off for such a very foolish act, for which, no doubt, in the end, she was herself the chief sufferer. Among the other lovable qualities of 'brother Robin,' the philosopher who defied all the arrows of Cupid, was his affection for his sisters and nieces. They in their turn equally adored the bachelor uncle. When his will was opened, it was found that, beside the large sums left to science and religion, the bulk of his property was to be divided among these nieces. The same chivalrous protection of, and equal justice to, his womenkind had characterised his father's division of wealth. Cork had not mulcted his daughters for their brothers, and all his other children for the first-born, in accordance with the dictation of the law of primogeniture. Boyle passed over the nephews, and settled his property upon six nieces. One alone of them is untitled, and in Mistress

Elizabeth Melster, or Molster, and her daughter Catherine (to whom, when she shall become twenty-one, he leaves '100*l.* because of her peculiar circumstances') we have no doubt the sequel of this misalliance.

Katherine's other daughters were both dead. Frances had died unmarried in 1672, and Catherine, Countess of Mount Alexander, about a year and a half before this date, when Mary writes: 'At my Lord Keeper Finch's heard the news of my niece Mount Alexander's death. Went to acquaint sister with the death of her daughter.'

John Beconsfield, an old servant who had lived for forty years in the Warwick household and was now on a short visit to Lees, fell ill and died there about this time. Mary was, as we have seen, the chief arbitrator in family disputes for all the country round, and she is now again busy in uniting two friends. On May 30 she writes: 'Had with me Mistress Sorell. Had with her useful discourse, and did endeavour to reconcile her and Mistress Rotheram, who were at some distance.' She also mentions going 'with sister and Lady Mary St. John to Matching, to visit Mistress Masham.' In July she went 'to Hatfield to see Lady Ann Barrington, in the coach.' And on another day to see 'Mistress Kempe, and Lady Lumley.'

Mrs. Kempe lived at Spains Hall, Finchingfield, four miles on the other side of Bardfield Great Lodge. Spains Hall is a handsome mansion still in good preservation, and its present owners recount with zest the legend of an early possessor and his self-imposed vow of seven years' silence. This unbroken record was the penance he exacted from himself for his betrayal into over-much and over-hasty speech to his wife in a moment of peculiar exasperation. It is recorded upon his monument in the fine old Norman-Gothic church, and further confirmation, if necessary, is to be found in the remains of the seven ponds he dug with his own hands in the park, one for each accomplished year of abstention from speech.

Gilbert Burnet and his wife[1] spent three or four days at Lees at the end of July. A Sunday was included, when Burnet preached, perhaps at Little Leighs Church. Mary says she went to hear him both morning and afternoon, and speaks of a 'heavenly sermon.'

The house was now 'very full of my relations,' but only Lord and Lady Manchester and Lady Parsons are mentioned by name. On August 6, the Fitzwalters, Sir Andrew Jenoure, and a 'great company of my neighbours' came. On the 12th, a Sunday, Mary went twice to Barnston to hear Mr. Smith. On the following Sunday she

went to hear Dr. Parr. . . . In the afternoon, heard again the same person. His text was 'Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.' Afterwards I retired to meditate upon the sermon, but I spent not so much time as usual then alone, for having heard that a neighbour of mine was under a great temptation from Satan to destroy himself, I went (and, upon the tempted man's desire, carried with me Dr. Parr). The man told us that, of a sudden, as he was walking in his yard, in which there was a pond, he was suddenly tempted to drown himself in that pond, and had then much ado to forbear doing so, but by presently coming into his house it pleased G. to rescue him from doing then that wicked action, to which again since he has several times been tempted but showed great trouble that he had such hideous temptation, and wept much for fear he should again be tempted. The Dr. gave him much good counsel, which did much quiet his before sadly disturbed mind. I said, too, what I could to persuade him to resist the temptation by prayer, and I found my own heart much carried out to pity the poor man's condition and to pray for him, and to praise God that had kept me from those hideous temptations.

All these passages show interest in neighbours. Soon a

[1] It is curious that, although, like her father, Mary is very punctilious about titles, she speaks of 'Mistress Burnet.' There is no reason to suppose that Lady Margaret Kennedy, a daughter of the 1st Earl of Cassilis, on marrying her much younger husband some five years before this, dropped her title.

much greater distress was caused by the condition of one nearer home :

> Hearing my good chaplain, Mr. Woodrooffe, who had for two days before been ill of a pleurisy, was very ill and in danger, I found myself very much afflicted for fear of losing so excellent a preacher, and, after I had gone to visit him, I found myself much more disquieted for fear of losing him, he being worse than the day before. After I had, by sending for the doctor again to come to him, taken all the care I could for his body, I retired to God to pray for his soul.

She then proceeds to condemn herself roundly that she had not profited more under his preaching, which she had enjoyed for sixteen and-a-half years, and acknowledges with her old idea of a strictly punitive and retributive deity, that God would be just in taking away her chaplain from her, because she had not ripened in grace under the extraordinary means she had so long enjoyed. She then 'prayed earnestly for her good chaplain's longer continuance, for the good of me and my family, in the land of the living.' Woodrooffe recovered and lived, as we have seen, until 1689.

Entries in the Diary at this time are largely full of the visitors to Lees. Lord Ranelagh, Mary's nephew, came in September, accompanied by Mr. Progers, who had not been to Lees for quite a long time. In spite of his faults, he must always have been a favourite, or he would not have been so often adjured to reform. He lived to be nearly ninety, so had plenty of time for repentance.

Sept. 7, 1677 Gave Mr. Progers good advice and pressed him to leave his sins and to turn to G. by repentance. He seemed affected with what I said, and said he intended to do what I pressed him to.

Sept. 15 Went to visit Mistress Sorell, and Sir Richard and Lady Everard. At both those places I had some useful discourse, and did endeavour to do good neighbourly offices.

On the 18th Mistress Sorrell and Sir Andrew Jenoure both visited Lees, and on the 25th the Diary records a visit from Mistress Swallow. This was the wife of Dr. Swallow, of Chelmsford, who had attended Warwick in his last illness.

The Duchess of Albemarle had paid many visits lately, as had Mistress Mildmay, of Graces, Little Baddow. On October 3 'sister Ranelagh, much to my trouble,' left for London, having been at Lees since May 24. Next day, Mary drove 'to Fyfield to visit Mistress Walker and the Doctor,' returning by Mistress Bramston's at Skreens. To console herself in her solitude, she turned once more to her Diary and common-place books. Writing seems to have become an effort, and the opening remark of each day for many months has been written in cipher.

In the m as soon as I w I b G. Then I spent much of my morning in writing devout meditations. In prayer this m I was in a more than usual manner dull and distracted. In the afternoon I had with me my Cousin Boteler, had with her good useful discourse. I did this day exercise my charity to a poor person. I c myself to G. Oct. 10

I retired to m w [meditate in the Wilderness], having before I did so read some devout meditations which were wrote by me about 22 years ago. Whilst I thought upon what I had then writ, I found those thoughts had this effect upon me, to make me think of the folly, and danger, and disingenuity there was in backsliding from G.; and those before mentioned papers making me conclude I was a more warm and lively Christian then than I was now, did make me in an extraordinary manner self condemned for my decay of piety [etc.]. Oct. 11

. . . In the afternoon I was employed in my lawful employments and having by my Lady Lucy heard of my Lady Earwine's[1] death I was much carried out to compassionate my poor Lady Lucy, and wept with her who had not only lost a sister but one who had for her care of her been a mother to her [she was eleven or twelve years older], and my heart did not only sympathize with that poor orphan who was left destitute of any relation that would Oct 13

[1] Irvine, see ante, p. 307.

have a care of her, but I found myself so moved towards her that I did endeavour to comfort her by telling her I resolved to be a mother to her whilst I lived. In the evening I did retire and meditate upon my death, and hearing my Lady Lucy relate the manner of my Lady Earwine's death that just before she was dying she told her and them that were about her[1] that she saw a glorious Angel but that she believed they did not do so, and then raising herself up and stretching out her arms towards Heaven she cried out 'I come, Lord Jesus, I come,' and then gave up the ghost, I had large meditations of my death [etc.].

A few days after, when she has mentioned being taken up with 'my lawful domestic employments ac,' meaning accounts, she adds that she 'exercised her charity to a poor distressed orphan,' which doubtless means that she began to make Lucy Montagu an allowance of money. November 8 is her fifty-second birthday, and again she considers how she was brought out of Ireland (a country she has not seen for nearly forty years and which by implication is as barbarous as it is remote) 'where I was born, to come here to possess houses full of all good things which I filled not, gardens and orchards which I planted not.'

Friday and Saturday, November 23 and 24, the last two days upon which any diary is written, were spent in preparing for the Sacrament on Sunday, and the usual preliminary 'heartbreaking sight' of her shortcomings. Will it be believed that the chief thing she judges herself for is her 'inordinate love of the world'? Truly she is far more lovable that she did love the world. It is even good to realise how heartily she could have thrown herself into the giddy vortex of the times had no stronger impulses than the purely sensual controlled her. These glimpses of a lower self heighten the value of all her words and deeds, and bring us into touch with the woman whose overwhelming piety sometimes almost repels. As we

[1] This looks as if Lucy had been present at her sister's death and had returned this day to Lees.

read some of the pages of her Diary, we are tempted to feel that we have little in common with this individual, fixed upon a plane of abstract and unimpeachable morality, who is over-virtuous and ultra-moral, simply because she has no leaning to the emotional or artistic side of life. Nothing could be a greater mistake. It is the fault of her imperfect gift of expression, as well as of the conventional religious tone of the day, that more of her true self is not allowed to appear.

The final entry in her twenty-ninth and last book of Diary is on November 24, 1677. It is full of hope. The depression, dullness, and 'spiritual sloth' of the previous weeks has given place to the old rapt fervour; unhappiness at her decay of enthusiasm is exchanged for a serene and confident faith:

> In the evening, I found a great and reviving joy that the day wherein that blessed feast of the Sacrament was to be administered grew so near. O Lord, I bless thee for this sweet day wherein thou wert pleased to keep my heart in so awakened and warm a frame.

One other glimpse of her spiritual communings is obtained from the Diary of the last three months of her life. It has now disappeared, but Walker transcribes, in his 'Virtuous Woman Found,' the entries for the day following. November 25 was 'Sacrament day,' and, after a record of the several services, she closes by saying that she has enjoyed more 'soul joy' than for a long time.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### 'OCCASIONAL MEDITATIONS'

'When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things fore-known,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow and void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly,
Naught so sweet as melancholy.'

'When I lie waking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannise,
Fear and sorrow me surprise;
Whether I tarry still or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught so sad as melancholy.'

ROBERT BURTON.

THREE years before the Diary was commenced, Mary had begun to fill books with short compositions called 'Occasional Meditations.' A long and careful search for the model she imitated reveals that she was one of the first to practise this afterwards popular style of pious effusion.[1] Her more

[1] This search resulted just before going to press in the parallel which I knew must exist somewhere. Mary alludes to the sermons of Bishop Joseph Hall, the voluminous and learned author of *The Toothless Satyres*, and many other works both in poetry and prose. In the proem to a small volume of *Occasional Meditations* (3rd ed. 1633) the bishop says, 'I have heedlessly lost, I confess, many good thoughts. These few my paper hath preserved from vanishing; the example thereof may perhaps be more useful than the matter.' No doubt this little book was in Mary's

talented contemporary, Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle deprecated a too critical scrutiny of her philosophical verses and letters by saying she had no child to employ her time and attention. It seems likely that the literary excursions of both ladies were embarked upon to fill the blank in their childless lives.

The group of remarkable women who were renouncing the insecure and questionable pleasures of Court life in Paris for the solitudes of Port Royal, were so identically her contemporaries that Mary perhaps never heard their names. But Madame de Longueville and Madame de Chevreuse were endeavouring to expiate by their devotion lives of former abandonment. With the volubility of Madame Guyon, our heroine's concise and concentrated Meditations have still less in common ; although, in their pure and fervid spirituality, the two women are strikingly alike. Of both it may be said that, stripped of the accidental, they belong to no sect, church, or nationality.

But Madame Guyon, Pascal, Fénelon, Joubert, and James Hervey all lived and wrote their Pensées, Thoughts, Meditations subsequently to this retired and humble-minded Countess, who, merely for her own instruction and relief, filled perti-

hands, and from it she evidently derived many ideas. I have only to quote a couple of passages for the similarity to be obvious to all :

'Upon the length of the Way :—How far off is yonder great Mountain ! My very eye is weary with the foresight of so great a distance ; yet time and patience shall overcome it ; this night we shall hope to lodge beyond it. Some things are more tedious in their expectation than in their performance. The comfort is that every step I take, sets me nearer to my end. When I once come there, I shall both forget how long it now seems, and please myself to look back upon the way that I have measured.'

'Upon a Sundial :—If the sun did not shine upon this Dial, nobody would look at it. In a cloudy day it stands like an useless post, unheeded, unregarded. But when once those beams break forth, every passenger runs to it and gazes on it. O God, whiles thou hidest thy countenance from me, methinks all thy creatures pass by me with a willing neglect. . . . But when thou renewest the light of thy loving countenance upon me, I find a sensible and happy change of condition ; methinks all things look upon me with such cheer and observance as if they meant to make good that word of thine, "Those that honour me I will honour."'

naciously page after page of manuscript with the most telling spiritual parallels drawn from the commonest of every-day things. The very obviousness of her thought is often the particular charm of these brief essays. It is also evidence of their entire spontaneity. Their inequality in length—they vary from a dozen lines to several pages—is another proof of their unpremeditatedness. No set scheme or plan of production appears to have been evolved. In the first year, 1663, thirty-one were composed; in 1673, only eight. The twelve books contain in all 182. But, for the years 1664, 1665, 1666, 1669, and 1674, not one remains. A prescribed logical form of construction is, however, mainly adhered to: first the title or theme is set down, often in a few pregnant words; the parallel or reflection is then drawn; and, in conclusion, petition is offered that the writer may be diverted from the particular lapses to which the original observation tends.

The 'Meditations' fall easily into two groups, viz: those inspired by rural or physical subjects and those suggested by ethical causes. In the earlier group, Mary's passionate love of nature breaks out. In her devotion to a country life, nothing seems to escape her: no sight, sound, or scent of garden, field, or hedgerow but seems to wake some appreciative chord. No passing gleam of sunshine or gathering cloud is unnoticed. She begins one Meditation thus: 'As I was walking this morning, a sudden surprising storm came, the wind blowing so extreme boisterously that I feared it would have blown down both the trees and me, which made me hasten homewards for shelter, but as I was doing so the sun of a sudden broke out most glorious, and so stopped my intended return.' In her application of many of these subjects, we do not propose to follow her. The after-thought or moral lesson she derives is, in most instances, very obvious. The following list of titles presents her as always on the alert for a theme on which to found these short compositions.

Upon seeing a very fair and beautiful apple, but when I had cut it, finding it rotten at the heart.

Upon walking and being much delighted with doing so in a very glorious morning in which the birds sing very sweetly.[1]

Upon observing a snail creep constantly forward in the walk without turning back.

Upon a flower that opened itself towards the sun.[2]

Upon observing, after a great storm, a great many fine peaches and much other fruit blown down.

Upon a great and fruitful apple-tree that grew before the parlour door, but being blown down by a great storm was taken up, and a young unfruitful one planted in the place.

Upon walking in autumn amongst dead leaves.

Upon walking a good long walk in a garden to gather a rose, and being much pleased with the sweetness of it, and then presently when it began to wither, fling[ing] it away.

Upon honeycombs, and observing that those combs that run freely unpressed were the purest and best honey.

Upon the sun setting in a cloud.

Upon looking in a barn.

Upon the weeders' sweeping in autumn of the walks.

Upon observing a snail, that where so ever it crept, it left some slime.

Upon seeing a silk worm spin.

Upon the phyllerea hedge that grew before the great parlour door.

This hedge had been cut down to the roots in order that it might shoot afresh thicker than before.

The whole of the next Meditation is given, to show Mary's attitude towards what she called 'lawful recreations':

Upon observing a mower to go sometimes to a whetstone to whet his scythe, and then presently return again to his mowing.

I was, by my walking in the garden, by a workman that I observed whilst he was mowing a walk to go sometimes to whet his

[1] To this she has appended a note stating that it was written in the spring of 1671, after 'my long restraint from walking by the ill weather.

[2] Woodrooffe explains that this is a 'Turn-sol.'

scythe with a whetstone and then presently again return to his mowing, minded how necessary it was to use sometimes lawful recreations which may be necessary when by too long studies the mind is tired and therefore needs diversion from that constant fixedness of mind, or when by labour the body is by wearisomeness made unfit for further labour.

O Lord, most humbly I beseech thee, let me never use such lawful recreations but when I find an absolute necessity of them, to be as the mower's whetstone, to make me more fit to return with more vigour and cheerfulness of spirit to the works thou hast sent me into the world to do. O let my recreations be as my sauce, not as my full meal. O enable me to be so good a house-wife of my time as I may never spend one moment of it more than is necessary in any recreation, remembering that, though time is not lasting, yet what depends upon it is everlasting, and that time is the Prologue to Eternity. O Lord! give me therefore Grace to spend it so that thou mayest never repent the bestowing, nor I the receiving of it from thee.

Some of the Meditations are the fruit of observation in her wanderings in the fields or parks outside the garden. One is founded 'Upon observing in a field of corn two ears, the one standing upright but having nothing in it, the other ear hanging downward full of grains of wheat.'

Another was occasioned by observing, from the tree in Little Leighs Park, near the Wilderness, which she called her 'Stand,' a sheep to bite very close to the ground, 'yet by that short provision to keep itself fat and in good liking.' From this action she derives a consolation for the chosen sheep, who 'often fare very hardly whilst their unregenerate neighbours enjoy all manner of plenty.' She pursues the subject in some lines, 'Upon observing that every place was better where the sheep were folded.'

Other titles are :

Upon a dam that was made to stop water, but after a little time the water forced its way through.

Upon seeing when the sun shined upon a Dial, great crowds run

to it, but as soon as the sun was withdrawn, all the former company go from it, and take no more notice of it.

Upon the opinion that moles never have their eyes opened till just before their deaths.

Upon seeing a hog lie under an acorn tree, and eat the acorns, but never look up from the ground to the tree from which they fell.

Upon seeing a bird (lark) fly very high in the air, and though she descended down again to pick her meat, yet as soon as she had done, she flew upwards again singing.

Again, as she crosses the bridge to go to the Wilderness, and looks down into the running water, she finds much food for reflection in two fishes—one alive, swimming against the stream: the other dead, carried down with it. The live fish is compared to 'one resolved to be so unmodish as, against the fashion of these loose times, to walk in the strait and holy path.' Many not essentially irreligious persons, she says, 'will, rather than not be thought fashionable, join in the universal derision and scorn of piety.' 'Let me,' she begs at the end, 'choose to bring religion into fashion, rather than stay till it is so.'

Several of the papers were written at Chelsea, while she was living there, from December 1666 to March 1668:

Upon looking out of my window at Chelsea and seeing a little cock boat tied to a great boat.

Upon seeing a blind minister in Chelsea pulpit.

Upon walking in Chelsea Garden and observing that the frost had made whole banks of Anemones hang down their heads, but after the sun shined they were again revived.

During a flying visit of four days which she made to Lees in September 1667 with her husband, she found time to write a short 'Pensée,' suggested by incidents upon the journey.

Of course, though she never mentions Shakespeare, she had read him, as well as Sir Walter Ralegh. The comparison below is suggestive of both. The Meditation is entitled 'Upon

staying between Chelsea and Lees to bait at Burnt Wood [1] at dinner.' It proceeds thus:

With what cheerfulness and serenity of mind did I bear with all the inconveniences and ill-entertainment of this Inn, upon this consideration that what I met with there was not to last, but at night, when I came home to my own house, I should have abundant recompense made me by the good things I should there enjoy. O my Soul, turn this into spiritual advantage, and consider that all the ill entertainment I meet with in this vain world is but the ill accommodations of this great Inn; and, when thou hast past through this howling wilderness and hast finished thy great journey, thou shalt come to Heaven to thy home where, when thou hast been but one hour, it will make thee forget all the troubles thou meetest with in the way.

Domestic pets, from canary birds to monkeys, were much affected by the ladies of the time, and Mary was no exception. Birds seem to have been her favourites, but her dog is also twice mentioned. One of the passages is founded

Upon calling my little bitch that lay in my closet by the fire, and when she would not come to me going away, and she presently looking in all the rooms for me, and when she had found me, leaping and fawning upon me.

The other mention of her dog occurs in the last Meditation but one that was written. The whole of the first portion may possibly not be found too tedious if quoted.

Upon my dog's care, when he was ahunting, not to lose me and, when I called him, instantly forsaking his hunting to follow me in.

This poor brute creature is so watchful to observe all my motions that his eyes are seldom off of me for fear I should leave him behind when I go to walk; which, when I did, he attended me to the Wilderness and then left me to pursue a rabbit; which, whilst he was hunting and in his most eager pursuit of it, I did observe that he would now and then desist from his game so long as to come into the

[1] Brentwood, where doubtless the travellers halted at 'The White Hart,' built in the fifteenth century, and still one of the finest of old Essex inns.

walk I use to frequent, to see if I were still there; and, when he saw I was, he ran presently back again to his beloved pleasure of hunting. But, as soon as I was returning home and gave him a call, he quitted what he was vigorous in pursuing, rather than forsake me. This carriage of this diligent, loving, brute creature to me may be useful to humble me under the consideration of my disingenuous behaviour to my great Lord, being too apt in the midst of my pleasures to forget to look after my God [etc.].

Pet birds (of which she had kept one in a cage for ten years) form the subject of the next two:

Upon a cage of canary birds that hang up in my closet; and when my servant had fed them, presently singing very sweetly.

With how great delight have I observed these pretty birds while my servant was cleansing their cage and filling their little vessels with water and seeds; who, to show their gratitude to him as soon as he had supplied their wants, sing so sweetly as if they meant not only to return him their retributions for their provision, but as if they designed to make me change my opinion that Nightingales deserve the crown for singing above any other birds. But sure this observation should not only delight me, but instruct me too, by learning from these pretty, graceful creatures gratitude to Him, that God [who] has not only fed me, but clothed me all my life long, and that not with a little water only and a few seeds, but with all the quintessence of the earth, and with all the variety of creatures which His bounty has furnished this lower world with, for the use of the poor inhabitants of it.

Upon putting some Linnets into the same cage with a Canary bird, and they learning to sing like the Canary bird.

How soon these Linnets learnt to sing the same notes with my Canary bird, and do it so perfectly alike that I can not by my ear, without the help of my eye, distinguish which it is that sings. This observation may be useful to discover to me what influence company has; how many are there that conversing with wicked and profane persons have from them suddenly learnt to swear the dreadful oaths which they have heard them do, and to deride also both the profession and practice of Religion; and how many happy persons are there, too, who by God's good providence to them, being cast in to virtuous and

pious persons' acquaintance, have, by observing their holy and good and profitable discourse, learnt from them edifying and warming discourse, such as will provoke their fellow Christians to love and good works.

Some other titles are :

Upon observing in the Courtyard many several paths towards the house. [This obviously suggests thoughts of the many roads to Heaven, and the concession is edifying, from a Puritan.]

Upon observing a mother, before she laid her child to sleep, kiss it.

Upon seeing a sieve brought and laid under a cock of water, when it was very dirty, and laid away very clean washed, though because of its numerous outlets it could retain no water.

Upon a hen's flying undauntedly at a kite that came to get the chickens from her, and then covering them under her wings to secure them.

Upon seeing a mother watch her child, and though she let it go in plain way, yet when it came near any stair or stumbling block, take it in her arms and lift it over.

Upon a kindled stick of fire being carried from one house to another to kindle there new fires.

Upon one's taking a great deal of pains in washing and scouring an old pewter dish to make it look very bright.

Upon observing my coach horses, when I was near home, went much faster than they did in all their journey.

Upon seeing a mouse in a place where I had set a great many several little glasses of cordials, and for fear of his doing harm among them, setting up a mouse trap, and baiting it very well, and by it instantly catching the mouse whilst the bait was in his mouth.

Two or three of the Meditations dealing with the more ethical side of life may be given at length, with the omission of the prayer at end :

Upon taking a great deal of pains to take out a spot of ink out of a white paper, yet some sully still remaining.

How much pains have I taken to take out this spot, and yet, though I have by the help of the knife taken away the blackness,

yet all the rubbing I can do will not so quite take away the spot, but that something will remain that discovers it was once there; which makes me, in my thoughts, compare this blot in the white paper to that in one's reputation; which, when it has been once blurred by the vulgar's voice, though ever so much pain has been taken to remove and quite take out the spot, yet all has been uneffectual, for though possibly something of the untrue report has been silenced, yet it has still left some blur and so much sully that it never was quite removed.

Upon looking in a looking glass in the morning to dress myself.

How busy am I adressing myself, and looking in this glass that I may appear decently before the company I am to converse with today. But, O my soul, why am I not more careful and concerned to dress thee this morning in the pure unflattering glass of God's word, knowing that my inward setting out is observed by a more piercing eye than the world can possibly cast upon my outside, and that the word of God will show me all the spots of my soul more truly than my looking glass will show me the dusty spots of my skin. O Lord, I most humbly beseech thee, as much as my soul is more excellent than my body, so much more care let me take to adorn the one than the other: O Lord, I humbly beseech thee, do thou adorn me with all the graces of thy spirit, and make me be clothed with humility, and have the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in thy sight of great value.

Upon my taking a great deal of pains to make a fire, and blowing it a long time before I could make it blaze.

How many blasts have I bestowed upon this sullen fire, and how great an exercise of my patience has it given me, and how much pains have I taken by turning the sticks, and making use of my skill in laying them together so hollow that they might make a blaze, before I could make them do anything but lie and smoulder, but not flame. And yet I was resolved that the difficulty should not discourage me, but make me blow the harder. And, at last, I had this reward for my patience, that the fire did flame as clear as I did desire it should. It was the ground of this Occasional Meditation that if I could take so much pains and wait so long to make the fire blaze, only because it was pleasant and cheerful to me to behold it, why should I not much rather take pains and wait, by

meditation, to blow up these sparks of devotion that lay raked up under the embers of my corruptions.

Upon an old broken cabinet of my Lady Lake's[1] that was, with great store of gold, by her left to her son, Sir Lancelot Lake.

This old, hoarding, cunning woman, for fear of having her treasure, by rude breakers in to her house, found and stolen, to prevent that had designedly put in a very fine cabinet only some few hundred pounds, but had in an extraordinary ugly, broken one that was in a corner of her closet, where it was seemingly flung by as useless, put all her gold and that great wealth she left to her son; who, after her death, coming in to her closet to see what so many years scraping had for him produced, was sadly frighted to find only the small sum in the fine cabinet, but after a long, diligent, fruitless, searching (which made him almost conclude that his mother's treasure was, before his coming, stole), he wondering to see in that odd place of the room the old beforementioned cabinet, out of a design to remove so ill a furniture out of that room, went to take it out, but when he attempted doing so, much to his comfort, found it so very heavy that, by the weight of it, he was pretty well informed of the worth of it, and when he opened it, found that great sum of gold that she had hid in it for him, though she never before her death durst trust even himself so as to inform him where it was. This may be useful to mind me not to despise persons who have, possibly, unhandsome outside but may, for all that, be very much richer in the graces of the spirit than many of those fine glittering persons that, like the fine cabinet, have but little in them.

The quaintest production of all is the Meditation upon Essex Rich's pet hen and the eggs she laid as a return for having been fed and tended by the child as soon as out of the shell herself:

Upon a Hen of my Lady Essex Rich's.

I was surprised t'other day to find a hen in the still-house, and inquiring of my servant that kept it why she would suffer her there, I was, by way of apology for her being so, informed by her that it was the Hen that my Lady Essex had taken and bred up from just

[1] Charles Rich's aunt, Lettice Rich, married Sir Arthur Lake. She was buried at Felsted.

being hatched in the still-house, and that when she was grown pretty big, because she use to wander about the house and dirt it, I had ordered she should be removed from thence, which accordingly she was, and that she had not returned thither in many months, but that now she would in the mornings come and stand at the still-house door till she came down and opened it, and then would go, and in the same box where she herself was by her Lady's care of her, kept and nourished when a chicken, would every day lay an egg, and then begone again. Which relation when I had heard, and also saw the truth of it evinced to me, I was so far from again finding fault with her being there that I commanded she should have all the encouragement could be given her to come again, by laying in the box some hay for her to lay in. O my soul, turn this into a good and profitable meditation, and learn a lesson of gratitude from this poor grateful creature, whose action thou art so much pleased with, and consider if this poor harmless hen expresses the highest strains of gratitude her nature is capable of, by bringing the first and best she has, as an expression of her thankfulness, to the place, and persons in it, who were only the preservers of her being but not the authors of it; how much shouldest thou study and endeavour to return thy first and best to Him that was both the author, and is still the preserver, of thy well-being, and not dare to present Him with any less expression of thy gratitude than thy whole self, soul and body, which is but thy reasonable service of him; and O Lord! enable me to offer this my all up as a burnt offering in flames of love.

Two or three of the Meditations are on purely feminine matters—needlework, and clothes, in which, as we have seen, Mary was by no means above taking an interest:

Upon a very fine gown, but having a great spot in it, which was more discernable because it was of so bright and vivid a colour.

The next is suggested by an incident very familiar to those who live in the depths of the country, far from shops. Choosing from patterns seems to have been as much a necessity in the seventeenth century as now, in spite of there being no regular post. The title evidently bewildered Woodrooffe when

he read over the manuscript with a view to preparing some extracts for the press. Unable to grasp the foreign subject, he tried to amend it by inserting the word 'than' after 'finer,' making complete nonsense of the idea.

Upon choosing a pattern of a fine stuff but thinking it much finer when I viewed it in the shop, and in the whole piece.

Here are two titles that show the writer to have possessed acute powers of character studying, although she seldom exercised them. Doubtless she was innocent of any sarcastic or cynical intention which might be imputed to such observations.

Upon a door being opened to let in a person of quality, and a great many common people then crowding in.

Upon one's being retired for their devotions, but upon hearing their husband come home, huddling them over to go to him, and then perceiving he had a mind to be rid of her.

Is not this universal flutter to feed, warm, welcome, or otherwise minister to the wants of the lord and master of the house on his return, a familiar fact to all its female inmates? Perhaps also the chilly and superior smile vouchsafed in response, while he scarcely succeeds in concealing, as Mary suggests, his desire for none of the offered attentions.

There are other Meditations which make us wish the Diary was more personal in its observations of character. One such follows :

Upon seeing some ground that was dry to have great cracks in it.

How strangely does this ground gape, and yet some near it, though as dry, does not so, which minds me of the great difference there is between necessitous persons. Some who have had an ingenuous and plentiful education and afterwards are by God's Providence reduced to want are many times content rather to conflict with great necessities, than, by opening their mouths to beg, declare their sad condition; whereas others, who want the modesty which the others' breeding has given them, no sooner have any manner of want

of former plenty but presently seek relief by proclaiming with open mouth their necessities to be great and insupportable, though indeed much less than the others who conceal them.

It is rarely that names are mentioned as below:

Upon my Lady Cranborne's[1] having one side of her struck by the dead palsy.

This Lady's having had so loud a summons from Heaven to prepare for her dissolution as her being by the palsy half dead, and yet being so very vain as to play at dice and cards, and dress herself in all the most gay, and fine, vain, new fashions, was not only very amazing unto me, but was so also to all her beholders, for whom her actions gave them both great pity for her, and amazement at her, knowing she was only so happy as her sottish inconsideration could make her.

Mary then goes on to remark that she is herself 'as it were half dead,' too, since death is brought 'not only into her house but into her bed,' by the removal of her husband, and they 'were not twain but one.'

Upon a beggar's begging of my Lady Robartes, and she giving him but a small piece of money, yet the man was at the receiving it so much pleased that he cried out with joy, 'What a gift is here.'

Upon a cabinet of my Lady Broghill's.

In a secret drawer of this cabinet, a hoard of gold was accidentally discovered by a chance stranger long years after it had come into that lady's possession.

Upon Lord Gray's house at Epping that fell suddenly flat to the ground [through a fault in the foundations].

This was William, the first Lord Grey of Werke, who had married Cecilia, daughter of Sir John Wentworth, of Gosfield Hall, a lady frequently referred to in the Diary as 'visited.'

[1] Diana, daughter of James Maxwell, the Scots Earl of Dirletoun. She died about 1675.

Upon her son's early death, Lady Warwick pens some lines full of pathos, which are suggested by the ruthless hand of the woodman let loose in her favourite haunt.

Upon the cutting down of the Wilderness.

This sweet place that I have seen the first sprouting growth and flourishing of for above twenty years together, and almost daily taken delight in, I have also now to my trouble seen, by my lord's command, the cutting down of, in order to its after growing again thicker and better, though I often interceded with him to have it longer spared.

This brought to my sad remembrance afresh the death of my only son, whom I had also seen the first growth of in his childhood, and the flourishing of, to my unspeakable satisfaction, for almost twenty-one years; and, in a short space of time, to my unexpressible grief, by my Great Lord's command, cut down by death, that he might rise again in a better and more flourishing condition, though I often implored, if it was agreeable with the divine will, he might be longer continued to me.

Perhaps the most poetical in thought of the whole series is based

Upon my Friend's beginning a Journey when the Sun was near setting.

This late setting out of my friend did make me wonder at his indiscretion in so long deferring to begin his intended journey, the sun being near setting before he began to set out, though he had a good way to go . . . Whilst I am, with some amazement, thinking of his procrastinating his going to his designed place, I am guilty of a much more dangerous one in not setting out betimes in my grand journey towards the Jerusalem that is above, not remembering that the night of death is drawing on and that, if before that comes I have not finished my journey for Heaven, I am undone, whereas my delaying friend may have another day, if he have unadvisedly lost one, to go where he intended.

The only Meditation suggested by the visits to Court was the following:

LEES FROM THE WILDERNESS.

*(Drawn by J. Walter West, A.R.W.S.)*

Upon the Queen's Ballet.

This fine ballet that has, to see the great splendours of it, drawn together so vast a concourse of great personages that have made their way to it through vast crowds, was yet, by the wise designers of it, chose to have its appearance be by night, well considering that the jewells and all the numerous wax lights that were set up to discover the glittering glories of it, would not so delight and dazzle the beholders if, before they drew their curtain, God had not first drawn over the canopy of night, by which he does from us mortals conceal till morning his astonishing works of wonder. For how pitiful a light would that of many candles appear, if that glorious creature the Sun were not shut out, and how despisingly mean and pitiful would all the painted scenes (in some of which in their representations they draw a sky) be, if the bespangled firmament that shows God's handiwork were not hid [from] them that are at present so taken up with the painted one, only because that, either by shutters or night, the other is kept from viewing it.

Poor Lord Warwick's sufferings at the hands of his surgeons have been previously alluded to. There seems little room for doubt that they suggested the subject of the next Meditation:

Upon a Doctors cutting and scarifying his sick Patient.

With how many sad sighs does this poor sick person mourn and complain to his friends of the great smarting pains his physician puts him to. Yet, though their enduring kindness makes them (with very sensible concern for him) compassionate his sad case, yet because what he endures is in order to his cure, they are more pleased with this way he takes than they would have been with his letting him alone, giving him over as desperate. And, all the while the patient cries out, the skilful doctor still goes on without being moved by his so doing to quit his designed cure, knowing 'tis much more merciful to do so than to suffer him to perish.

. . . O thou Great Physician of souls as well as bodies, use what means thou pleasest to save our souls from eternal death. If thou seest it fit, by bodily torments, to mind us of fleeing from eternal ones, send what smarting ones thou seest fit; and, Lord, let this meditation, too, mind me that I do not yield to any temptation that the devil would tempt me with, to think thou dealest cruelly with some of my relations because thou torturest their frail bodies,

but make me rather conclude from that thy kindness to them, who art so merciful as rather to use means for their recovery than to give them over as desperate. O Lord, I am convinced it is one of the saddest judgments on this side hell to be left unpunished.

There is another 'Upon giving opium to stupify the person that takes it, that he may not be sensible of pain,' which in all probability refers also to her husband's ailments. The merciful boon of anæsthetics appears more priceless than ever after these pictures.

A short reflection is on the subject of 'A physician curing a most desperate disease, by which he gained himself great store of credit and of patients that flocked to his door.'

The following, written about two years after her husband's death, contains an extremely touching allusion to him:

Upon wounds that have been newly stanched, and yet of a sudden bleeding again.

This sudden breaking out of a wound that was stanched, minds me of some great griefs that have been thought cured, and seemingly appeared to be so to the person afflicted and to their beholders too, till, of a sudden, some ruption of passion, occasioned upon some new object, has made that wound, by grief made in the heart, to bleed as fresh as at the first, and made the person shed as many tears as if the beloved person they shed them for was but newly dead.

O Lord, I beseech thee, let this caution me carefully to avoid what ever I have already experienced or have cause to suspect may hereafter make my grief break out again. O let me not be disquieted by viewing new persons or nearly related persons to him whose removal from me by death has so often made me, against all my resolutions, break forth into disquieting passions. O let me seriously consider that the great quieting consideration that is indeed supporting, is, that it is the will of thee my God.

The passage below is suggested by the final break-up of the family at Lees which she is aware must follow her own demise:

Upon seeing a faggot that had a great many little sticks in it, but, as soon as that withe that goes round them was cut, they all fell asunder.

How fast were all these sticks kept together whilst that one we call the band was round them, but as soon as that was cut they all fell asunder. Thus it is often in great families. Whilst the father of the family lives, he keeps all his children and servants together; but, when once God cuts the thread of his life, they do many times fall to pieces among themselves and are often at a greater distance from each other than before they were near, and all that before lived together are dispersed into several families.

Her own favourite 'Pensée' was on Alexander the Great, who possessed of everything, was yet unhappy because ivy would not grow in his garden.

Upon this passage in the life of Alexander the Great that he was troubled because, in his great garden at Babylon, Ivy would not grow.

In my reading this passage in the life of Great Alexander that had conquered so much of the world (that he should be troubled because, in his spacious and fine garden in Babylon, in which he had all that was valuable in gardens, he found not ivy growing) made me, not without some astonishment, consider that so great a Monarch as he was, who made the great Persian Empire first tremble and then fall, could take notice of so inconsiderable a thing, but much more did I wonder that he could express discontent at the want of it. But, whilst I am, with some disdainful thoughts, censuring him for this strangely troubling himself for want of so inconsiderable a thing, I am, with King David, censuring my own action in another's person. For how many times, wretched creature that I am, do I find myself uneasy and vexed that I have not all my foolish fancy causes me to desire, though ever so undesirable in the opinion of others more wise than myself? And how much can I torment myself for the want of it, when yet God has been pleased to give me, with a bountiful and liberal hand, variety of greater and more excellent mercies to take comfort in?

O Lord, I do most humbly beseech thee, do thou so sanctify this Meditation to me, by which thou hast been pleased often to make me call my own faults to my remembrance, that I may never more be so foolishly besotted as to trouble myself for little things, but make me be cheerfully thankful for what I have, and not disrelish my possessed greater mercies for every trifling thing that crosses me. O give me always a meek, quiet, contented spirit, which will

make me happy to myself, and which is, too, in thy sight of great value.

Horace Walpole, in commenting upon the Meditations, says[1] with somewhat unlooked for approbation:—'The trivial occasions which gave rise to some of them might be liable to excite the sneer of immorality or the scoff of irreligion.' So he ingeniously closes both avenues of criticism by quoting only one of Lady Warwick's compositions:

Upon a Person who had great Knowledge and very quick, but unsanctified, Parts.

This person, who is, in this very profane Age, celebrated for a great Wit, and is very acceptable to all his companions upon that account, does yet make so very ill use of those acute parts God hath been pleased to bestow upon him, that he improves them only to make jests, and to laugh at all that is either serious or sacred, endeavouring as much as in him lies to make all devotion be turned into ridicule, and so abuses all the knowledge that God hath bestowed upon him. [Which is] so contrary to the design for which 'twas given him, of glorifying his great Creator, that he only turns it against him to his own final destruction, without repentance, using it as a torch to light himself to Hell thereby.[2]

The individual whose failings are here laid open, and yet for whom in the concluding portion a special intervention of Providence is invoked is, of course, the notorious Rochester. One thinks with regret how triumphantly happy the account of his death-bed repentance and conversion, as told by Burnet, would have rendered her, had she lived to hear of it.

The subject of death is dwelt upon in the Meditations with less insistency than in the Diary; and with one of the few exceptions, this Chapter may fitly conclude.

Upon seeing, as soon as I waked in the Morning, upon my Bed's tester, just over my head, a fine embroidered Crown.

[1] *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, iii. 217.

[2] This Meditation with twelve others is printed at the end of Anthony Walker's funeral sermon, *The Virtuous Woman Found* 16

After I had, by the mercy of God to me, had the refreshment of an uninterrupted nights rest, and by sleep (which is the nurse of nature, the parenthesis to all my cares and griefs) been composed, at my first opening of my eyes, they were entertained with the sight of a crown which by the upholsterer was embroidered at the tester of my bed, just over my head; and, by the light of a great blazing fire was made in my chamber, which through my drawn curtains gave so great a light that it showed me this crown (which before I had not taken notice of) and made it also appear very bright and fine. As this sight was the first I viewed, so these thoughts were the first I thought: that my awaking from this natural rest may be useful to mind me of my waking from the sleep of death and this crown may do so of the unwithering one that fades not away.

## CHAPTER XIX

### THE SETTING OF THE SUN

'All the flowers of the spring
Meet to perfume our burying:
These have but their growing prime,
And man does flourish but his time.
Survey our progress from our birth;
We are set, we grow, we turn to earth.
Courts adieu, and all delights,
All bewitching appetites!
Sweetest breath, and clearest eye,
Like perfumes go out and die;
And consequently this is done
As shadows wait upon the sun.'

JOHN WEBSTER.

WHEN Katherine took her departure from Lees at the end of a visit in November 1677, Mary's last words to her were: 'Now I have done my drudgery, I will set to the renewing of my preparations for eternity.' No one who, as executor, has administered a complicated estate will dispute with her the appropriateness of that word, and will readily understand her feeling of relief when at last the sisters-in-law, their husbands, the nieces, and their husbands, the heir-at-law, and all the other legatees under her husband's will were satisfied.

How she passed these last four or five months, who were her Christmas guests, and what principally occupied her time, there is nothing to tell. After November 25, 1677, the Diary has been lost. We know that it was written up to the very morning of her being taken ill, only a little over a fortnight

previous to her death. Until a few weeks of this, she remained in perfect health, and was even in town, possibly in connection with her will, which was signed and sealed at Lees on March 11, exactly one month before she died. Lady-day 1678 fell on Sunday. On the following Monday morning, March 26, Mary wrote at length in her Diary, Walker tells us, concerning the services of the day before, and giving a full recapitulation of Woodrooffe's sermons both morning and afternoon. That day she was taken ill, and for two succeeding weeks, suffered, Dr. Walker says, from 'an agueish distemper, and had four or five fits.' No danger, according to him, was apprehended, but Lady Barrington heard a different account. In the letter to Ann already quoted, she writes:—'I am sorry to hear of my Lady Warwick's illness, greatly fearing it may be of much danger to her.' This was actually written the day after Mary's death, but the writer certainly anticipated no such immediate change, for she goes on to say 'my son Barrington [so formally she speaks of Tom even to his wife] and I will wait upon her some day next week.' Later that night, she adds a hurried postscript, though neatly written as ever:

> These few lines I now write is at eleven o'clock this night, having heard newly that my Lady Warwick is dead. I fear it is too true. We are all astonished at such a sudden change, a sad one as ever was to her family, near relations, and all that had the honour to know her. My son Barrington, at hearing it, after a while fell into such a passion of weeping as I ever saw him in. He has sent up Mr. Hewitt to you to wait for your orders, as you may have occasion for him. If it be so that that excellent woman is dead, let me have your advice both to Sir John and myself which way we may most show our great honour we had for her while living, and that her memory must be reverenced by us.

Tom's grief is quite touching, and it was attentive of him to send Hewitt up to his wife in London, to learn what her wishes might be.

It seems as if none of Mary's nearest relations werer with he

at Lees when Death, whose idea was her close familiar friend, came. But he came in a sweet and friendly guise, just where and when she would have wished. Dr. Walker's pages draw a vivid picture of the end.[1]

1678 It was Friday, April 12. Outside, the young Spring was starring the banks of the Wilderness with primroses, and making the small birds stir and twitter in their nests upon the ivied chimneys of Lees; but, within, the mistress who had so loved its gardens and its haunts was a prisoner in her room. The restlessness of a strong frame in the grip of pain was upon her; but, cheerful and gently courteous as ever to her attendants, as she moved to sit up and then to lie down upon her bed for ease, talking evidently of unseen things, she turned aside the curtains with her hand and said, 'Ladies, if I were but one hour in Heaven, I would not be again with you, well as I love you.'

A near neighbour, perhaps Lady Everard, called and, when the visitor had gone, the weary invalid was again assisted to rise to a chair. Soon she must return to her bed to rest once more, but first one of the ministers in the house should come to prayer. Which would her ladies have? she asked. They begging her to choose, she decided she would like that one who was going away, for the other [Woodrooffe] she could see daily.

So Anthony Walker was called up to the chamber. The ladies, among whom was Mrs. Woodrooffe, kneeled. Mary, because she was too weak for her accustomed posture, sat still in her chair. In her hand she held an orange to inhale its fragrance. The old man had scarcely begun his prayers, the women all composed to a devout silence, when their 'dear lady' fetched on a sudden a deep sigh or groan. It 'seemed devotional,' and he confesses he did not pause or heed it. But one of the women kneeling near her, seeing the pale face and drooping hands, started up with a cry of fear that roused them all. They pressed around with help and succour. But it was in vain.

[1] *Eureka! Eureka! The Virtuous Woman Found*, 1678.

She had passed beyond their voices into the future of which she had dreamed so long. Who can tell if it was like her dream?

Paralysed, the women wept and gazed. But 'the most afflictively distressed of them all (if I may so speak, when all our sorrows were superlative), catched her right hand. It then had lost its pulse.'

This most distressed person was, no doubt, the venerable Anthony Walker himself, the narrator, and the man who three and thirty years before had first guided her feet into the way of peace.

It was a most desired death. She had often said, if she could choose, she would die praying. So Walker tells us, adding that 'the sting of Death was taken out before she died, and the pains of Death when she died, and with a kiss of the mouth her soul was drawn up to Heaven.' Fifty-two years she had lived in the world, and comparatively young though she was, she had outlived children, husband, sisters, and innumerable friends.

Well as we have learned to know her heart and mind, it is strange to have no very accurate presentment of her face and figure. Of that beauty which is, as her friend Richard Baxter says, 'but warm well-coloured earth,' she had no uncommon degree. But such as she had was, like herself, genuine and true. 'She used neither paint nor patch for an addition of artificial handsomeness,' says Walker, as if such abstention was rather the exception than otherwise among the women of his acquaintance. Strange to say, one does not know if she were tall or short in stature, although one pictures her inclined rather to stoutness. An abundance of waving hair, a well-defined nose resembling her brother Robert's, and clear farseeing eyes—these are all the characteristics that history reveals. Perhaps she also resembled Robert in being 'very tall and straight.' Certain it is that, whether tall or short, dignity and sweetness combined to make her person remarkable. Gentle though she was by nature, her reproof could strike like 'silent lightning.' Her displeasure at

great faults in her servants, Walker says, was 'like the still soaking shower which will wet more than a driving storm.' If any of the household had offended, they would rather, he adds, three times over, pass the gauntlet of their Lord's most furious expressions, than be sent for to their Lady's closet.

The Doctor's very original definition of her feminine tact must be read to be thoroughly appreciated. He says:

> She would perfume the company with good discourse to prevent idle or worse communication, not abruptly, unbraidingly, or importunely, which is very nauseous and fulsome, and spoils a good game by bad playing. But she was like a spiritual stove; you should feel the heat and not see the fire, and find yourself in other company amongst the same persons, and rather wonder than perceive how you came there. For she would drop a wise sentence or moral holy apothegm (with which she was admirably furnished of her own making or collection) that suited with, at least not far remote from what was talked of, and commending or improving that, she'd wind about the whole discourse without offence, yea, with much pleasure.

This is perhaps the highest tribute that is left of her purely social gifts. If Walker would have us believe that she talked nothing else but moral apothegms, he is quite unsuccessful. We have seen by some of her writings that she could be observant, wise, tender, scornful, and even slightly sarcastic. She could flame into a passion when her sense of decency and right were offended. Once she penitently records being surprised into saying under her breath, 'the divel is in you,' when some one was indulging in conversation she thought unfit to hear. And there is no doubt that men of the world like George Berkeley, Progers, Lucy, Fitzhardinge, and a score of others whose names flit through these pages, found her responsive to their gayer moods, and not all stern Puritan.

Perhaps some of her letters still exist among the muniments of the great families with which she was connected. If so, they have not yet been discovered. No chance letter tells of the good Countess's funeral at Felsted on that April day, when

Walker held his audience spell-bound by his recital of the qualities of 'A Virtuous Woman,' the sermon which for the sake of the hearers it is to be hoped was delivered at less length than it appears in print.

Her wishes for a decent burial 'without pomp' were observed, no doubt, by the brother and sister, Robert Boyle, and Katherine Ranelagh, whom she left her executors. In her will, she expressly forbade her funeral expenses to exceed 500*l.*, a sum which of course then represented three times as much as now. Further on is added this clause:

> I do desire that, at my funeral, there be no scutcheons made use of, either within or without the house, upon my dead body, nor in any of the rooms, nor in any other place, except one without the gate, and that there be no Heralds of Arms employed at my funeral.

All which serves to show the revolution that has taken place in our burial customs. The sum spent upon her 'simple' interment would suffice now for a public ovation to a dead statesman, or general. No monument was erected to her memory in the Rich chapel at Felsted, where an imposing effigy of the Lord Chancellor is reared.

Her will was witnessed by Sir Richard Everard, his grandson, Hugh Everard, and three of her clerical friends—John Idle and John Cardell of Felsted, and John Smith, vicar of Barnston.

Mindful as ever of her household collectively, she appoints that her servants at Lees shall be 'maintained there for three months with meat, drink, lodging, and the usual necessaries, before they are put upon their own charges.' And that the poor at Lees gate be 'served as they are now for the quarter of the year that my family is kept together after my decease.' In reference to this custom of relieving the poor at the gateway, Anthony Walker mentions that a shelter house had been built at Warwick House by her direction, for the poor to stand in from the rain and heat, while they received their dole, 'as they did at Lees,' where inside the great Southern gateway is a dole window.

Another clause desires her executors to continue her allowance to the almspeople in the almshouses at Rochford for a year after her death. She also bequeathes 40*l.* to the poor of Felsted, 30*l.* to the poor of Braintree, 20*l.* to the poor of Little Leighs, and 10*l.* to the poor of Waltham, these legacies all to be distributed soon after her interment.

All her nearest relations and friends are remembered:

> To my dearest sister and constant obliging friend, Lady Katherine, Viscountess Ranelagh, 600*l.* as a testimony of my peculiar esteem and affection; to my well-beloved brother, Robert Boyle, 300*l.*; to Lady Lucy Montagu, daughter to Edward Earl of Manchester, 300*l.*, to whom I designed a greater testimony of my kindness if my estate would have borne it; to my dear neice, Lady Francis Shaen, 100*l.*; to Charles Rich, eldest son of Hon. Cope Rich deceased, 100*l.*; to my sister, Countess Scarsdale, six silver sconces for a memorial of my affection.

To her cousin, Mr. Thomas Boteler, and Mistress Sidney Boteler, his wife, she leaves fifty pounds apiece, and to Sidney Boteler 'the little striking clock now standing in my bedchamber at Lees.'

We have seen how the entanglements of the legal business arising out of Lord Warwick's will were smoothed by the advice and help of cousin Boteler of Isleworth. Walker mentions that she called him a 'friend of God's giving.' The addition of the following codicil a month before her death shows how gratefully she acknowledged his help: 'To my worthy friend and cousin Francis Boteler Esq., my best gold cup, as a testimony of my real kindness to him.'

Foremost among the ministers remembered is 'my very good friend Dr. Anthony Walker, to whom I owe much on account of my soul's concernements.' To him she bequeaths a legacy of 100*l.* and to Mistress Walker,[1] a pair of small silver candlesticks.

[1] Walker married, as his second wife, Mistress Masham, sister to Sir Francis Masham, of Otes, in the parish of High Laver, Essex.

The Woodrooffe family were considerably benefited. 'To my worthy and most esteemed chaplain, Mr. Thomas Woodrooffe,' she left a sum of 200*l.*; to his wife 50*l.* and to 'his son Charles, my page, 100*l.* to be employed by his father for the binding of him forth an apprentice as his father shall think fit.' To all the Woodrooffes her death was a sad loss. Mrs. Woodrooffe, in an account she has left in manuscript, says:—'She was a strong pillar of support to me and my poor family. Her death is as the eclipse of the sun to the earth.'

The names of three other of the ministers who constantly frequented her house also appear. They are 'Mr. Argor [or Augur], late minister of Braintree,' to whom she leaves 40*l.*; 'Mr. Clarke, late minister of Stisted,' who is to have 20*l.*; and 'Mr. Ferris, present minister of Little Lees,' the same.

When all these bequests have been concluded, there remain her servants. As she had always, while living, exercised the most protecting care over the various members of her household, so, when disposing of her affairs, she endeavours to provide for them individually after she is dead. Thirteen of the persons employed upon her estate and in her house are remembered by special bequests, and to all in her service at the time of her death she directs that one year's wages be paid.

Zachary Gee, with whom we have already made acquaintance, received 200*l.* with a special duty to perform:

> To my faithful servant, Zachary Gee, 100*l.*; and whereas my lord gave me the profits of the estate for a year after my death, to which estate the executors hereafter named are strangers, therefore to the intent that the estate may be faithfully and advantageously managed that year, both to prevent trouble to my said executors, and to enable them the better to discharge my debts and legacies, I desire my trusty servant Gee to assist them with his best skill and diligence, and for his pains and care in so doing I give him 100*l.* more.[1]

To my good servant Captain Thomas Brereton, my Receiver

[1] Gee survived to fulfil this trust, and was buried in Felsted church, 23 August, 1679.

General, I give 100*l.* desiring him to collect the rents of that year and pay to my executors.

To Matthew Evans, her gentleman usher, she leaves a sum of 100*l.*; to 'my servant, Mr. Henry Kirk, 50*l.*; to John Ripley, elsewhere styled the upper butler, 70*l.*; to Daniel Shirley, the groom of the chamber with whom Lord Warwick was so put out one day in March 1667, 80*l.*;[1] to 'my servant Mr. Warwick, 20*l.*; to my servant, John Warren, 70*l.*; to Richard Hopkins, my Groom, 40*l.*; and to Lawrence Morton, one of my footmen, 20*l.*'

Lawrence had always been a special object of her care. He was her husband's personal attendant, or at any rate was drawing his chair in the garden, on the last day that he left the house.

Among the women, four were selected for legacies. Mistress Tadgell, still-house woman, who is to receive 80*l.*; Martha Upsheer, chamber maid, the like; Ann Coleman, an old servant, 70*l.* and 'to my ancient servant, Mary Taverner, one of my housemaids,' she gives 40*l.* All these sums are left to her executors to purchase annuities 'to give them more comfortable subsistence if they think it most convenient for themselves to employ it so.' But none of the legacies, except those to the poor of the four parishes, 'which are to be distributed soon after my interment,' are to be payable for eighteen months after her death, because they come partly out of her personal estate, and partly out of that year's profits.

The executors were empowered to offer the lease of the stables and outbuildings at Warwick House which had been granted to William Brownlow Esquire, by Lord Warwick, to whoever the next and immediate reversion of the house should appertain, and then to others in succession.

Warwick House reverted at Mary's death to the Holland branch of the Rich family, to which the title Earl of Warwick had already gone. Although no trace of the mansion survives, these names still mark its near neighbourhood to Warwick Court

[1] '1702. Mr. Daniel Shirley, servant to the Earle of Manchester, buried 1st August.' *Par. Reg. Felsted.*

and Brownlow Street, two small adjoining streets which lead out from Holborn on the north side almost directly opposite Chancery Lane. It would appear, by this clause in the will, that the stables etc. of Warwick House had been let to Brownlow during Lord Warwick's life. The house was not let with the stables, for Mary certainly lived there many times after his death, when occupied with the settlement of his affairs. We find her at Warwick House on March 26, 1675, when the Diary reopens after a blank year. How long she had been in London it is impossible to say, but she remained there until July 21. She returned to Warwick House on October 11, for eleven days, and by November 11, after a short visit to Lees, was back again to spend Christmas and the early spring. The day before Easter Sunday, March 26, 1676, found her once more at Lees, but only until April 8. Then she remained at Warwick House until August 3, 1676. This is the last occasion that I know of her being at Warwick House. For on the only other visit to London mentioned in the Diary, February 7–29, 1677, she stayed apparently with Lady Ranelagh.

The will was proved by the two executors on April 20, 1678, and no time was lost by them in proceeding to carry it out. A letter, dated London, June 22, 1678, from Tobias Hewitt to another of Sir John Barrington's confidential servants, describes the promptitude with which they proceeded to pay her debts, and deliver possession of Warwick House to its new owner.

> Be pleased to present my most humble services to my master and tell him that last night my Lady Ranelagh sent to me to receive the 1000*l.* which my master lent my Lady Warwick. I acquainted my Lady [Barrington] with it, and she has given me order to receive it, which I intend this morning. I would fain know my master's pleasure concerning it. My Lady intends, if she can, to put it out before she comes down into the country. I know not well where to dispose of it when I have received it, for this day they give possession of Warwick House to my Lord Holland, in which there is now neither goods nor servants of the last Lord Warwick.

## CHAPTER XX

### 'TO THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION'

'Long galleries of ancestors
Challenge nor wonder or esteem from me:
Virtue alone is true nobility.'

DRYDEN.

THE grandeur of Lees did not decline immediately upon the extinction of Lord Rich's direct line as its owners. It had yet a period of prosperity under the Montagus. But the disintegration of the Warwick estates tended to detach the occupants of the Priory more and more from that isolated dwelling in a county to which no other ties bound them.

Nephew Robert (3rd Earl of Manchester) the heir, took up his partial abode there soon after the death of his aunt. His wife Anne (Yelverton) was perhaps more inclined than he to follow in her pious footsteps. The Christmas succeeding Lady Warwick's death was spent by them at Lees in something of the former merriment. Nor were the observances of their Puritan predecessors altogether forgotten, although the neighbouring Essex clergy seem to have been sadly left out in the cold. One Parson Rigby went down to lend his ministerial voice to the celebrations, and was rewarded by Lady Manchester arranging for him to travel abroad with her son.

Charles Montagu was then about sixteen. It was his first visit to the Continent, where he was afterwards to spend many years. He was no longer very young when he married an heiress, Dodington Greville, daughter of Lord Brooke of

Beauchamp Court, Worcestershire, and for her Lees formed a congenial asylum during the absences of her husband on the diplomatic missions in which he distinguished himself as English ambassador at several European capitals. Charles succeeded to his father's title as Earl in 1683, but was long after created first Duke of Manchester by George I., at whose coronation he played a prominent part. He resided in Venice a year or more, unaccompanied by his wife, before settling for three years in Paris, where she joined him, and where his elder son, William, was born. From 1701 to 1706, part of his official leisure as Secretary of State for the North, was spent at Lees, and there three daughters, the Ladies Charlotte, Rachel, and Catherine Montagu were born and baptised, as the parish register of Little Leighs church can show. There, too, after his return from a couple of years spent as representative of the Court of St. James at Vienna, his second son, the Hon. Robert Montagu, afterwards the third Duke of Manchester, was born and baptised on December 19, 1710. Before his death in January 1722, Manchester sold a part of his Essex estates, viz: Abbechild Park,[1] between Felsted and Barnston, to John Olmius, a rich Dutch merchant who purchased New Hall after the 'mad Duchess's' death. William Montagu on succeeding as second Duke parted with the remainder, for which he cherished no particular affection. Robert, his brother, who might have felt some attachment to his birthplace, only succeeded to the title and estates after the last acre of Rich property had passed out of the Montagus' hands.

The new owner of Lees, Edmund Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, was a minor who succumbed to a rapid decline before ever he came of age. He had to thank his grandfather, James II., for a wrecked constitution; nor was the inheritance bequeathed to him by his grandmother, Catherine Sedley, much better equipment for the race of life. His illegitimate brother, Charles (Herbert), succeeded to Lees, but within a few years, and

[1] Called in the vernacular Absol Park.

before he had been granted a baronetcy and had assumed the name of his father, he too had sold the place. Thus, within sixty years of the death of the last Rich of Lees—the mistress who had loved every tree and brick upon the spot—the Lord Chancellor's princely mansion had passed through the careless hands of five unappreciative owners, and at last had to meet its final doom.

A little, shrewd, London tradesman, who had amassed a huge fortune and imbibed a not unreasonable suspicion of the woman he proposed to marry, suddenly elected to endow a hospital instead. The wealth which would have furthered her ambition was laid out, after Thomas Guy's death, in 1724, in the purchase of estates in Essex and Lincolnshire, to an extent which the Governors of Guy's Hospital, in view of their excessive depreciation at the present day, must many a time have regretted. The money, which it is curious to relate was first saved by Guy in bookselling, but which was doubled and quadrupled in South Sea shares, was left in trust to three of the authorities of St. Thomas's Hospital, which Guy in his life-time had greatly benefited. The trustees thus became owners of all that was left of the Warwick estates after many partitions, and, with the utilitarianism which is perhaps excusable in a charitable body, they pulled down, about 1740, the major portion of Lees, converting the remainder into a picturesque but damp, and ruinous, and rat-haunted farm-house. So it long remained.

Having traced again and in more detail, the falling fortunes of Mary's dear 'delicious Leez,' there remains but to briefly indicate the latter history of the principal personages mentioned in this narrative.

To begin with her brothers and sisters. Of the latter, only Katherine survived at the time of Mary's death. Alice Barrymore died in 1667. The title borne by her husband and son is now extinct. Sarah Digby as we have already seen, died at twenty-three. Her only son, Kildare Digby, was ancestor of the present Barons Digby of Geashill and Sherborne.

Joan Kildare had been dead twenty-one years when her sister so peacefully quitted this life. Joan's husband and elder son, Wentworth FitzGerald, the seventeenth Earl, had also joined her. When the latter was carried off by fever at the age of thirty, he left a motherless boy of two or three, John, whose early boyhood was spent under the care of his maternal grandmother, Mary's 'good old disciple,' the nonagenarian Lady Vere of Tilbury. He married twice, but left no son. So he was succeeded as nineteenth and twentieth Earls of Kildare by his two cousins, sons of Joan's second boy, Richard. From the twentieth Earl, who was created Marquis of Kildare and finally Duke of Leinster, the present holder of the title is derived. He can therefore trace his ancestry directly to the great Earl of Cork, the hero of our earliest chapters. From the same source, too, has sprung one of the first men of science of to-day. Joan's grandson, the first Duke of Leinster, had a prodigious family of eighteen. The eighth daughter, Beatrice, married Joseph Holden Strutt, M.P. for the little Essex borough of Maldon, and by some vagary of officialdom was ennobled instead of her husband by the title of Baroness Rayleigh of Terling Place, Witham. The services which her distinguished grandson, Lord Rayleigh, has rendered to science, are too well known all over the world to need any mention here.

The Kildare mansion at Maynooth, in building which Cork took so much pride, has never been restored, and Carton, a short distance from it, has been, since the days of the Irish Rebellion, the home of the FitzGeralds.

Joan's daughters were somewhat remarkable women, especially Katherine, the fourth and only unmarried one who lived to grow up. Her reputation for piety almost rivalled that of her two aunts. Frances, the fifth daughter, married on July 28, 1656, Sir James Shaen, an Irish baronet, whose disappearance from mention suggests an early death. She was often at Lees, and was also a welcome guest at Katherine's house in Pall Mall. 'My

dear niece Lady Frances Sheane' is the only niece mentioned in Mary's will, while she is one of six nieces remembered with legacies by her uncle, Robert Boyle. Elizabeth, the youngest of Joan's daughters, when Dowager Countess of Clancarty, was a friend of John Evelyn and his wife, living in Berkeley Street, and sometimes welcomed at Sayes Court.

Lettice and George Goring were both also gone. In most relations of life George was unsuccessful. Disingenuous and dissipated, he was thoroughly incapable as an officer, and all his intrigues for Charles in exile came to nought. He died in Madrid, a Lieutenant-General in the Spanish army, in 1657. Lettice had escaped by death from his quarrelsome and disreputable society some years earlier. No child survived.

Dorothy Loftus was also dead. Her only son, Sir Arthur Loftus, was created Viscount Lisburne in 1685. He fell fighting in command of a regiment for William III., at the siege of Limerick.

Last of the seven sisters was Katherine. Closest and dearest of all ties was that which united Mary to her. Bound up with Katherine is Robert, and in their inseparable friendship there is something very touching. For forty-seven years they lived together; in death they were divided only by one week. Two days before Christmas day 1691, Lady Ranelagh died. On the last day but one of the old year Robert followed her. His grief, says one, brought on an attack which caused his sudden end. They lie buried together in the chancel of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Katherine was eleven years older than Mary, yet she outlived the younger sister by eleven years. She was probably the cleverer woman of the two. 'She had a vast reach both of knowledge and apprehension.' She had also the privilege of the daily companionship of the most original, most brilliant, yet the most religious and most lovable, man of genius of the time. Her private lot was not all roses. Twice she was stripped of a fortune. Her two favourite daughters died within a

couple of years of each other, nearly twenty years before her. The third eloped with a footman. Her only son, Ranelagh, must have planted many a thorn in her side. A terrible spendthrift of moneys acquired by falsification, on a huge scale, of accounts in the public offices be held, it was happily not until after his mother's death that his crowning disgrace arrived, and he was expelled from the House of Commons. With his ill-gotten gain he had built a fine house at Chelsea, and laid out around it even finer and more expensive gardens. When he died, having by neither of his marriages a son, these pleasure grounds were acquired for a place of public entertainment, and for more than half a century Ranelagh Gardens were the haunt of all the beauty and wit of the town.

Of Mary's four brothers, the only one never alluded to in all the years of the Diary is Francis. This may be partly accounted for by his residing principally in Ireland, where his estates were. But Robert, who from the old days at Eton had been always in close touch with him, kept up Stalbridge for Francis's sole benefit, long after he shunned for himself the damp, dull, uncongenial country home. Francis out-lived every one of his fourteen brothers and sisters. He out-lived also his elder son Richard; and, before his end, in 1699, he watched the opening, at the battle of the Boyne, of the military career of his promising grandson, also a Richard Boyle. As second Viscount Shannon he fought in the Bay of Vigo, destroyed the Spanish galleons, and led the storming party up into the forts of the town. Step by step he rose in the Army and died Commander-in-Chief in Ireland in 1740. His only child, a daughter, was married to the Earl of Middlesex. With him, Francis's title became extinct, although not for long. As Earl of Shannon it was revived soon after for his second cousin, Orrery's grandson, Henry Boyle, who married another cousin, Henrietta Boyle, a daughter of the 3rd Earl of Cork, and great grand-daughter of 'brother Burlington,' to whom we now come.

Cork's eldest son, Richard (first Earl of Burlington), died in 1697 : his wife Elizabeth, in her own right Baroness Clifford, a year earlier. Their only son, Lord Clifford, the King's namesake and godson, and Mary's frequent visitor at Lees, died in their lifetime. His elder son, Charles, succeeded his grandfather as second Earl of Burlington. The younger, Henry, became Queen Anne's principal Secretary of State, and was soon after the coronation of George I. created by him Viscount Carleton. For him was erected, about 1709, the famous Carleton House, where, after its purchase and alteration by the Prince of Wales, the doubtful pleasures and the political factions of the Regency were pursued on so magnificent a scale. Henry Boyle died unmarried, and his nephew Richard became for a short time the owner of Carleton House, which was only demolished about 1828, to make room for the opening in Waterloo Place. The fine Terrace on either side perpetuates the name, from which the 'e' has long dropped.

Richard, the fourth Earl of Cork and third Earl of Burlington, may well have dispensed with the simple substantiality of Carleton House before its conversion into a palace, for he had already, young as he was, amused himself by building a fanciful villa at Chiswick, beside rebuilding the splendid residence which has handed his name to posterity. In choosing the site of Burlington House, the great-grandfather of this enterprising amateur architect believed he was settling on the extreme western limit of London. Wooded hedgerows and fields surrounded his large gardens. Next door was Clarendon House, whence the Lord Chancellor had hurried away so disconsolately on the December morning after his fall from a King's favour. The added colonnade and portico designed by the young builder, which even excited Horace Walpole's admiration on his return from Italy, were only taken down about 1868, some fourteen years after Burlington House had been purchased by the Government and designed as a nursery and home for the learned Societies.

This third Earl of Burlington was the last male descendant of the elder line of the large Boyle family. He left no son. The title Earl of Cork, which had been held with that of Burlington, passed into the line of his brother Roger. Burlington's only daughter Charlotte, in her own right Baroness Clifford, carried Lismore Castle in marriage to the Cavendishes. The title Earl of Burlington was revived for her son, and has been since held by the Dukes of Devonshire. It is interesting to think that the present holder of both titles (Devonshire and Burlington), as well as his contemporary, the Earl of Cork, can trace their unbroken lineal descent from the Great Earl.

While pursuing the fortunes of the first Earl of Burlington's sons, his daughters have been left far behind. They were four in number, Frances, Elizabeth, Anne, and Henrietta. They became respectively Countesses of Roscommon, Thanet, Sandwich, and Rochester. The husband of the first was a middling poet. The fair blonde type of beauty of the last, as well as her gentle nature and rather frail health, may be seen in the portrait by Sir Peter Lely at Windsor.

Roger, Lord Broghill, Mary's second brother, died in the October following her own decease. He has left no undying name like Robert, but he was a man little less remarkable. Instead of concentrating his powers, which were those of action, in one life-long study, he diffused them in several opposite directions. We have seen how as a young captain of twenty-one he distinguished himself in the defence of Lismore, his home in Ireland. Later, under Cromwell, he played a soldier's part in the subjection of that unhappy country. The Lord General's keen eye had singled him out from among a crowd of Royalists, as an honourable opponent; and, as he was on the eve of departing the country to join the King, arranged a meeting with him in St. James's Park. With an exercise of tact and conciliation which he was often too much in grim earnest to use, Cromwell won over the young man to serve the people's government

as loyally as he had the King's. Broghill was intrusted with a high command in Ireland, and sat in Parliament as one of Cromwell's Lords. When the strong hand of the Protector had relaxed its grip, Cork's son welcomed the return of a monarchy, to which all his predisposition naturally tended. But there is something admirable in the conduct of the man who, without a stain upon his honour, served steadfastly what seemed the best welfare of his country, setting that above modes of government. There is a loyalty to righteous and just order which may be above even loyalty to kings.

Broghill's leisure was employed in literary pursuits, to which some allusion has already been made. His dramas no one could now read for dulness, yet one or two of them were undoubtedly acted. His novel 'Parthenissa,' was never finished, although, incredible as it may seem, six books of it appeared. That insatiable reader of fiction, Dorothy Osborne, received from her brother a copy at Chicksand, red hot from the press, in the autumn of 1654. She comments on it to Sir William Temple in her own sprightly style. ''Tis handsome language. You would know it to be writ by a person of good quality though you were not told it, but on the whole I am not very much taken with it. All the stories have too near a resemblance.' She complains that 'the ladies are all so kind they make no sport.' Dorothy Osborne was a redoubtable critic, and her taste had been formed by the French novels upon which she fed. The novel in English had then scarce any existence, and it is chiefly as an early example that 'Parthenissa' deserves notice.

With the title Orrery that came to him at the Restoration, Broghill was constituted President of Munster. Distinctly more the man, and especially the Irishman, than his brother Richard, he at once settled in Ireland and began to follow in the steps of his father. A town some fifteen miles north of Mallow was chosen as his residence, rebuilt, and rechristened out of compliment to the King. Its 'heathenish name of Rathgogan'

was exchanged for the Frenchified Charleville, which is a very doubtful improvement. Here, following his father's example, he built schools. He also obtained a charter, under which the town continued to send two members (one of them frequently a Boyle) to the Irish Parliament until the Union. The magnificent mansion which he erected there, 'one of the finest in Ireland,' was first dined in and then burned by the Duke of Berwick in 1690, when the last Stuart King held a temporary reign in Ireland. Broghill's grandson Lionel, the third Earl of Orrery, although then a minor, was attainted by the Irish Parliament (1690) of James II. in their unsuccessful attempts to eradicate the Protestant nobility of their country.

Broghill's wife, Margaret Howard, lived until 1689. Of their daughters, Elizabeth, the eldest, became Viscountess Powerscourt; Margaret, the third, Countess of Inchiquin; Barbara, the youngest, Countess of Donegal. It is curious to note that, although Cork named none of his seven daughters after the Queen to whose favour his early fortunes were certainly indebted, there is to be found, in each family of his married sons and daughters, the name that Spenser loved.

Of Broghill's two sons, Henry, the younger, fought under William III. in Ireland, and died in Flanders in 1691. His Irish residence at Castle Martyr had been rebuilt by his father. This beautiful place, approached by an avenue of elm trees a mile long, is situated about five miles from the little town of Cloyne, within sight of the picturesquely indented coast, and some ten miles or more from Youghal. It is the principal seat of the Shannons of the second creation, who arose from the marriage of this Henry's son with his cousin Henrietta. They have borne alternately the names of Henry and Richard up to the present time. Richard, the son of Henry and Henrietta, received the English title of Baron Carleton, already once borne by his mother's uncle, and it still remains with his descendants.

Roger, Broghill, or Orrery's, elder son, became second Earl of Orrery. His two sons, Lionel and Charles, were respectively third and fourth Earls. Charles, whose birth dates from three years before the death of our heroine, his great-aunt Mary, was a distinguished scholar of Christ Church, Oxford. He sat in several Parliaments, and became a Major-General under Marlborough, having fought with all the gallantry of his forefathers at Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. He was one of the envoys for concluding the Peace of Utrecht, and was rewarded in 1711 by an English title, Baron Boyle of Marston, conveying a seat in the English House of Lords. To his diplomatic and military renown, he added that of a scholar and mathematician; and his title Orrery has passed into the language as the name of an astronomical instrument which he did not invent, but which his patronage enabled a humbler mathematician to contrive.

His wife, a Cecil from 'Burghley House near Stamford Town,' died two years after her marriage, leaving a son John, who, as we have seen, succeeded his cousin in the title of Cork, the architectural Earl of Burlington having no son. John was known chiefly under the title of Orrery, which he enjoyed for twenty years before he added to it the older title of Cork. He aspired to some position in the literary world, although his claims appear to be based chiefly upon his friendship with Pope, Swift, and Johnson. His remarks upon the Life of Swift are celebrated.

It will now be evident to the patient reader of these too genealogical pages that Roger's progeny has both furnished the heirs to the titles of his two brothers, Richard and Francis, and maintained his own without a break from father to son, for over two centuries and a half. How many other notable Boyles—Soldiers, Generals, Admirals, Permanent Secretaries, Colonial Administrators, and Privy Councillors—it has given to the world, it would be hard to say. It is two hundred and fifty-

nine years since Richard Boyle the 'Great Earl' died; yet there are living three individuals—the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Cork, and the Earl of Shannon—who are his immediate descendants, each in a similar degree, since all of them stand upon the ninth step of the genealogical ladder which reaches down from Richard Boyle of Lismore Castle, the College House, Youghal, and Marston Bigod, Somersetshire, to the present day.

With that great Elizabethan, this history began; with his descendants up to the ninth generation, it closes; and surely it is much to say that, amid all the upheavals of politics and religion, of constitutions and morals, no conspicuous traitor like Henry Rich, no idle profligate like Robert his nephew, has been found among the Boyles. Upright, just, generous, honourable, affectionate, and loyal as the first founder of the family was, his descendants, numerous now as the sand upon the sea shore, may well cherish the memory of their common ancestor.

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